THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

kly Magazine
Benj. Franklin

JAN. 16, '09
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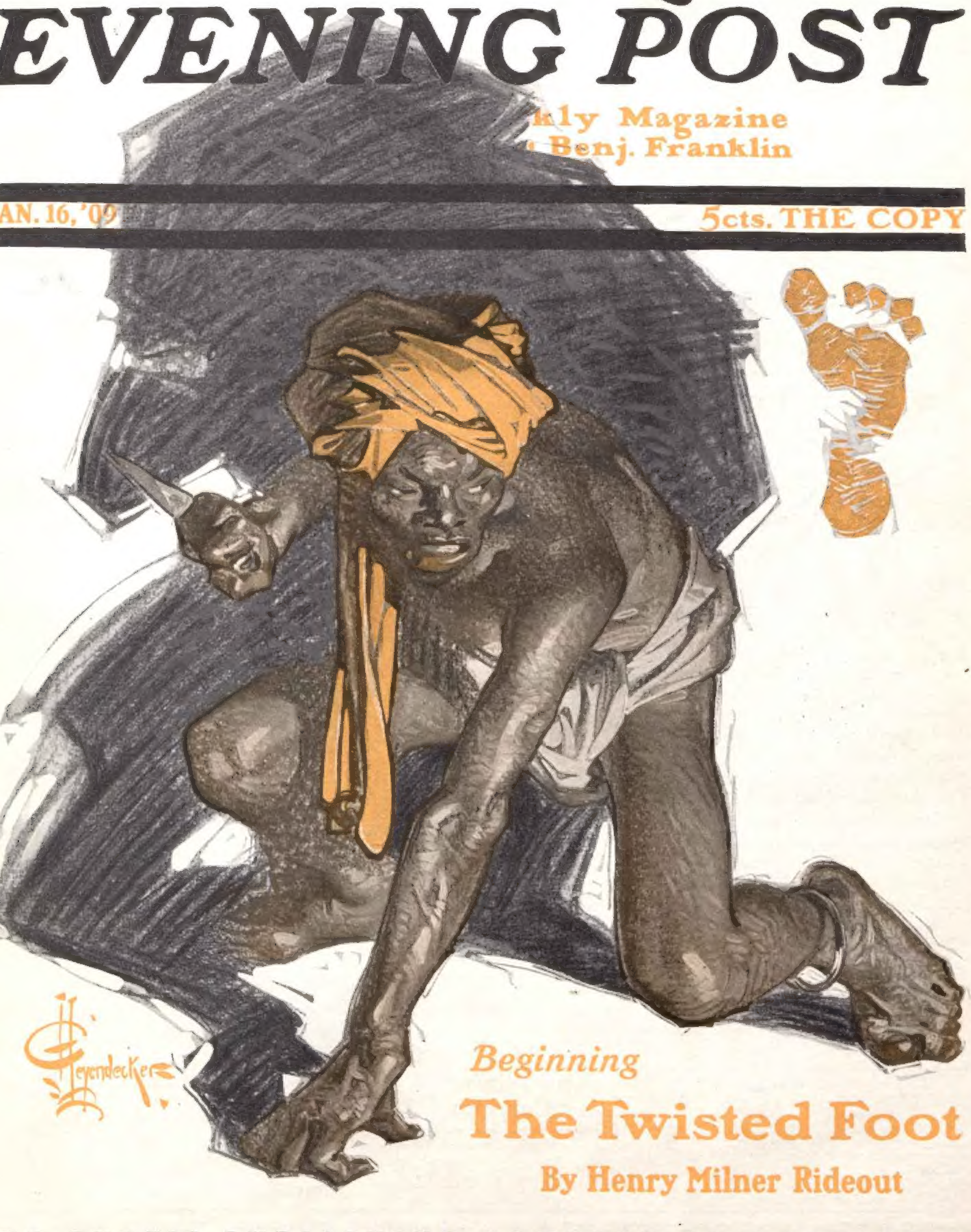

Beginning

The Twisted Foot

By Henry Milner Rideout

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

These Are Six-Cylinder Times

A year ago nearly every maker of four-cylinder cars felt himself called upon to warn the public not to be misled by six-cylinder "fallacies."

Today there isn't a four maker in America at all anxious to stand up and repeat what he said before the public learned for itself that these six-cylinder "fallacies" were not fallacies, but **facts.** Meanwhile, the Winton Company continues to make six-cylinder cars **exclusively,** continues to advance the same six-cylinder truths that it advertised a year ago, and, likewise, continues to prove, in the Winton Six, that six-cylinder cars are immeasurably superior to all other types—price, size and nameplate not excepted.

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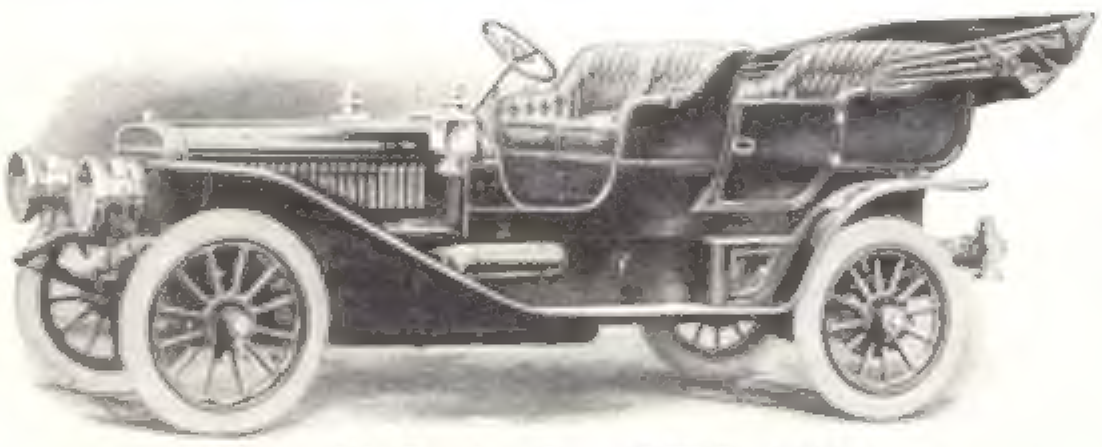
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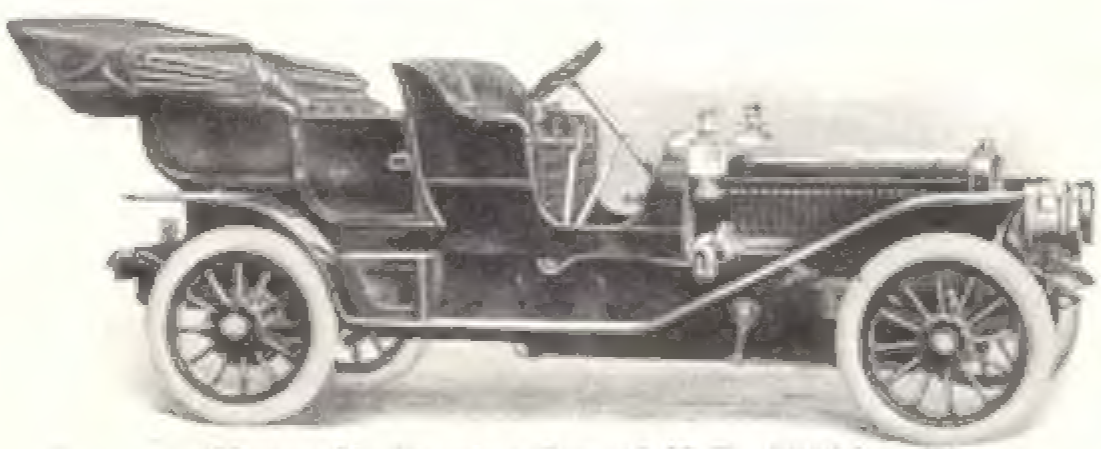
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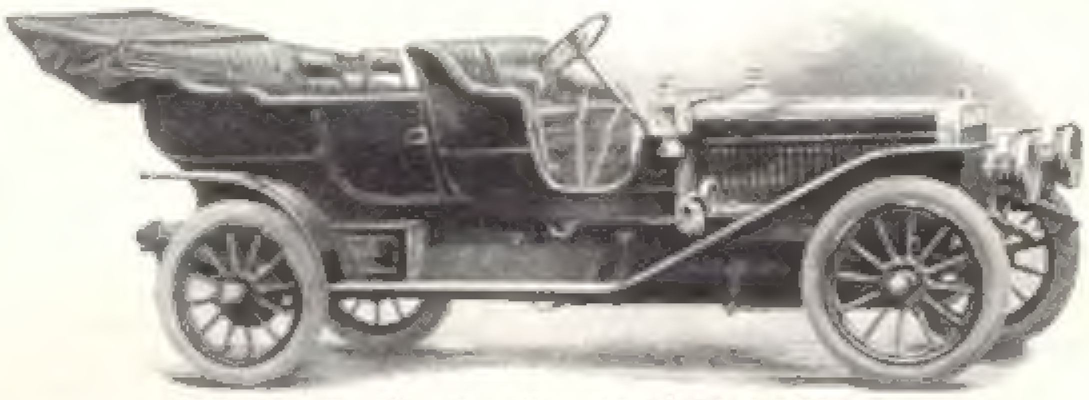
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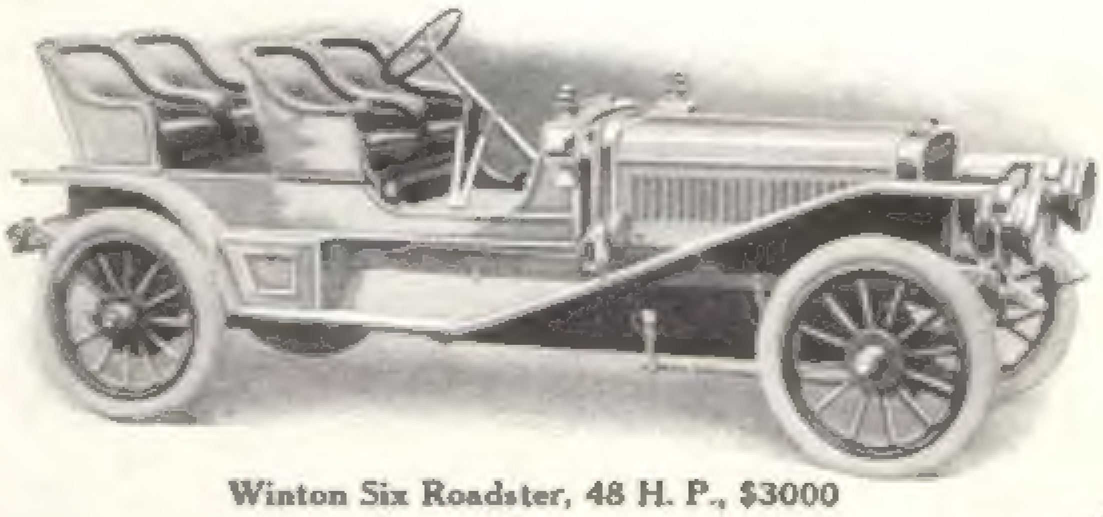
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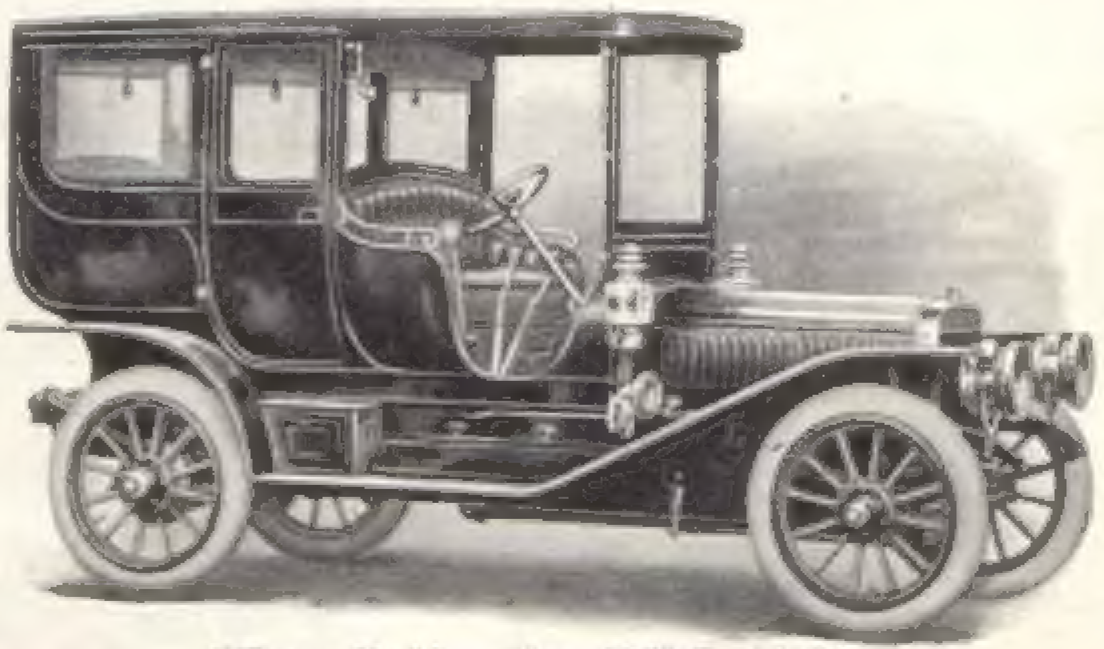
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The Editor's Column

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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And then there was Peggy's wish — to be The Most Famous Woman in New York. And she had her wish. She became *The Shirt Waist Girl*, and all New York crowded to hear her precisely at ten o'clock; watched for her on the avenue, riding in the most wonderful traps and automobiles, her clothes and hats the wonder and envy of all the women in town.

And then Peggy grew tired of being The Most Famous Woman in New York.

A most satisfying story this, of Charles Belmont Davis, which will appear in our issue of next week; one of the most satisfying stories that has come into this office for a long time.

The Town That Went Broke

¶ "Now, gents," pleaded Pilsbury Nute (town agent for Liberty Gore), "bend your ears to catch the sounds from Liberty Gore. In the cellarway the loop of tarred string that once held the tail of the salt codfish now hangs limp and empty. More than two months ago every family in our town came to the tail of the hog. The cellar bins are empty. The women pound with their rolling-pins on the bottoms of their barrels and can't rattle out enough flour for a batch of biscuit."

But the Legislators could give Liberty Gore no help and Pilsbury went sadly back to his bankrupt town to devise means to help it help itself.

How he found a way to keep "the town from swallowing its tail any further" will be told next week by Holman Day. *The Town That Went Broke* is different from other stories; which is only part of its charm.

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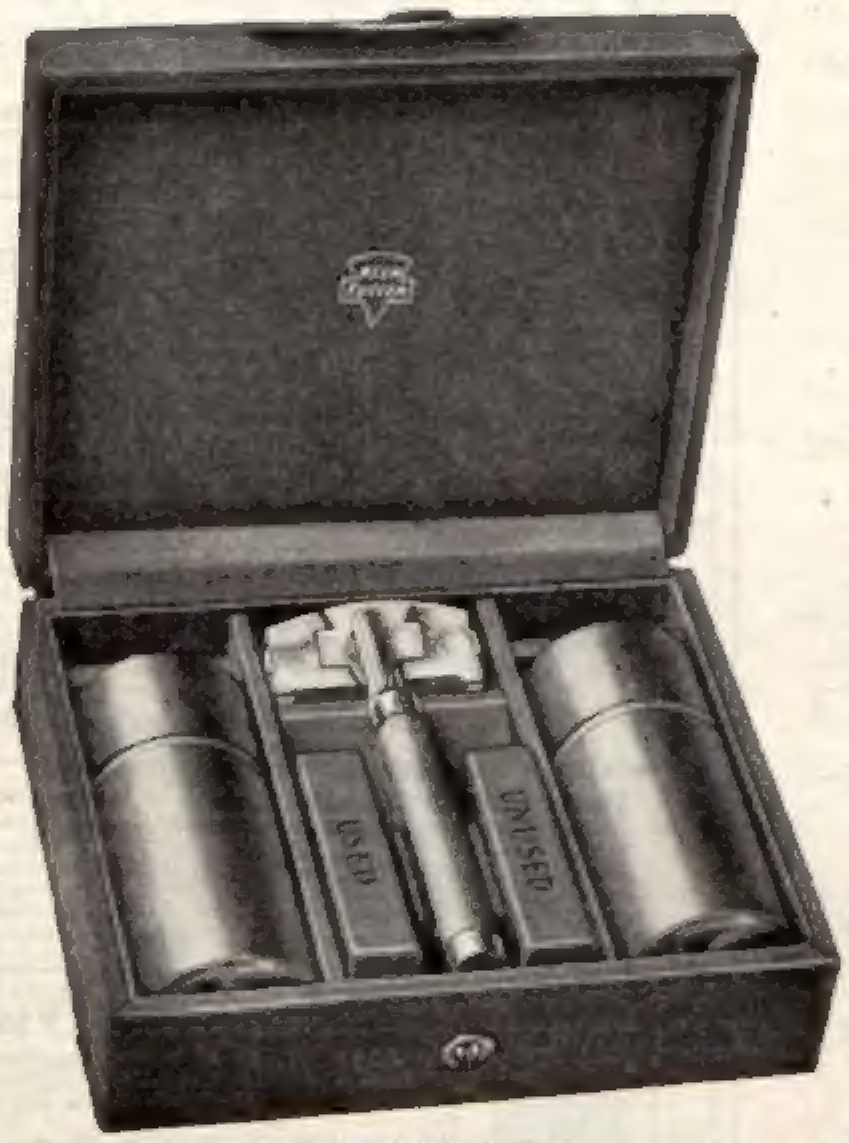

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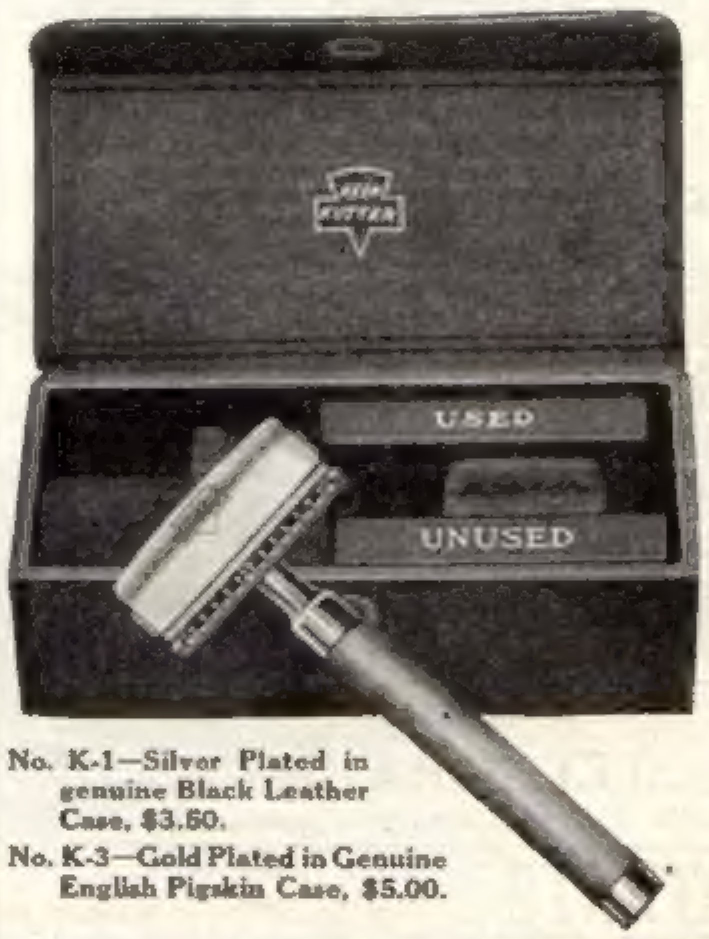

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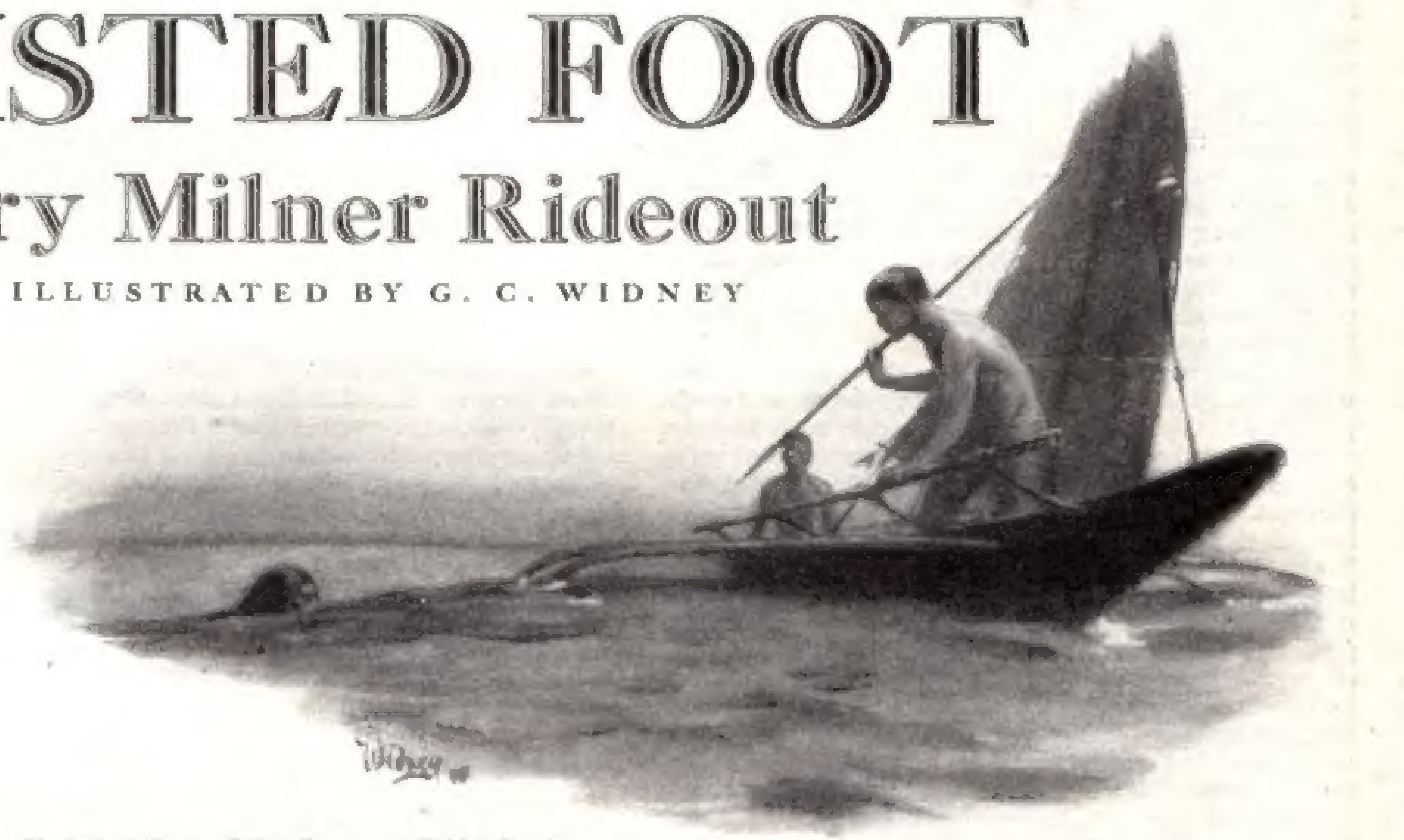
THE TWISTED FOOT

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY



He Picked Up the Fallen Spear and Held it Ready

I

THE captain's tin of biscuits was slung—high beyond reach of white ants or more nauseous vermin—on a lanyard made fast to the awning stanchion. There it swung dimly, beside a bunch of ripe bananas, in the darkest part of the boat-deck. If Agapito, the *mestizo* steward, had stayed awake long enough to coil up loose ends—but a tale was hanging by that slender cord, along with the captain's biscuits.

Into this tale David Bowman plunged head first, over the side, through the unguarded gap at the stern of the long-boat. The twisted, rotten cord snapped from his ankle, and he fell whirling, in a shock of surprise and blind rage. A long time, it seemed, he fought and choked in the cool darkness under the ocean. Then, as he shouted between air and water, his streaming eyes, blinded and stung with salt, cleared, to show him the golden jet of phosphorus squirting from his mouth, the unbroken, oily swell of the tropic sea moving black and lustrous under the gray mist of moonlight, and the Santo Niño's lights already far ahead.

"Wait!" he sputtered peevishly; then shouted: "Ahoy! Santo Niño! Help! Man overboard!"

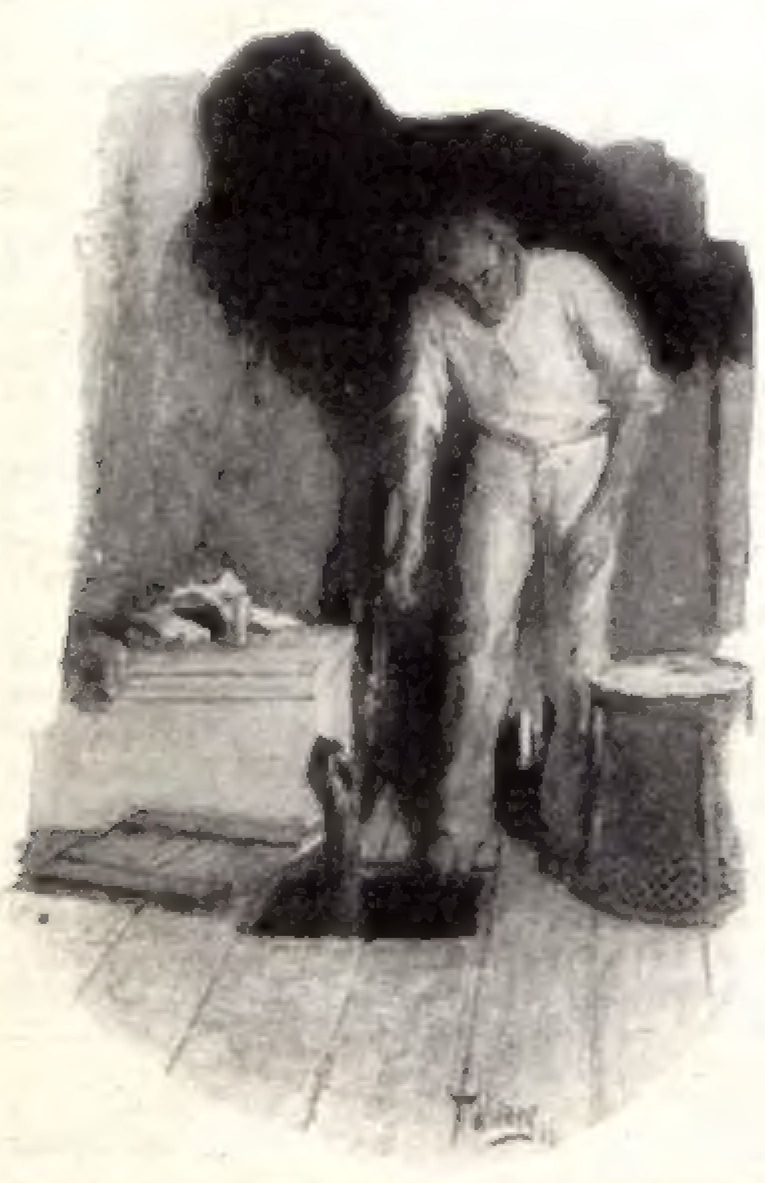
Midnight on the Sulu Sea was astonishingly wide and still. The swimmer heard only a muffled, mechanical panting which, from that black bulk ahead, reached him fainter and thinner, like the low-trailing stink and dropping cinders of Mitsui coal. No other sound; no other stir, he thought, but the breath of the departing ship. He choked again, coughed, and at last, catching a mouthful of air without water, shouted.

"No use," he perceived, in a single flash of lonely terror. The Tagalog crew were all asleep, of course; and of course his friend, the captain, dozed in his chair by the wheelhouse, and wondered what kept him aft so long, when the two good-night drinks waited. Now they would wait forever. His drink would be bitter brine.

He cried out against that fate. The two dull lanterns, however, faded more and more through the smoke, above the hoary wake of phosphorus. No one heard.

A moment ago, when his foot caught in the slatternly coils of the lanyard, he had been walking forward, prosperous, his head full of important things to do, up north, in Manila. Now remained only two great unrealities—a swimmer and the moonlit ocean. The act of staying afloat became so heavy that he would have flung up both arms and let go, had not a fragment from some unknown book haunted him:

. . . the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.



Like a Snake, a Glistening Brown Arm Rose

"That means—Me!" He lashed out in dismay; but the lights grew less, the black shape lowered and shrank upon the heaving, liquid foundation of his sight. Only the dread stimulus of that unknown line kept him at work above water. "Some strong swimmer"—that was all he or his final contest meant to the tropic ocean and the moon.

He groaned. Anguish of the spirit, it might have been; but before the sound went wide and was lost he knew it for anguish of the body. "Swimming too hard: ease up," commanded some unconquerable, secret part of him; and, obeying, his arms and legs no longer jerked out violently, but began to move with the strong, deliberate ease of habit. Presently, by the same impulse, he found his fingers tugging stubbornly, under water, at buttons and belt. All day, by a lucky chance, he had gone about the decks barefoot; and now, at last, he managed to wriggle and tear loose from the leaden wrappings of jacket and trousers. He swam naked, as light—by contrast—as a floating sea-gull.

Behind him, for the time of a few strokes, the swollen folds of white drill glistened in the moonlight, like ghostly spirals of a water-snake.

Before him the Santo Niño had already faded to a pair of twinkling points, often smudged out by the tiny, black squall of smoke. Beyond these, on his right hand, stretched a continuous gray vapor, the fusion of sky and sea in the moonlight; but on his left hand the distant contours of island mountains swam like darker vapors, almost equally dissolved. Land—shore—they were too far off, and swept by strong, impassable currents; yet toward these he set his face, and without plan or hope began doggedly to swim.

"As long as I can, anyhow," he grumbled.

After a weary time the ship's lights were gone, and he moved alone, interminably, through the wide ocean. Whenever he turned on his back to float and rest the great moon, straight overhead, surprised him by her pale splendor. After a breathing-space it made him dizzy to watch her, for sky and sea grew topsyturvy, as though the ceiling of the world had become the floor, and he himself swung aloft, looking deeply down at the inverted orb. He rolled over quickly and struck out, to escape the vertigo of space.

Then, through the slow drift of hours, he found the moon lowering into his range of sight. Her path began to glimmer on the glossy, heaving surface ahead. The long mist of western mountains gradually took on edge and blackness and substance.

"I can't make 'em." He thought vaguely and with effort, for the growing chill, and the dull pain of weariness which clogged his muscles, now began to steal through his brain.

"How long, do you suppose?" he asked himself aloud. The water had no more buoyancy. The path of the moon faded. Over the flat void settled a pale smoke, pink and gray. He noted the changes with profound apathy, wondering only if he should be afloat at sunrise.

All at once he spun bolt upright, treading water so hard as to lift himself out, breast-high.

"*Anito!*" said a guttural voice close by. "*Anito!*"

The sound ran through him like a fiery shock; for the voice had spoken almost in his ear, out of the lonely mist.

A long, slim, black shape bore down slowly from the right. It focused as the body, mast and outriggers of a sailing *banca*, in the stern of which huddled the figures of two men.

"Ahoy! *Hombre!*" called David, suddenly limp and sick at the vision of this godsend. Finding no words but English, he waved his hand. Two faces peered at him through the obscurity—gray faces, strangely drawn and puckered. The hard, shrewd eyes met his, and stared, large and wild, in the milky light of the sea-dawn.

"Here!" he cried, choking, and beckoned feebly. "Help! *Sigue!*"

The paler of the two men laughed softly. Neither stirred. The slender boat continued to drift by.

Spent as he was, and bitter cold to the marrow, David burned inwardly with sudden anger. Cleaving the water with a powerful overhand stroke, he raced up the low, smooth slope of the intervening swell, dove beneath the outrigger and, spluttering, rose to clutch the heavy gunwale. Still blind with salt, he saw dimly, in amazement, a scowling bronze face and a shock of long, yellow hair below some uplifted weapon. With a sob of rage he contrived to grip one bare ankle and to jerk. A brown, tattooed body fell splashing over the opposite gunwale in the same instant that he hoisted himself on board, picked up the fallen spear and held it ready.

The paler man, still squatting aft, made no stir. Naked, slim, yet beautifully muscular, he smiled with keen, cynical brown eyes, and waved his shapely hand in a sign rather of command than of surrender. In the luminous mist his body shone light-golden, his face stood forth bold and suave, barbaric and cruelly sophisticated. His hair, the coarse, black hair of Asia, was cropped in the fashion of Europe.

"You speak English," said David confidently.

The pale man eyed him without blinking, and again, impatiently yet gracefully, signaled for him to drop the spear.

The man who had toppled overboard now reared his strange, blond head at the stern, and, climbing in, crouched behind his master, over whose shoulder he peered with a frightened, savage face. From his broad chest up to his heavy, powerful shoulders there spread in greenish-blue tattooing, like two ferns drooping asunder, the Bontoc *chak-lag* which marks him who has taken a human head in war.

"*Anito!*" he mumbled, shaking his yellow mop, and staring at the strange white man from the sea.

"*Anito?* No, I am not a ghost," said David, in what fragments he could recall of the northern hillmen's speech. "What are you doing so far south?"

The pale man turned, and over his shoulder murmured to the bronze head-hunter. Then both, as though agreed, sullenly watched the intruder. Whether or not they had understood, they were plainly determined not to speak; and at last, all words proving useless, David lay back, exhausted yet wary, a third partner in the hostile silence.

Tropic day came quickly. The red sun snapped the taut line of the eastern sea, like a coal burning a cord. All about the *banca* the vapors drifted westward; and from the wet, feverous green of island heights in the west, long, gray lines spread raggedly, steaming like smoke above rifle-pits. Soon it was broad day, and heat quivered round the boat, which lay dead as a log, narrow and greasy black, like a floating crocodile.

This heat, at first, was grateful to the naked swimmer, whose fingers were cold, white and puckered, as though parboiled. At last, however, he roused in some anxiety.

"I'll get baked alive here," he thought. Scanning the bottom of the *banca*, he saw nothing which could serve as garment. The only cargo lay in a small heap astern, before the veined, muscular legs of the yellow man: a narrow Tinglayan shield of wood, stained a dull red, five-pronged, laced with *bejuco*, and carved in lines as graceful as those of a violin; some wooden "pig-pails" full of *camotes* and rice; two gourds, two wooden spoons, and a Samoki bowl of clay; a few hands of bananas; and a sheaf of barbed iron spear-blades, which must have come all the way from the four smithies of Baliwang. Food and weapons there were, then, but no clothing. David turned to look forward, in hope to discover some bit of matting.

Here, also, however, he found nothing. He was about to give over and settle himself for a day of torment, when just behind the step of the mast he spied a dirty bundle. Spear in hand, he crawled toward this, and to his great joy hauled up a sopping mass of heavy cloth. He unrolled this precious wad; then eyed it in stupid wonder.

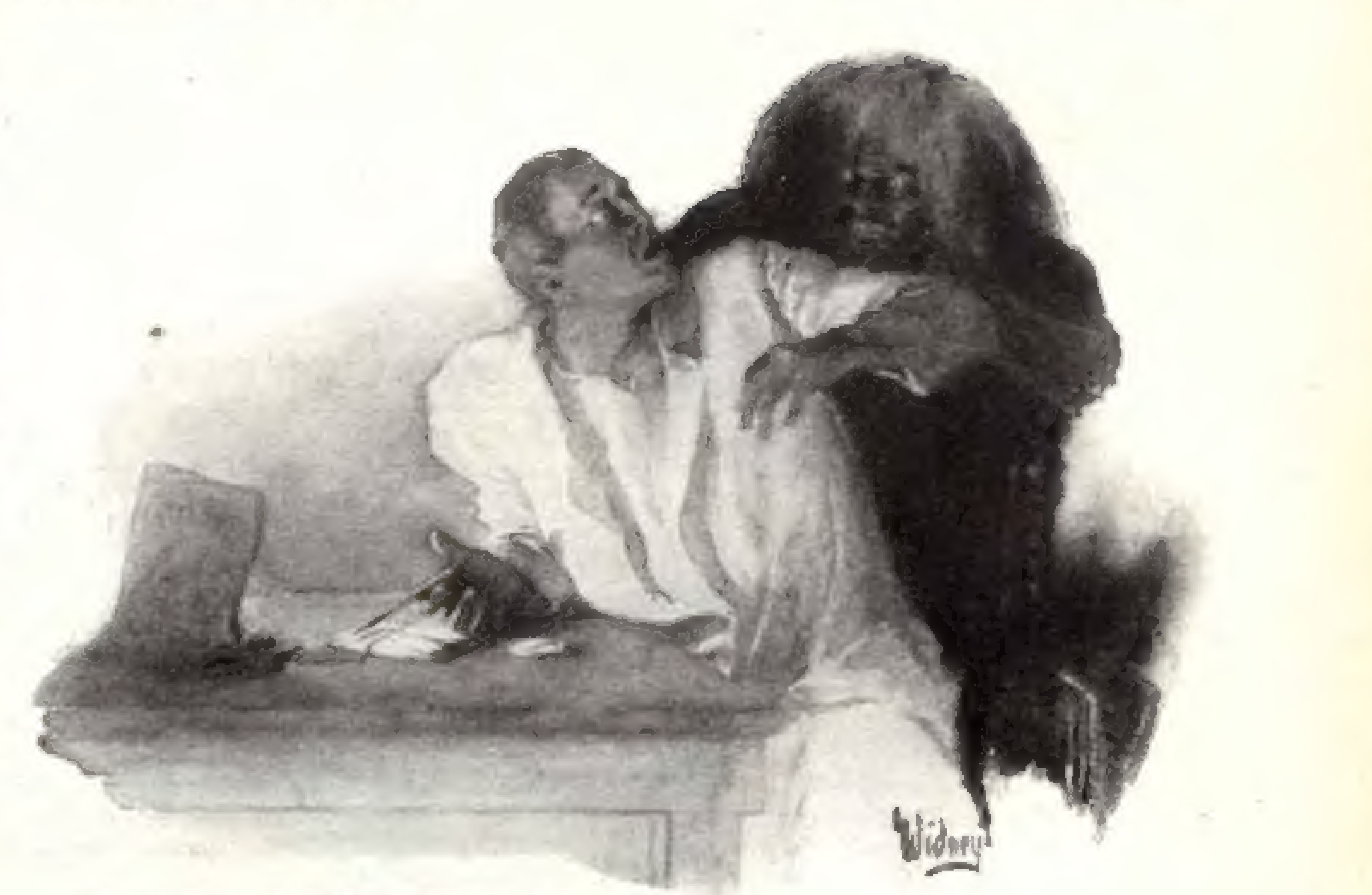
It was a khaki shooting-jacket.

He turned a swift glance aft—a glance full of anger and suspicion.

"Where did you get this?" he cried.

The two strange companions paid back his look with ferocious interest; but neither answered. The black-haired man with the yellow body smiled in scorn, scooped out a handful of rice from the Samoki bowl, and began to eat.

David, fingering the soaked and tangled pockets, found them empty, except for a tag of white cotton that, sewn loosely inside the breast, bore a few scratches of ink—the Chinese tailor's ticket. There seemed to be nothing else. The jacket, though badly stained and crumpled, was of a smart enough cut, and too new to have been thrown or given away. A strange bit of white man's world, the tawny cloth seemed to have no sense or meaning, there in the dug-out. One fact alone was certain: it would have to be dried.


The Writer at the Table had Cried Aloud

He was spreading it, when he felt in an inner pouch, like a match-pocket, something thin, flat and hard. With difficulty he found the opening, and drew out between finger and thumb a small, shining object. At the first glint of this in the sunlight, a hoarse cry sounded from the stern.

"*Anito!*" The dark barbarian crouched behind the other in a sudden fit of terror. His brown eyes stared as though the bit of metal in David's hand was about to explode; and on his dark forehead an old scar, of battle or of eczema, turned to a patch of greasy silver. The other man glanced up, frowned, and bent philosophically to his rice.

Next moment David had forgotten them both. The thin, silver locket lay open in a hand that trembled. It was as if a voice from Home had spoken, a face which he had known and yet sought all his life had leaped out of a dream to confront him. By the sound, he must have cried aloud; and now he sat staring, without thought of past danger or present incongruity.

The photograph, though discolored at the edge by the moisture of hot climates, showed in the centre the clear face of a girl, clean-bred, high-spirited, whose eyes met his directly, with a look at once friendly and whimsical. He had never seen her before; they might have known each other through and through.

A grating sound made him look up quickly. Past the calf of the yellow man's leg the furtive hand of the savage whipped back a loose spear-blade from the bundle, then flashed aloft, poised and threw. The blade came flying like a dart. David had barely time to whirl up the folds of the jacket, from which the steel fell, clattering at his feet. He caught up his own spear, came aft in a single leap, and confiscated the remaining blades.

When he had tossed them forward beside the locket he laughed. Something had brought him luck and gayety.

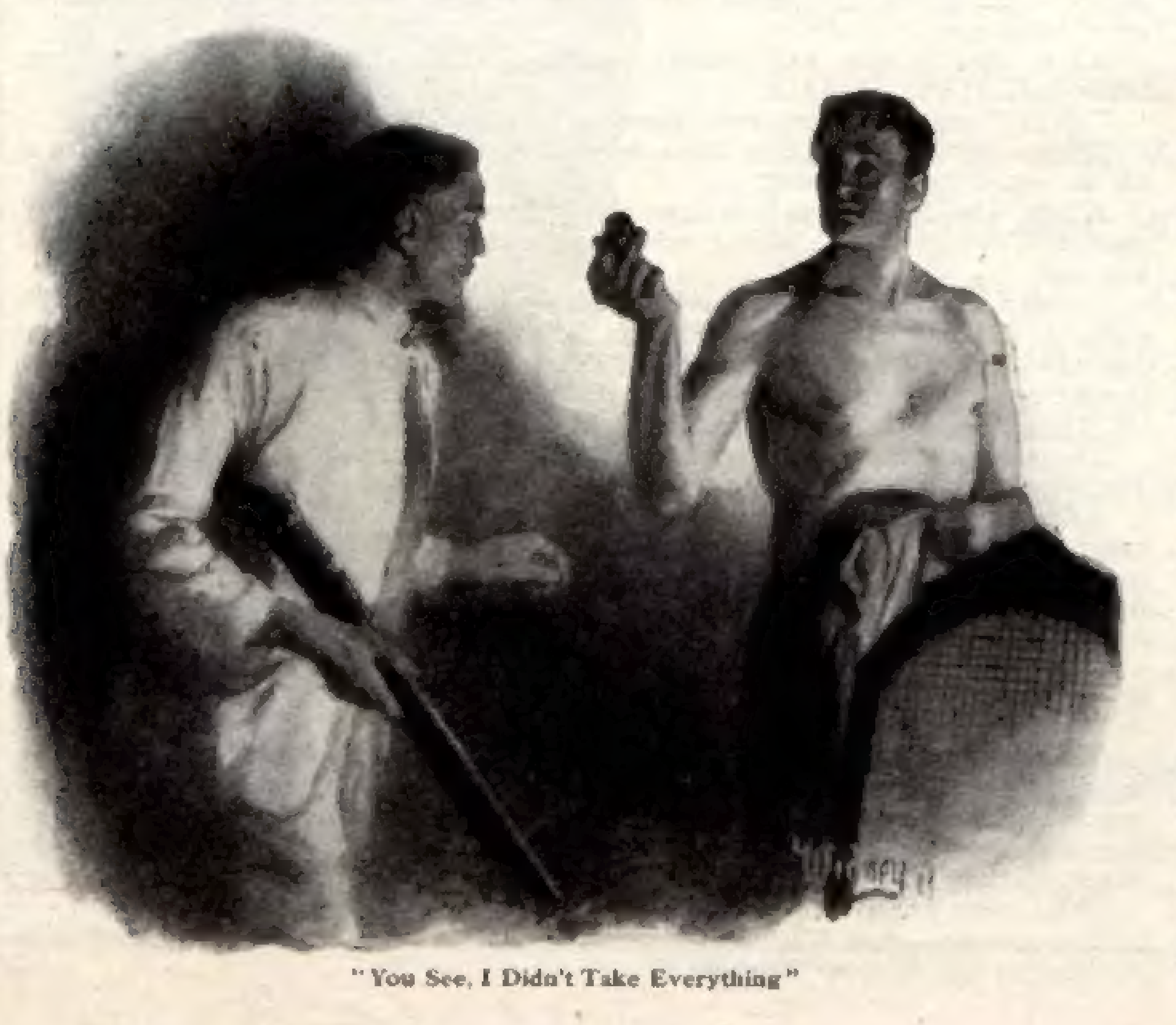
"You chaps lose your chow for that," he chuckled, and, seizing their supply of bananas and rice, crawled back to his former station.

The *banca*, meantime, had begun to glide southward in a strong current before a light breeze. Round her the ocean glared. All day without a word the three men saw the far-off hills, high, bold curves of green volcanic island, wheel astern in drowsy procession, palm fronds, on trunks invisible in the distance, showing above each crest like many bombs of foliage bursting in midair. David found that day endless. Once he crawled aft to seize a gourd of water. But afterward he recalled neither thirst nor heat, nor the unearthly solitude and silence in the crowded boat; only the insatiate wonder as he studied his picture.

No picture, it may be, had ever so outlandish an adorer as this young man, bare-legged, his body cramped in a jacket far too tight, and his head helmeted in a wooden bucket. Near by a tattooed warrior, using a white pebble and his thumb for forceps, tugged out bristles of beard from savage cheeks. But David saw only the girl's face, half-pitying, half-mocking him, and always looking straight out, with ghostly directness, from the dusk and limbo of the stained photograph.

The wide glory of sunset at last burned out, the ocean lay black and velvety under the stars, and a cool wind out of the tropic night swept the lonely craft on toward the Southern Cross, with a faint, blending rustle of sail and of water.

It was now that David fathomed the difficulty of his case. The enemy, his two rescuers, could sleep, turn about; but he must keep for himself all the watches of the night. By clinching his will he had thus far stayed awake; now, with darkness, the power of sleep laid its leaden mace upon him.


"You See, I Didn't Take Everything"

Time and again he shook himself out of oblivion and sat upright. This became harder and heavier—at last, impossible. Somewhere in the night he became aware that a vague form was creeping toward him from the stern. With a bound he woke and shouted:

"Go back, there!"

Again his forces drooped. Again he slept, and again the prowler crept forward on hands and knees.

For the second time he drove the man back and fought with sleep. And then a sudden thought, a pang of comprehension, came to his aid, and for the moment, at least, held him wide awake.

Fingering the outline of the silver case, he watched the stars above his unknown course.

"What's the good?" he thought. "What's the good, even if I should find her?"

The impulse had come without reason, without control: he was jealous, beyond bound, of the owner of that jacket.

II

BEFORE David knew that he had slept, a sudden pain woke him. Hard fingers dug into his throat, and a heavy, naked body struggled to pin him flat in the bottom of the boat. Shaggy hair brushed his face. Some one grunted. A hand was worming under his shoulders, to reach the spear-blades.

David heaved upward against the living weight. It forced him down again. The rings of his windpipe seemed broken in that fierce grip. With the last of his strength he caught one sinewy finger, bent it back till it snapped, tore his throat loose, and, wrenching every muscle in one desperate rebound, sat up and flung off his panting assailant.

It was not yet dawn. In a roiled, aqueous light David saw the head-hunter rise, crawl aft, and crouch behind the pale steersman. He saw the two men eye him with steady malignity, and heard them mutter, discussing earnestly but secretly, without change of look, without a gesture.

From them, and from the long, glimmering strip on the eastern line, David turned suddenly, aware of a deep, rushing sound that spread to starboard both far and near. Close aboard, the black ocean broke in a running line of low surf, ghostly white in this last hour of darkness. It was a coral reef. Beyond it—as over a wall of snow—ran a dark, ragged fringe of land, so near that even in the gloom David could descry, vaguely, the topmost spikes and tatters of palm groves.

He gave a start; for through a gap in the shifting barrier of spray a feeble light wavered, uncertain as the first star in a twilight. He lost the gleam, watched for it, and either saw it once more or had strained his eyes into seeing what he so powerfully desired.

Turning toward his two enemies he made signs, vehement and unmistakable, that they should head the boat into the gap. For answer, the pale man smiled, as cool and scornful as ever, shook his head, and with a strong, graceful sweep of his arm, plainly declared that no boat could pass the long barrier of the surf.

But David was not to be denied. He was sick of his company; he cared nothing for the risk to them or to their boat; and the nearness of the beach, so sudden and unsuspected, gave him a great hunger for the land. He would set foot on that lighted coast, though the light came from a cannibal campfire.

"Won't you?" he cried. "Then I will for you!"

He wrested the paddle from the steersman, and, fighting against a strong tide, swung the nose of the *banca* toward the gap. In the darkness and the current it was touch and go; but the slender craft, stung into life by the following waves, at last shot through the narrow gate, just as a shower of flying drops drenched her from stem to stern, as if in raging disappointment. With a final heave and downward slant, she ran smoothly into still water.

David let her run and peered ahead. A little bay, a deep semicircle, lay quiet as a lagoon, strange, dreamy and placid behind the thundering breakers. Now there was no mistake: a light, veiled yet ruddy, showed in the low blackness of the shore like the spread embers of a dying fire.

Suddenly, in delight, he slapped his bare thigh. Somewhere near the fire, through the far-spread hushing tumult of the surf, sounded the yapping of a dog. It was no whining pariah who scented them, but a good, valiant, little terrier.

"A white man's dog!" cried David in jubilation. "White man's and no mistake! Here, you chaps, you can go straight—wherever you like. Here's where I get out."

He sounded with his paddle, which brought up in hard sand with half the blade clear. Groping out the bundle of loose points and the head-hunter's spear, he tucked them under his arm, lowered both legs into the cool water, straddled the outrigger, and began to wade toward the light and the friendly barking.

When, after a few steps, he looked back, the two men had turned the *banca* and were paddling, half-distinguishable shapes, toward a broader gap which lay, pale and smooth, to the southeast. For a moment he stared after them.

"Of all the unaccountable blackguards!" he wondered. Why, among the mad things they had done, should they have grumbled when he slid overboard? "They seemed," he thought, "as anxious to have me stay as they were before to get rid of me."

He would never know why; for the *banca*, a thin blade of intenser shadow, moved steadily off toward the ring of foam that slowly brightened against the east.

Inshore, as he turned again and waded, the night still lay black. Though only knee-deep, he was much farther from the beach than he had thought. Step after step brought him no nearer to dry land, apparently, except that he could hear the barking dog more plainly, could see a bent bow of coral sand curve like a gray arc drawn in misty phosphorus under the black land. The light, still veiled, lay scattered and tremulous before him, as on a forest pool. But this slowly shrank and receded; the oily, rancid smell of decaying cocoanuts stole out to his nostrils; and at last he strode up the half-luminous coral beach toward a grove profoundly black and silent.

Something small, white and sniffing darted about his legs. He stooped.

"Hi, little dog!" he chuckled. A fox-terrier thrust its sharp, cold nose against his shins, submitting to be petted. "Hi, little dog from Home! Where's your master?"

The terrier capered about him, withdrew coyly, yelped and capered again, to beckon him toward the light. Together the man and the dog climbed a low bank, and, in the sudden chill of land mist, entered a labyrinth of palm trunks.

The light, David now saw, came ruddy through a kind of coarse mesh, as coals might glow inside a great basket. After stumbling toward it among the bewildering palms, he saw that it shone in tiny points of dull red through the plaited bamboo walls of a house.

Doors and windows were shut close, screened by the same plaited splints, porous to the light. The whole interior of a room appeared in dim transparency, with black objects (whether of furniture or squatting men, David could not tell) striking through in broken outlines.

He called aloud: "Hello! I say. Inside there."

There was neither stir nor speech in the lighted house. The terrier frisked up to the threshold, whined, and waited. Again David called, but only roused a bat which fluttered across the dim radiance and up into the lofty darkness of the grove. Whoever lived in that house was a heavy sleeper.

The black figures remained motionless. He slid the frail door aside and stepped up into the room. It was empty, except for a smoky lamp that shone on a rough table, and for two long chairs, a yellow Chinese chest against the wall, and beside it a small iron trunk of the English pattern.

The terrier skipped across the room and through an open door into the darkness. After the scratching of his paws there was no sound, not even the sound of breathing. David stood listening, at a loss. Then, taking the lamp, he followed where the dog had led, into a little room also bare, except for a bed on which the terrier already lay curled, asleep. No one else had slept there, for the sheet lay smooth over the matting, and the mosquito net still hung festooned above.

The terrier opened one drowsy eye, blinked at the lamp, and, finding himself unreproved, fell asleep once more.

"You got what you wanted, old fellow!" said David. He looked about and listened, with no result. "I've half a mind to try that bed myself."

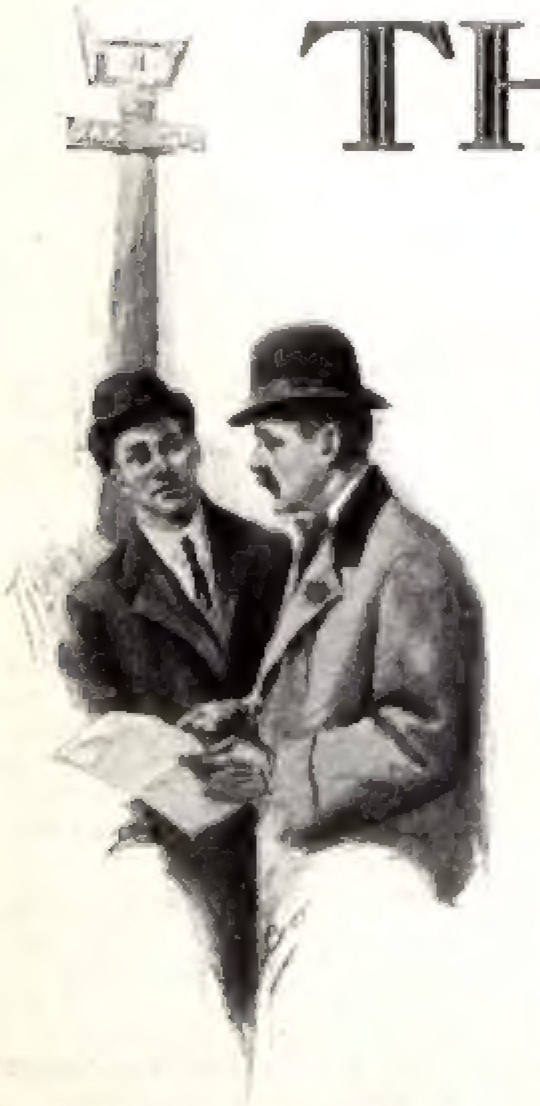
(Continued on Page 25)

THE SERPENT IN EDEN

A Little Politics is a Dangerous Thing

By HENRY M. HYDE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD M. BRETT



"Who's Skunk Enough to Get Out Such a Sneaking, Lying Thing as That?"

WHEN I arrived at the age of thirty I inherited some money. I had been in the employ of a big railroad company in Chicago for ten years and had worked up to the position of chief clerk to the treasurer of the road. But Julia and I had never liked the city. Besides, we wanted a big yard full of grass for little John and the baby—named Julianna—to tumble in, and plenty of clean air for them to breathe. So when the money came we moved to Eden, a pretty town of ten thousand, at one end of a big inland lake in Wisconsin. I got a place as assistant cashier in the First National Bank. Some of my money had come in stock of that institution.

There are a lot of nice people in Eden—well-to-do, comfortable people, who have made their money in the city and come out there to live. Then in the hot months a great many more city dwellers come out to handsome summer homes along our lake. We have no slums and no very poor or congested districts. There is a country club and an all-the-year-around club, also, where the ladies hold their literary meetings and we men meet in the winter evenings to play bridge and billiards. Ours is a prohibition community. Of course, we wink at the fact that drinks are served at the country club, and equally, of course, you are offered a cocktail before you sit down at most dinner-tables. But, as the Eden Echo often remarks, we "are singularly free from the demoralizing influences of the saloon."

I have always been a sincere churchman, and Julia and I found a congenial church home at St. Agnes', under the ministrations of dear old Doctor Hassock, who has been the rector for more than forty years. My business affairs have prospered. Five years after we moved to Eden the old cashier of the bank died and I was given his place. It was shortly after my promotion that a committee of three of my neighbors came into the bank one day and asked me to run for alderman from the First Ward, in which we live. I told them that politics had never appealed to me.

There was a neighbor of ours in Chicago—as nice and clean and straight a young chap as you'd want to meet—who was persuaded to run for the Democratic nomination for alderman in our ward. He had to stay out night after night during the preliminary campaign, visiting saloons, drinking more than was good for him, and spending more money than he could spare. In fact, I've heard it said that it cost him more to get the nomination than his salary for the two years' term amounted to. And when he won the election his troubles only began. The opposition papers misrepresented and misconstrued everything he did. They cartooned him in the figure of a snake, with a man's head, crawling out of a muck-heap; they printed a picture of him in his new automobile with a row of capital letters and an interrogation point above it inquiring raucously: WHERE DID HE GET IT? Presently they asked, insinuatingly, whether his vote in favor of the traction ordinance could have had anything to do with the fact that his wife was wearing a new sealskin coat. At last he was consistently referred to as a member of "the gang," and one of the reform associations put him unblushingly down in its list of "Gray Wolves." The last time I saw him he was still an alderman; he had developed a richly-variegated nose, a heavy dewlap and a conspicuous paunch, and there was a look in his shifty eyes that made a cautious man feel like starting on the run for a safety-deposit vault.

No, I told the committee, politics did not appeal to me at all. And I rehearsed the story of our Chicago neighbor. But the committee pointed out, with a chorus of appreciative laughter, that conditions were very different in Eden.

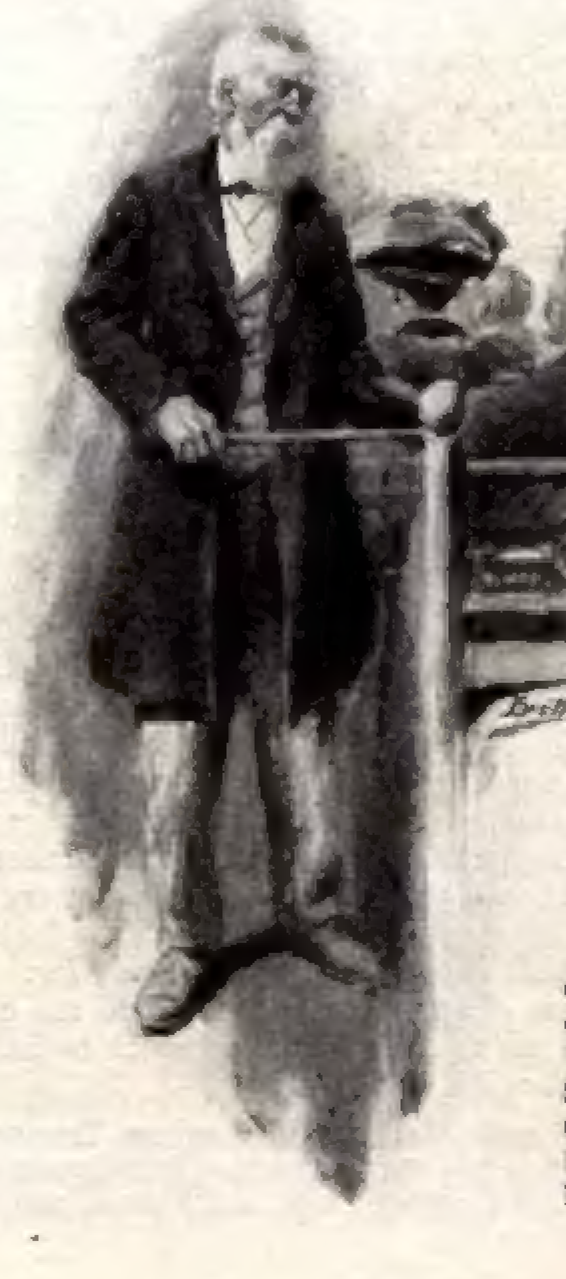
"You see, John," said old Major Mann, their spokesman, "Eden isn't Chicago. Our people are more intelligent, more cultured, more refined than you'll find in any Chicago ward. We are all well-to-do, respectable, church-going people. Then we haven't any saloons to serve as centers of corruption. And there's little of the low-class, floating, laboring vote here that is such a problem in a large city." "Besides all that," put in John Carson, "and quite as important as anything else, is the fact that we don't have the corrupt, grafting bosses and machines of the two old parties. Instead of nasty, partisan fights we are all organized into the Citizens' Alliance, which is easily able to control things. The coachmen and gardeners and that class of people know better than to start anything."

"And there's no danger of attacks from sensational and yellow newspapers," Major Mann went on. "All we've got in that line is the Echo, and you, as cashier of the First National, know that it isn't exactly in a position to attack any of our prominent citizens. It has hard enough work as it is to pay its paper bills."

"It's your duty, John, to accept the nomination. Just say the word, and the Alliance will elect you."

Well, I accepted. Young Jenkins, who was foreman in the Eden livery stable, got himself nominated against me on what he called the People's ticket. At one of our campaign meetings at the country club Major Mann reported that he had found two empty beer bottles in his stable and had at once suspected that Jenkins was attempting to corrupt his coachman. He had put a stop to that at once by discharging the coachman and notifying the proprietor of the livery that if he expected to hold the carriage trade he must get rid of Jenkins—which he promised to do. Then the gallant Major, lifting his Scotch and soda, called the whole dining-room to its feet and drank confusion to blind pigs and the other enemies of good government.

I was elected by an almost unanimous vote and, because of my experience in the bank, was at once appointed chairman of the auditing committee. Our first



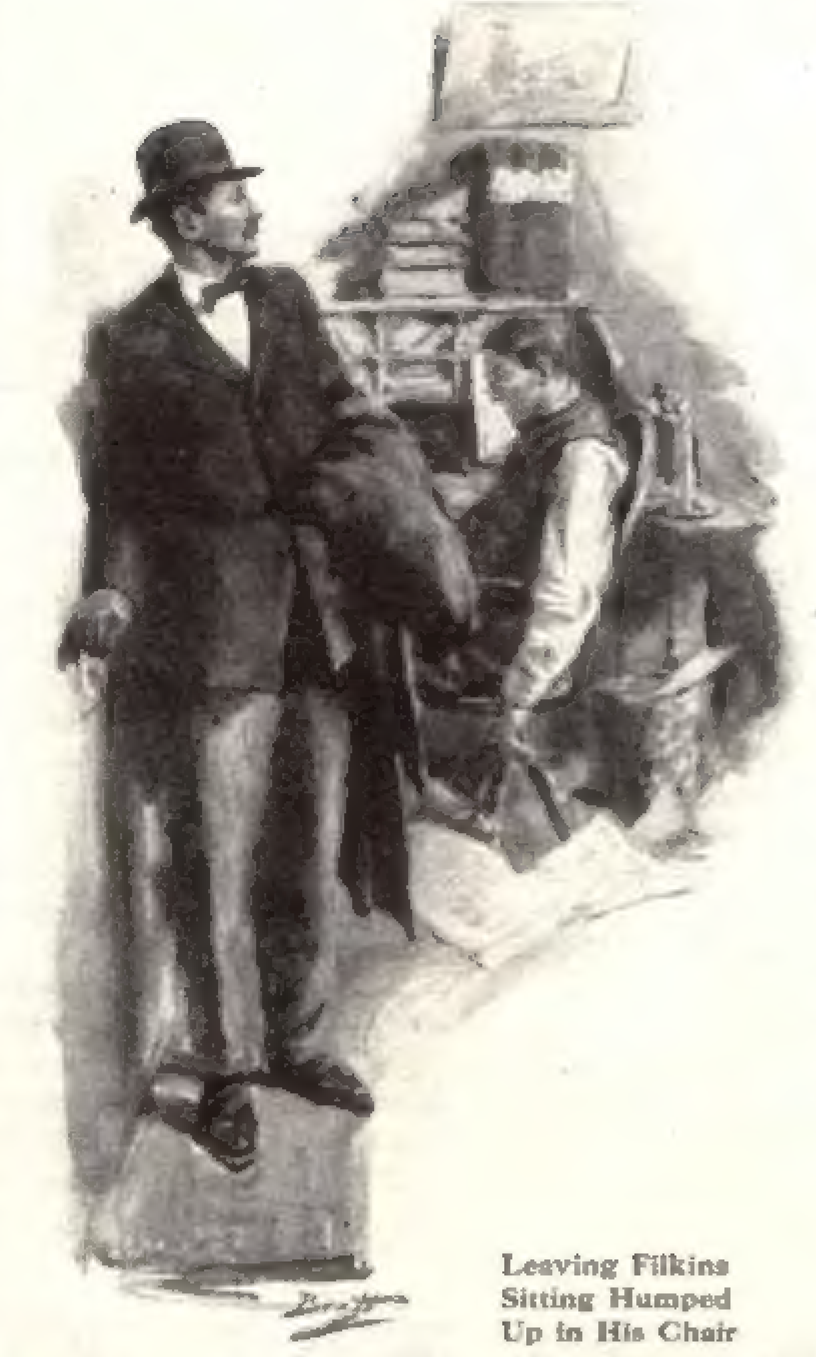
Old Carson Glares at Me When He Sticks the Contribution Basket Under My Nose duty was to audit the books of the city treasurer, a post which John Carson, one of my nominators, had held for twelve consecutive years. We went over Carson's books and found them in perfect condition, showing a healthy balance of more than fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Carson was a retired member of the board of trade. Besides serving as city treasurer, at a merely nominal salary of a thousand a year, he was treasurer of St. Agnes' church, of the country club association and of half a dozen other organizations.

When we had done checking over his books I told him that, as a matter of form, we would now count the actual money.

The old fellow jumped up to his feet and his white side-whiskers fairly bristled with indignation. "Do you doubt my integrity, Mr. Rankin?" he snapped out.

"Not at all, Mr. Carson," I answered, "but as a banker I can't approve a set of books without checking up the figures with the actual cash in hand. If you'll just tell us where the money is deposited and give us the bankbooks we'll not bother you further about it."



Leaving Filkins Sitting Humped Up in His Chair

Carson sank back into his chair and looked at me in a pained, hurt sort of way. "I've got some of it in Milwaukee," he stammered, "and some of it in Chicago."

"Well," I said, finally, "we'll adjourn for two weeks, and by that time you can have all the funds in shape."

A few days after Major Mann, who had been elected mayor, came into the bank to remonstrate with me for getting after old Carson. By that time I had discovered that for a dozen years the city treasurer had been loaning out the city money on good seven per cent farm mortgages and drawing an average income of thirty-five hundred dollars a year from the interest. I told Major Mann the facts and said that explained why Eden was so slow in making improvements. He insisted that you couldn't expect a high-class business man to devote his time to the public service for nothing, and that, whatever happened, there must be no scandal about it. It was finally settled by my putting a resolution through the council providing that thereafter all the city funds should be deposited in one of the Milwaukee banks, where they would draw four per cent interest. But up to this day old Carson always glares at me when he sticks the contribution basket under my nose at St. Agnes' on a Sunday morning.

The spring after I went into the council we started a campaign for street paving. The work was done by special assessment, and there was strong opposition on the part of some property owners, particularly those who had large holdings of unimproved real estate. One of the paving ordinances we finally got through called for the improvement of Third Street, which bordered the lake, along its whole length. Major Mann's handsome estate of forty acres fronted on Third Street for several hundred feet. He was finally persuaded to approve the ordinance, though it would cost him personally four or five thousand dollars.

Almost immediately after this ordinance had been passed and approved by the court, an ordinance came before the council asking for a perpetual franchise for a trolley road along Third Street. The franchise was asked for by a corporation which was building an interurban line from Milwaukee to Madison. Over almost the whole route it paralleled the tracks of the railroad company for which I had worked in Chicago. Major Mann was bitter in fighting the proposed franchise. For a time I was in doubt and refused to commit myself, until I had had time to study the subject. Finally I announced my position in open council. I was in favor, first of all, of making the life of the franchise twenty years. In the second place, I should insist that the company pay some remuneration to the city for the franchise. I pointed out that, after fighting for years, Chicago had recently granted franchises over its streets on such terms to corporations, which were more than glad to get them, and that Eden would be foolish to give for nothing what she could as well get pay for.

A week later one of my neighbors stopped me on the street and handed me a printed circular which he had just got out of the post-office. It read:

> The Milwaukee and Madison Interurban Transportation Company, which has applied to the City Council for a franchise along Third Street, will, if its lines are built, add greatly to the value of Eden real estate and will be a benefit to the town in every way. We wonder if the councilman who is putting so many stumbling-blocks in the way of the road is at all influenced by the fact that for many years he was a trusted employee of the railroad corporation with which the new line will compete. The public is pretty well informed as to how far these great railroad corporations have gone, and are still going, in the way of corrupting public officials, and will do well to watch the actions of its servants.
>
> THE COMMITTEE.

I am not a swearing man, but I ripped out an oath when I read that cowardly, anonymous circular. My neighbor laughed. "They were mailed to every taxpayer, I understand," he said.

"But who's skunk enough to get out such a sneaking, lying thing as that?" I asked.

"I suppose you know," he answered with apparent irrelevancy, "that John Carson is buying right-of-way for the company through the farming country?"

"Well, you wait until the city council meets tonight," I declared emphatically. "I'll make somebody eat it. Why, it's worse than the city newspapers ever did."

I said nothing to Julia about the circular, and went over to the council meeting determined to get up as soon as the routine business was over, read the circular and say what I thought about the men who wrote and circulated it. Here is the almost incredible story of what really happened:

Major Mann called the meeting to order, as usual. As soon as the roll had been called he rose and announced that he had something to say from the floor and would call me to the chair. The council-room was crowded with spectators, and as I took the mayor's seat there was a little burst of hand-clapping.

"Fellow-citizens," Major Mann began, "I am sure I speak the sentiments of all the people of Eden when I say that I deprecate the anonymous attack which has been made on one of our number. An unsigned letter is always a cowardly stab in the dark. I suppose everybody knows what my position has been on the traction ordinance. I have been opposed to it because I felt that Eden, being purely a residence city, had no need of a noisy trolley line, which would only bring disorderly crowds to disturb our peace and quiet. But I have given much thought to Alderman Rankin's speech at our last meeting."

He looked up at me, sitting in the mayor's chair, as he spoke, and again there was a little outburst of hand-clapping.

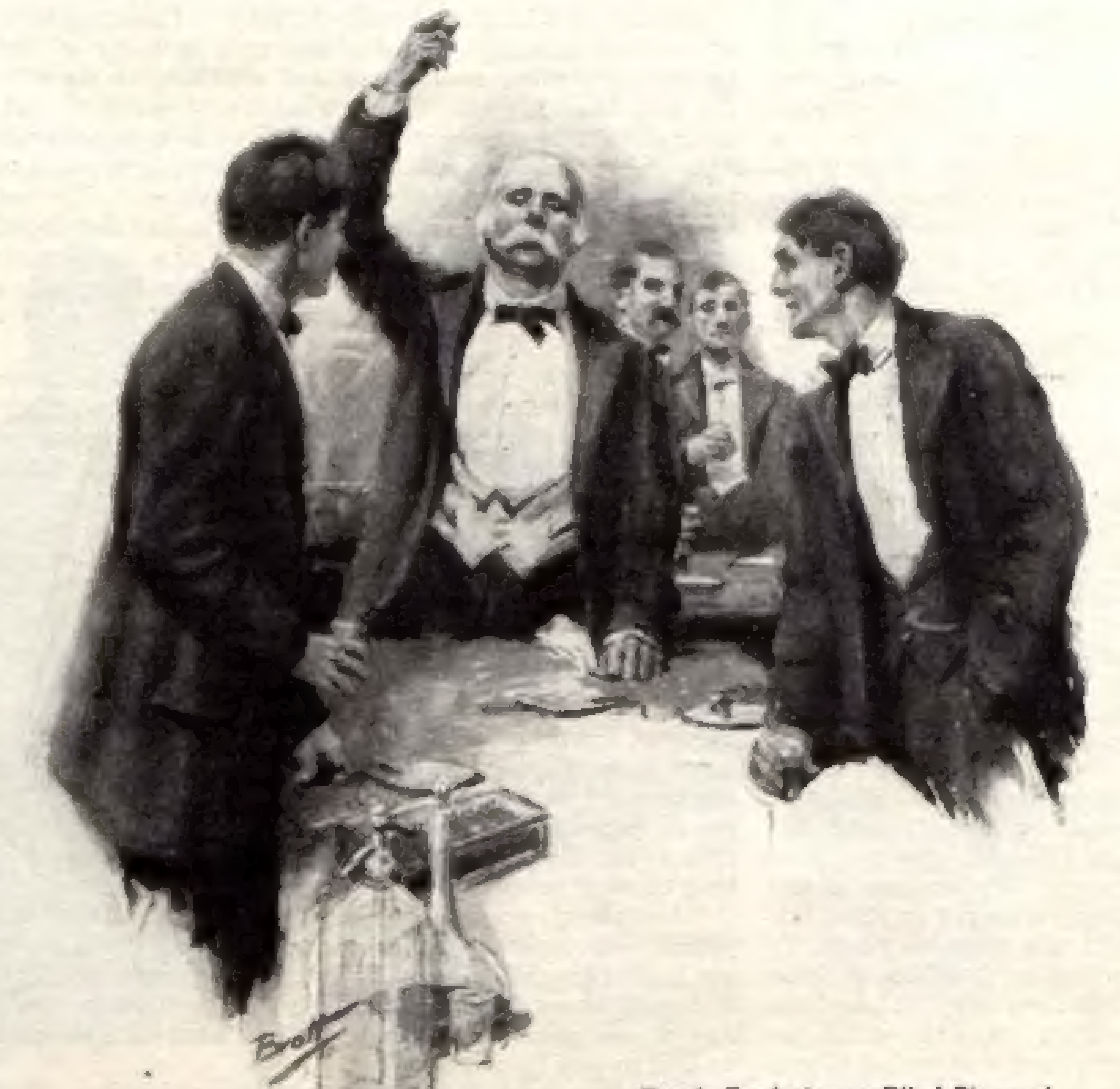
"I have made up my mind," he went on, "that no matter what our personal feelings may be we cannot hope to keep Eden entirely cut off from the march of modern improvements. A trolley line sooner or later, I suppose, is inevitable; and, since that is so, I agree with Alderman Rankin that we should make the best bargain possible with its promoters. I am afraid that to make the life of the franchise only twenty years is impossible. Capital, I am certain, cannot be interested in a proposition unless it sees a good chance of making good interest on its investment. But, so far as insisting that the company pay, and pay well, for its franchise through our streets, I am thoroughly in accord with him. I have gone so far as to consult with the promoters of the company, and I am happy to report that I have a proposition from them along such lines which seems to me very fair and, indeed, liberal. This"—he held up a typewritten paper—"is an agreement, signed by the officers of the company, offering to pave with brick at its own expense all the streets over which its lines pass in return for the franchise. I move, Mr. Chairman, that the offer be accepted, and that the council, at the same time, thank Alderman Rankin, but for whose foresight and determination that the city shall get its fair dues the offer would never have been made."

As I listened to Major Mann I forgot my anger at the anonymous circular in amusement at the old gentleman's gorgeous audacity and selfishness. I was grinning as I called another alderman to the chair and took the floor myself.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the only street over which the Milwaukee and Madison Traction Company asks a franchise is Third Street. An ordinance providing for the paving of Third Street at the expense of the adjacent property owners has already been passed and approved by the courts. If we exact any compensation from the company for the proposed franchise it should be one that will accrue to the benefit of the whole community and not to that of fifteen or twenty property owners alone. I move, in amendment, that the company be required to erect, maintain and supply current for one arc electric light on every block of the streets through which its lines pass."

As I sat down, Major Mann rose to his feet sputtering with anger. But before he could get control of his vocal cords John Carson had moved an immediate adjournment for a week. The motion carried with a rush. Three or four days later another circular letter went through the mails, and, of course, one of my dear friends and neighbors saw that I got a copy. It asked:

> Why should a public official, who professes great devotion to the interest of the people, oppose an offer on the part of the traction company to make an immediate, substantial and expensive improvement and propose to substitute for it the performance of a trivial and cheap service, spread over a long term of years? Is there anything in the popular theory that long corporation training and present close affiliation with financial institutions make a public servant unduly friendly toward corporations who come asking favors of the people? The point is one which good citizens of Eden are asked to consider.
>
> THE COMMITTEE.



Drank Confusion to Blind Pigs and Other Enemies of Good Government

So the masked guns were now carrying a new load. From an enemy of the traction company, because of some corrupt understanding with my old railroad employers, I had now become unduly friendly with it. Meanwhile, I was certain that the traction company would prefer to do the paving rather than furnish the lights. In the first instance, they could charge the cost of doing the work to their construction account and issue bonds to twice the amount; in the second, the charge of furnishing the lights would have to go to the maintenance account and would make a fixed charge against the earnings. It was so simple a problem in corporation accounting that I was sure anybody could see the logic of my position. I wrote out a little statement of the case and took it over to the office of the Echo, determined to ask, as a matter of simple justice, that the circular and

(Concluded on Page 21)

WHIPSAWED! Young Wallingford Plays the Races Against a Strictly Private Book

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I

BEAUTY PHILLIPS, the moderately talented but splendidly posing sensation of The Pink Canary, and as richly colored and beautifully expressionless as a wax model, obediently closed her eyes and with a hatpin jabbed a hole at random in the card of the fifth race.

"Bologna!" exclaimed young Wallingford, noting where the fateful pinhole had appeared. "It's a nice comic-supplement name; but I'll go down to the ring and burn another hundred or so on him."

The band in the grandstand broke into a lively air, and the newest musical comedy "hit," all in exquisite violet from nodding plumes to silken hose, looked out over the sunlit course in calm rumination. Her companion, older but not too old, less handsome but not too ill-favored, less richly dressed but not too plainly, nudged her.

"There goes your Money and Moonshine song again, dearie," she observed.

Still calmly, as calmly as a digestive cow in pleasant shade, the sensation of The Pink Canary replied:

"Don't you see I'm trying not to hear it, mother?"

The eyes of "Mrs. Phillips" narrowed a trifle, and sundry tiny but sharp lines, revealing much but concealing more, flashed upon her brow and were gone. J. Rufus glanced in perplexity at her as he had done a score of times, wondering at her self-repression, at her unrevealed depths of wisdom, at her clever acting of a most difficult rôle; for Beauty Phillips, being a wise young lady and having no convenient mother of her own, had hired one, and by this device was enabled to remain as placidly Platonic as a plate of ice cream. Well, it was worth rich gifts merely to be seen in proprietorship of her at the supper places.

Wallingford arose without enthusiasm.

"Bologna won't win," he announced with resigned conviction.

"Sure not!" agreed Beauty Phillips. "Bologna will stop to think at the barrier, and finish in the road of the next race."

"Bologna has to win," Wallingford rejoined, disputing both her and himself. "There's only a little over a thousand left in your Uncle Jimmy's bank-roll."

"And you had over forty thousand when Sammy Harrison introduced us," said the Beauty with a sigh. "Honest, Pinky, somebody has sure put a poison curse on you. You're a grand little sport, but on the level, I'm afraid to trail around with you much longer. I'm afraid I'll lose my voice or break a leg."

"Old pal," agreed J. Rufus, "the hex is sure on me, and if I don't walk around my chair real quick, the only way I'll get to see you will be to buy a gallery seat."

"I was just going to talk with you about that, Jimmy," stated the Beauty seriously. "You've been a perfect gentleman in every respect, and I will say I never met a party that was freer with his coin; but I've got to look out for my future. I won't always be a hit, and I've got to pick out a good marrying proposition while the big bouquets grow with my name already on 'em. Of course, you know, I couldn't marry you, because nothing less than a million goes. If you only had the money now ——"

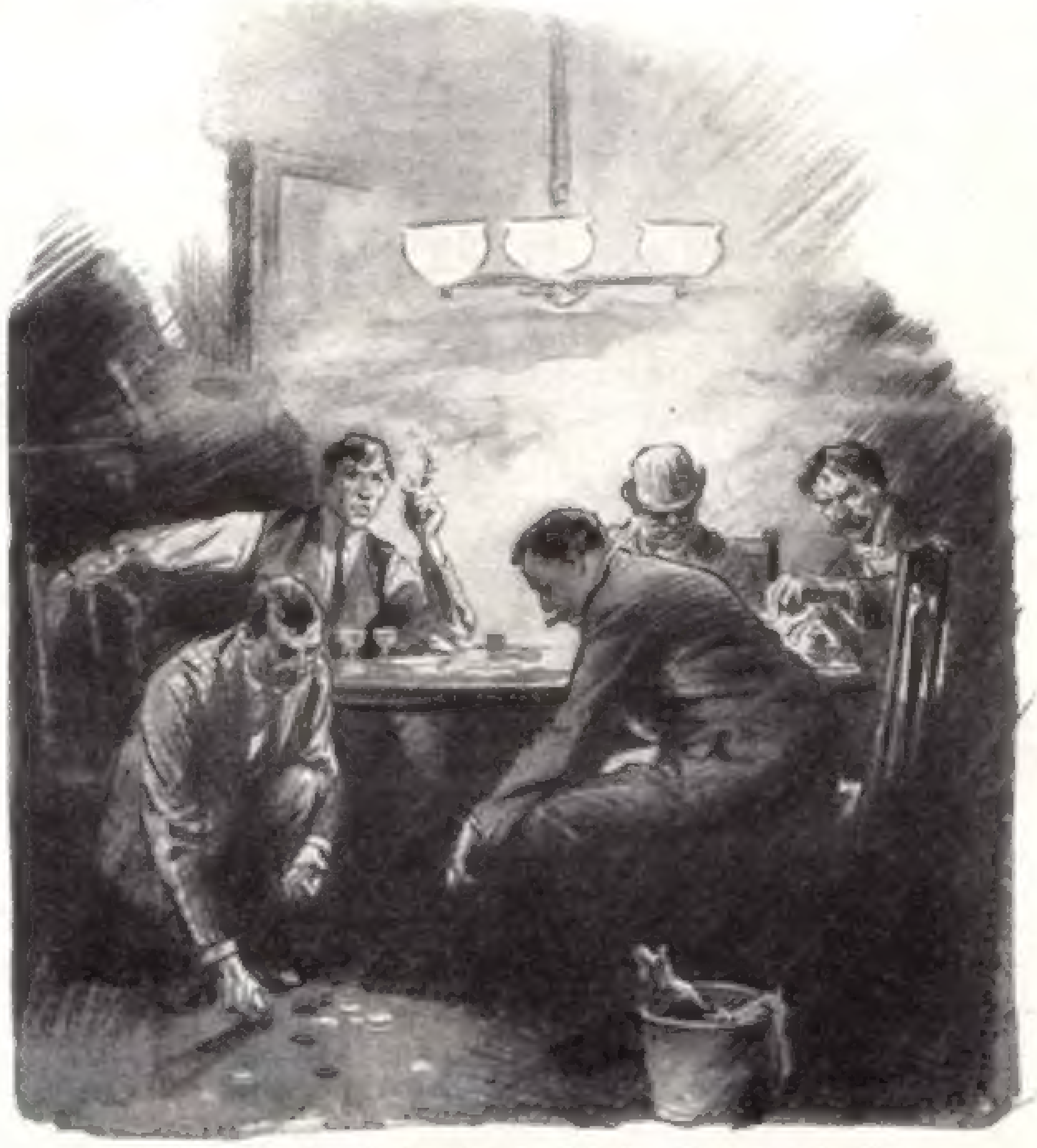
She looked up at him with a certain lazy admiration. He was tremendously big; and rather good-looking, too, she gauged, although the blue eyes that were set in his jovial big countenance were entirely too small.

In reply to her unfinished sentence J. Rufus chuckled, a process that required the shaking of shoulders and the half closing of eyes.

"Don't you worry about that, little one," said he. "I only wear you on my arm for the same reason that I wear this Nernst-light boulder in my necktie; just to show 'em I'm the little boy that can grab off the best there is in the market. Of course it'd be fine and dandy to win you for keeps, but I know where you bought your ticket for, long ago. You'll end by getting your millionaire. In six months he'll go dippy over some other woman, and then you'll get your alimony, which is not only a handy thing to have around the house, but proves that you're perfectly respectable."

"You've got some good ideas, anyhow," she complimented him, and then she sighed. "The only trouble is, every time one lines up that I think'll do, I find he's got a wife hid away some place."

"And it isn't set down in her lines to fix up alimony for some other woman," commented the pseudo Mrs. Phillips.



Badger Billy Quietly Emptied the Colorless Contents of a Tiny Vial in Wallingford's Glass

A couple of men, one nattily dressed and with curly hair, and the other short and fat and wearing a flaming waistcoat, passed on their way down to the betting-shed and carelessly tipped their hats.

"Do you know those two cheaps?" she inquired, eying their retreating backs with disfavor.

Again Wallingford chuckled.

"Know them!" he replied. "I should say I do! Greengoods Harry Phelps and Badger Billy Banting? Why, they and their friends, Short-Card Larry Teller and Yap Pickins, framed up a stud-poker game on me the first week I hit town, with the lovely idea of working a phoney pinch on me; but I got a real cop to hand them the triple cross, and took five thousand away from them so easy it was like taking four-o'clock milk from a doorstep."

"I'm glad of it," she said, with as much trace of vindictiveness as her beauty specialist would have permitted. "They're an awful low-class crowd. They came over to my table one night in Shirley's, after I'd met them only once, and butted in on a rich gentleman friend of mine from Washington. They ran up an awful bill on him and never offered even to buy cigars, and then when he was gone for a minute to pick out our cab they tried to get fresh with me right in front of mother. I'm glad somebody stung 'em."

A very thick-set man, with an inordinately broad jaw and an indefinable air of blunt aggressiveness, came past them, and nodded to J. Rufus with a grudging motion toward his shapeless slouch hat.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Jake Block," he replied. "A big owner with so much money he could bed his horses in it, and an ingrowing grouch that has put a crimp in his information works. He's never been known to give out a tip since he was able to lisp 'mamma.' He eats nothing but table d'hôte dinners so he won't have to tell the waiters what he likes."

Jake Block, on some brief errand to the press box, returned just as J. Rufus was starting down to the betting-shed, and he stopped a moment.

"How are you picking them to-day, Wallingford?" he asked perfunctorily, with his eye on Beauty Phillips.

"Same way," confessed Wallingford. "I haven't cashed a ticket in the meeting. I've got the kind of luck that would scale John D. Rockefeller's bank-roll down to the size of a dance-program lead-pencil."

"Well," said Jake philosophically, his eyes still on the Beauty, "sometimes they come bad for a long time, and then they come worse."

At this bit of wisdom J. Rufus politely laughed, and the silvery voice of Beauty Phillips suddenly joined his own; whereupon J. Rufus, taking the hint, introduced Mr. Block to Miss Phillips and her mother. Mr. Block promptly sat down by them.

"I've heard a lot about you," he began, "but I've not been around to see The Pink Canary yet. I don't go to the theater much."

"You must certainly see my second-act turn. I sure have got them going," the Beauty asserted modestly. "What do you like in this race, Mr. Block?"

"I don't like anything," he replied almost gruffly. "I never bet outside of my own stable."

"We're taking a small slice of Bologna," she informed him. "I suppose he's about the—the wurst of the race. Guess that's bad, eh? I made that one up all by myself, at that. I think I'll write a musical comedy next. But how do you like Bologna?" she hastily added, her own laugh freezing as she saw her feeble little joke passed by in perplexity.

"You never can tell," he replied evasively. "You see, Miss Phillips, I never give out a tip. If you bet on it and it don't win you get sore against me. If I hand you a winner you'll tell two or three people that are likely to beat me to it and break the price before I can get my own money down."

Beauty Phillips' wide eyes narrowed just a trifle.

"I guess it's all the same," remarked J. Rufus resignedly. "If you have a hoodoo over you you'll lose, anyhow. I've tried to pick 'em forty ways from the ace. I've played with the dope and against it and lost both ways. I've played hunches and coppered hunches, and lost both ways. I've played hot information, straight and reverse, and lost both ways. I've nosed into the paddock and made a lifetime hit with stable boys, jockeys, trainers, clockers and even owners, but every time they handed me a sure one I got burned. Any horse I bet on turns into a crawfish."

The saddling bell rang.

"You'd better hurry if you want tb get a bet on Sausage," admonished the Beautiful one, and J. Rufus, excusing himself, made his way down to the betting-shed, where he was affectionately known as The Big Pink, not only on account of his complexion but on account of the huge carnation Beauty Phillips pinned on him each day.

At the first book he handed up three hundred-dollar bills.

"A century each way on Bologna," he directed.

"Welcome to our city!" greeted the red-haired man on the stool, and then to the ticket writer: "twelve hundred to a hundred, five hundred to a hundred, and two hundred to a hundred on Bologna for The Big Pink. Johnnie, you will now rub prices on Bologna and make him fifteen, eight and three. Then run around and tell the other boys that The Big Pink's on Bologna, and it's a pipe for the books at any odds."

Wallingford chuckled good-naturedly. In other days he would have "called" that bit of pleasantry by taking another hundred each way across, at the new odds, but now his funds were too low.

"Some of these days, Sunset," he threatened the man on the stool, "I'll win a bet on you and you'll drop dead."

"I'll die rich if your wad only holds out till then," returned "Sunset," laughing.

II

WITH but very little hope J. Rufus returned to the grandstand, where royalty sat like a warm and drowsy garment upon Beauty Phillips; for Beauty was on the stage a queen, and outside of working-hours a princess. Jake Block was still there, and making himself agreeable to a degree that surprised even himself, and he was there yet when Bologna, true to form, came home contentedly following the field. He joined them again at the close of the sixth race, when Carnation, a horse that the Beauty had picked because of his name, was just nosed out of the money, and he walked with them down to the carriage gate. As Block seemed reluctant to leave, he was invited to ride into the city in the automobile J. Rufus had hired by the month, and accepted that invitation with alacrity. He also accepted their invitation to dinner, and during that meal he observed:

"I think, Miss Phillips, I'll go around and see The Pink Canary to-night, and after the show I'd like to have you and your mother and Wallingford take supper with me, if you have no other engagement."

"Sure," said Beauty Phillips, too eagerly for Wallingford's entire comfort; and so it was settled.

Wallingford, though he had seen the show until it made him deathly weary, went along and sat with Block in a stage box. During one of the dull spots the horseman turned to his companion very suddenly.

"This Beauty Phillips could carry an awful handicap and still take the Derby purse," he announced. "She beats any filly of her hands and age I ever saw on a card."

"She certainly does," assented J. Rufus, suave without, but irritated within.

"I saw you training around with her, all through the meet. Steady company, I guess."

"Oh, we're very good friends; that's all," replied Wallingford with such nonchalance as he could muster.

"Nothing in earnest then?"

"Not a thing."

"Then I think I'll enter the handicap myself, if you don't think you can haul down the purse."

"Go in and win," laughed J. Rufus, concealing his trace of self-humiliation. He had no especial interest in Beauty Phillips, but he did not exactly like to have her taken away from him. It was too much in evidence that he was a loser. However, he was distinctly "down and out" just now, for Beauty Phillips quite palpably exerted her fascinations in the direction of that box, and Jake Block was most obviously "hooked"; so much so that at supper he revealed his interest most unmistakably, and parted with them reluctantly at the curb, feeling silly but quite determined.

Wallingford made no allusion to Miss Phillips' capture of the horseman, even after they had reached the flat, where he had gained the rare privilege of calling, and where the Beauty's "mother" always remained in the parlor with them, awake or asleep.

Rather sheepishly, J. Rufus produced from his pocket a newspaper clipping of the following seductive advertisement, which he passed over to the Beauty:

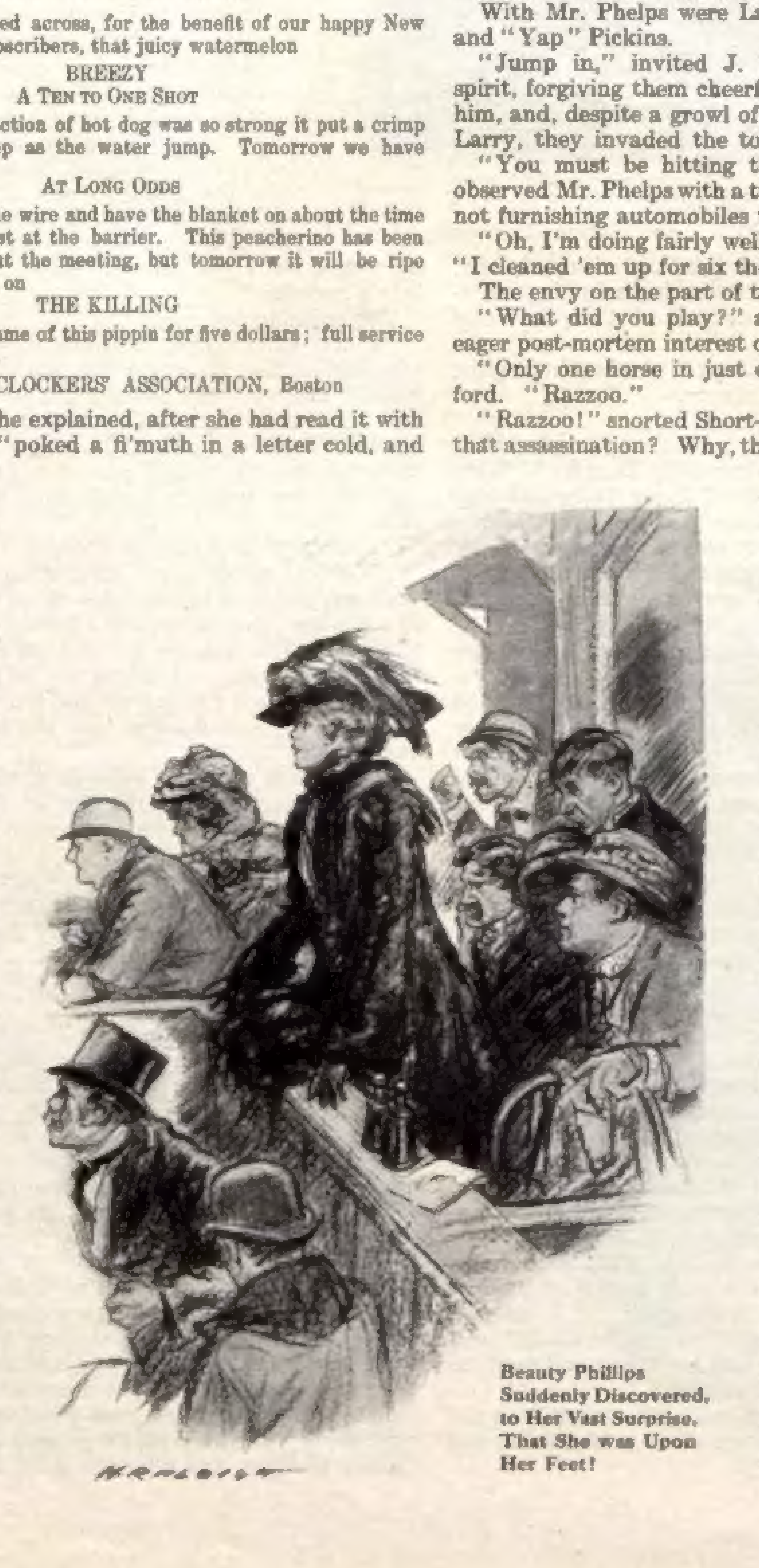
> Yesterday, we slipped across, for the benefit of our happy New York and Brooklyn subscribers, that juicy watermelon
>
> BREEZY
>
> A Ten to One Shot
>
> and the play on this section of hot dog was so strong it put a crimp in the bookies as deep as the water jump. Tomorrow we have another lallapaloosa
>
> At Long Odds
>
> that will waft under the wire and have the blanket on about the time the field is kicking dust at the barrier. This peacherino has been under cover throughout the meeting, but tomorrow it will be ripe and you want to get in on
>
> THE KILLING
>
> Will wise you the name of this pippin for five dollars; full service twenty dollars a week.
>
> NATIONAL CLOCKERS' ASSOCIATION, Boston

"I fell for this," he explained, after she had read it with a sarcastic smile; "poked a fi'muth in a letter cold, and let 'em have it."

The Beautiful one regarded him with pity.

"'Honest, Pinky," she commented, "your soft spot's growing. If you don't watch out the specialists'll get you. Do you suppose that if these cheap touts had such hot info. as that, they'd peddle it out, in place of going down to the track and coming back with all the money in the world in their jeans?"

"Sure not," said he patiently. "They don't know any more about it than the men who write the form-sheets; but we've tried everything from stable-dope to dreaming numbers and can't get one of them to run for us. So I'm taking a chance that the National Strong Arm Association might shut their eyes in the dark and happen to pass me the right name without meaning it."



Beauty Phillips Suddenly Discovered, to Her Vast Surprise, That She was Upon Her Feet!

"There's some sense to that," admitted the Beauty reflectively. "You'll get the first wire tomorrow morning, won't you? Just my luck. It's matinée day and I'd like to see you try it."

"That's all right," said J. Rufus. "I'll have the money to show you as a surprise at dinner."

The Beauty hesitated.

"I—I'm engaged for dinner tomorrow," she stated, half reluctantly.

He was silent a moment.

"Block? That means supper, too."

"Yes. You see, Jimmy, I've just got to give 'em all a tryout."

"Of course," he admitted. "But he won't do. I'll bet you a box of gloves against a box of cigars."

"I won't bet you," she replied, laughing. "I've got a hunch that I'd lose."

III

AT HIS hotel the next day, about noon, J. Rufus got the promised wire. It consisted of only one word: "Razzoo."

Alone, J. Rufus went out to the track, and on the race in which Razzoo was entered at average odds of ten to one, he got down six hundred dollars, reluctantly holding back, for his hotel bill, three hundred dollars—all he had in the world. Then he shut his eyes, and with large self-contempt waited for Razzoo to finish by lamplight. To his immense surprise Razzoo won by two lengths, and with a contented chuckle he went around to the various books and collected his winnings, handing to each bookmaker derogatory remarks calculated to destroy the previous *entente cordiale*.

On his way out, puffed with huge joy and sitting alone in the big automobile, he was hailed by a familiar voice.

"Well, well, well! Our old friend, J. Rufus!" exclaimed Harry Phelps, he of the natty clothes and the curly hair.

With Mr. Phelps were Larry Teller and Billy Banting and "Yap" Pickins.

"Jump in," invited J. Rufus with a commendable spirit, forgiving them cheerfully for having lost money to him, and, despite a growl of protest from lean Short-Card Larry, they invaded the tonneau.

"You must be hitting them up some, Wallingford," observed Mr. Phelps with a trace of envy. "I know they're not furnishing automobiles to losers these days."

"Oh, I'm doing fairly well," replied Wallingford loftily. "I cleaned 'em up for six thousand today."

The envy on the part of the four was almost audible.

"What did you play?" asked Badger Billy, with the eager post-mortem interest of a loser.

"Only one horse in just one race," explained Wallingford. "Razzoo."

"Razzoo!" snorted Short-Card Larry. "Was you in on that assassination? Why, that goat hasn't won a race since the day before Adam ate the apple, and the jockey he had on today couldn't put up a good ride on a street car. How did you happen to land on it?"

Blandly Wallingford produced the telegram he had received that morning.

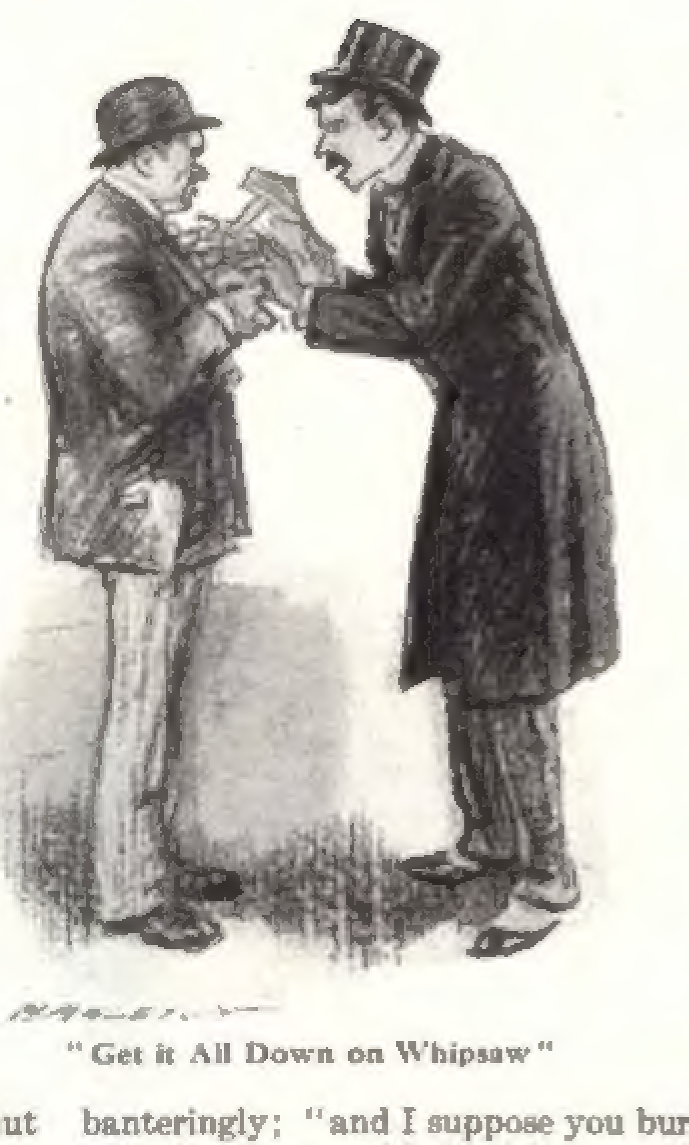
"This wire," he condescendingly explained, "is from the National Clockers' Association of Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America, who are charitable enough to pass out long-shot winners, at the mere bag-o'-shells service-price of five dollars per day or twenty per week."

They looked from the magic word "Razzoo" to the smiling J. Rufus more in sorrow than in anger.

"And they happened to hand you a winner!" said the cadaverous Mr. Teller, folding the telegram dexterously with the long, lean fingers of one hand, and passing it back as if he hated to see it.

"Winner is right," agreed J. Rufus. "I couldn't pick 'em any other way, and I took a chance on this game because it's just as good a system as going to a clairvoyant or running the cards."

There was a short laugh from the raw-boned Mr. Pickins.



"Get it All Down on Whipsaw"

"I don't suppose they'll ever do it again," he observed, "but I feel almost like taking a chance on it myself."

"Go to it," advised J. Rufus heartily. "Go to it, and come home with something substantial in your pocket, like this," and most brazenly, even in the face of what he knew of them, young Wallingford flaunted before their very eyes an assorted package of orange-colored bank-bills, well calculated to incite discord in this company. "Lovely little package of documents," he said banteringly; "and I suppose you burglars are already figuring how you could chisel it away from me."

They smiled wanly, and the smile of Larry Teller showed his teeth.

"No man ever pets a hornet but once," said Billy, the only one sturdy enough to voice his discomfiture.

Wallingford beamed over this tribute to his prowess.

"Well, you get a split of it, anyhow," he offered. "I'll take you all to dinner, then afterward we'll have a little game of stud poker if you like—with police interference barred," which was another uncharitable rub, since they had twice come to grief with him on this game.

They were about to decline this kind invitation when Short-Card Larry turned suddenly to him, with a gleam of the teeth which was almost a snarl.

"We'll take you," he said. "Just a little friendly game for small stakes."

J. Rufus elevated his eyebrows a trifle, but smiled. Inwardly he felt perfectly competent to protect himself.

"Fine business," he assented. "Suppose we have dinner in my room. I'm beginning to get them educated at my hotel."

At the hotel he stopped for a moment at the curb to give his chauffeur some instructions, while the other four awaited him on the steps.

"How'd you come to fall for this stud game, Larry?" inquired Phelps. "I can't see poker merely for health, and this Willy Wisdom won't call any raise of over two dollars when he's playing with us."

"I know he won't," snapped Larry, setting his jaws savagely, "but we're going to get his money just the same. Billy, you break away and run down to Joe's drug-store for the K. O."

They all grinned, with the light of admiration dawning in their eyes for Larry Teller. "K. O." was cipher for "knock-out drops," a pleasant little decoction guaranteed to put a victim into fathomless slumber.

"How long will it be until dinner's ready, Wallingford?" asked Billy, looking at his watch as J. Rufus came up.

"Oh, about an hour, I suppose."

"Good," said Billy. "I'll just have time. I have to go get some money that a fellow promised me, and if I don't see him tonight I may not see him at all. Besides, I'll probably need it if you play your usual game."

"Nothing doing," replied Wallingford. "I only want to yammer you fellows out of a hundred apiece, and the game will be as quiet as a pedler's pup."

J. Rufus conducted the others into the sitting-room of his suite and sent for a waiter. There was never any point lacking in Wallingford's hospitality, and by the time Billy came back he was ready to serve them a dinner that was worth discussing. The dinner dispatched, he had the table cleared and brought out cards and chips. It was a quiet, comfortable game for nearly an hour, with very mild betting and plenty to drink. It was during the fifth bottle of wine, dating from the beginning of the dinner, that Short-Card Larry, by a dexterous accident, pitched Wallingford's stack of chips on the floor with a toss of the deck. Amid the profuse apologies of Larry, Mr. Phelps, who was at Wallingford's left, stooped down to help that gentleman pick up his chips, and in that moment Badger Billy quietly emptied the colorless contents of a tiny vial in Wallingford's glass.

IV

SILK pajama clad, but still wearing portions of his day attire, Wallingford awoke with a headache, and a tongue that felt like a shredded-wheat biscuit. He held his head very level to keep the leaden weight in the top of it from sliding around and bumping his skull, and opened the swollen slits that did him painful duty for eyelids wide enough to let him find the telephone, through which instrument he ordered a silver-fizz. Of the floor-pantry butler who brought it he asked what time it was

"One o'clock, sir," replied the butler with the utmost gravity.

One o'clock! J. Rufus pondered the matter slowly.

"Morning or afternoon?" he huskily asked.

"Afternoon, sir," and this time the butler permitted himself the slightest trace of a smile as he noted the electric lights, still blazing in sickly defiance of the bright sunshine which crept in around the edges of the blinds.

"Huh!" grunted J. Rufus, and pondered more.

Half dozing he stood, glass in hand, for five full minutes, while the butler, with a lively appreciation of tips past and to come, stood patiently holding his little silver tray, with check and pencil waiting for the signature. At the expiration of that time, however, the butler coughed once, gently; once, normally; the third time very loudly. These means failing, he dropped the tray clattering to the floor, and with a cheerful "Beg your pardon, sir," picked it up. Not knowing that he had been asleep again, Wallingford took a sip of the refreshing drink and walked across to a garment which lay upon the chair, feeling through the pockets one after the other. In one pocket there was a little silver, but in the others nothing. He gave a coin to the butler and signed the check in deep thoughtfulness, then sat down heavily and dozed another fifteen minutes. Awakening, he found the glass at his hand on the serving-bench, and drank about a fourth of the contents very slowly.

"Spiked!" he groaned aloud.

He had good reason to believe that his wine had been doctored, for never before had anything he drank affected him like this. Another glance at the garment of barren pockets reminded him to look about for the coat and vest he had worn the night before. They were not visible in his bedroom, and, still carrying the glass of life-saving mixture with him, he made his way into his sitting-room and surveyed the wreck. On the table was a confusion of cards and chips, and around its edge stood five champagne glasses, two of them empty, two half full, one full. Against the wall stood a row of four empty quart bottles. In an icepail, filled now with but tepid water, there reposed a fifth bottle, neck downward. Five chairs were grouped unevenly about the table, one of them overturned and the others left at random where they had been pushed back. The lights here, also, were still burning. Heaped on a chair in the corner were the coat and vest he sought, and he went through their pockets methodically, reaching first for his wallet. It was perfectly clean inside. In one vest pocket he found a very much crumpled two-dollar bill, and the first stiff smile of his waking stretched his lips.

"I wonder how they overlooked this?" he questioned.

Again his eyes turned musingly to those five empty bottles, and again the conviction was borne in upon him that the wine had been drugged. Under no circumstances could his share, even an unequal share, of five bottles of champagne among five persons have worked this havoc in him.

"Spiked," he concluded again in a tone of resignation. "At last they got to me."

The silver-fizz was flat now, but every sip of it was nevertheless full of reviving grace, and he sat in the big leather rocker to think things over. As he did so his eye caught something that made him start from his chair so suddenly that he had to put both hands to his head. Under the table was a bit of dark-green paper. A fifty-dollar bill! In that moment—that is, after he had painfully stooped down to get it and had smoothed it out to assure himself that it was real—this beautifully-printed Government certificate looked to him about the size of a piano cover. An instant before, disaster had stared him in the face. This was but Thursday morning, and, having paid his hotel bill on Monday, he had the balance of the week to go on; but for that week he would have been chained to this hotel. Now he was footloose, now he was free, and his first thought was of his only possible resource, Blackie Daw, in Boston.

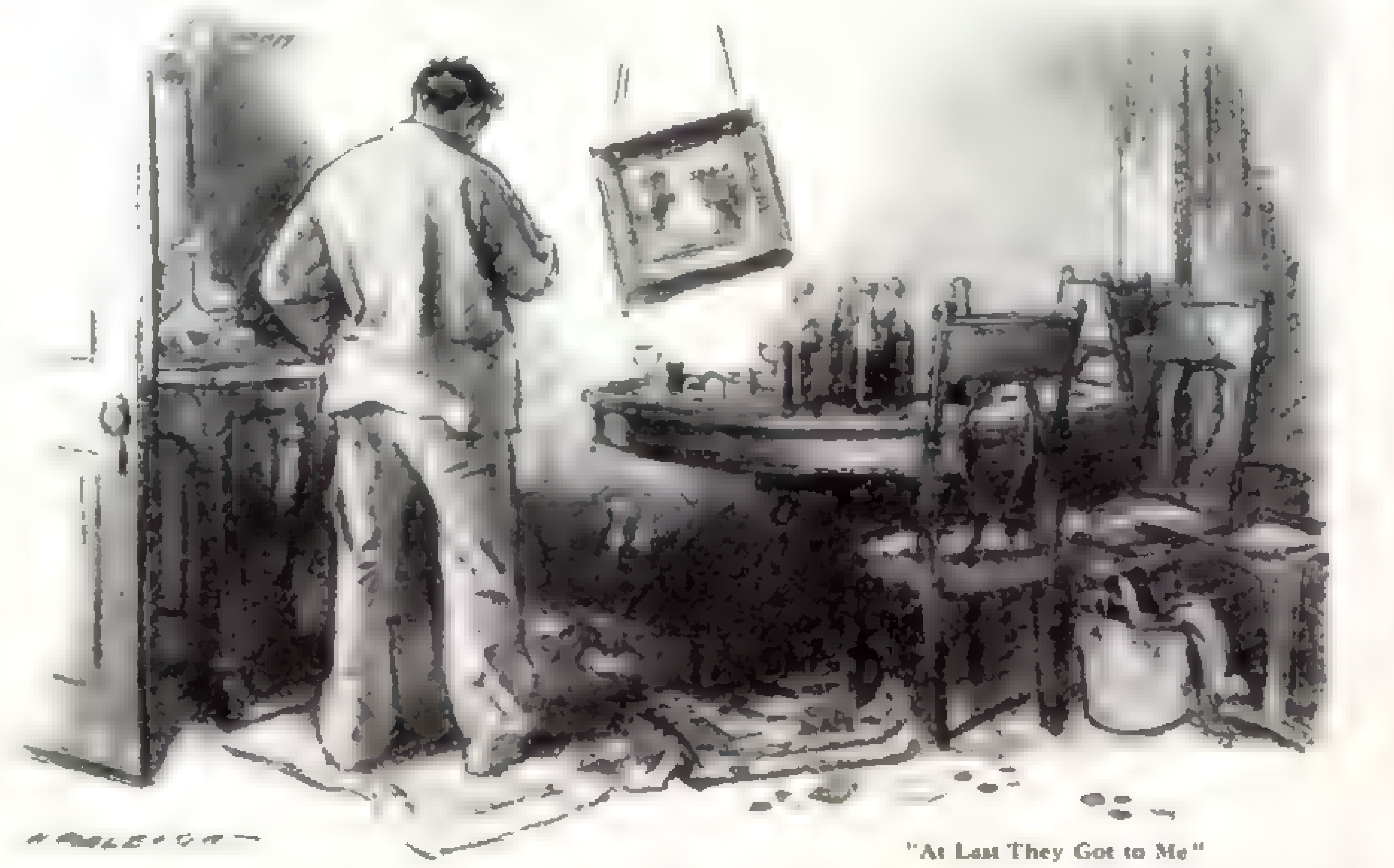
It took three hours of severe labor on the part of a valet, two bellboys and a barber to turn the Wallingford wreck into his usual well-groomed self, but the hour of sailing saw him somnolently, but safely, ensconced on a Boston packet.

V

BLACKIE DAW'S most recent Boston address had been: "Yellow Streak Mining Company, seven hundred and ten Marabon Building," and yet when J. Rufus paused before number seven hundred and ten of that building he found its glass door painted with the sign of the National Clockers' Association. Worried by the fact that Blackie had moved, yet struck by the peculiar coincidence of his place being occupied by the concern that had given him the tip on Razzoo, he walked into the office to inquire the whereabouts of his friend. He found three girls at a long table, slitting open huge piles of envelopes and removing from them money, postal-orders and checks—mostly money, for the sort of people who patronized the National Clockers' Association were quite willing to "take a chance" on a five or a twenty dollar bill in the mails. Behind a newspaper, in a big leather chair near a flat-top mahogany desk, with his feet conveniently elevated on the waste-basket, sat a gentleman who, when he moved the paper aside to see whom his visitor might be, proved to be Blackie Daw himself. "Hello, none other than the friend of me childhood!" exclaimed Blackie, springing to his feet and extending his hand. "What brings you here?"

"Broke," replied Wallingford briefly. "They cleaned me. Got any money?"

Mr. Daw opened the top drawer of his desk, and it proved to be nearly full of crumpled bills, thrown loosely in, with no attempt at order or sorting. "Money's the cheapest thing in Boston," he announced, waving his hand carelessly over the contents of the drawer. "Help yourself, old man. The New York mail will bring in plenty more. They've had two winners there this week, and when it does fall for anything, N'Yawk's the biggest yap town on earth."



"At Last They Got to Me"

Wallingford, having drawn up a chair with alacrity, was already sorting bills, smoothing them out and counting them off in hundreds.

"And all on pure charity—picking out winning horses for your customers!" laughed Wallingford. "This is a real gold mine you've hit at last."

"Pretty good," agreed Blackie. "I'd have enough to start a mint of my own if I didn't lose so much playing the races."

"You don't play your own tips, I hope," expostulated Wallingford, pausing to inspect a tattered bill.

"I should say not," replied Daw with emphasis. "If I did that I'd have to play every horse in every race. You see, every day I wire the name of one horse to all my subscribers in Philadelphia, another to Baltimore, another to Washington, and so on down the list. One of those horses has to win. Suppose I pick out the horse Roller Skate for Philadelphia. Well, if Roller skates home that day I advertise in the Philadelphia papers the next morning, and besides that, every fall-easy that got the tip advertises me to some of his friends, and they all spike themselves to send in money for the dope. Oh, it's a great game, all right."

"It's got yegging frazzled to a pulp," agreed Wallingford. "But I oughtn't to yell police. I got the lucky word my first time out. I played Razzoo and cleaned up six thousand dollars on the strength of your wire."

"Go on!" returned Blackie delightedly. "You don't mean to say you're sorting some of your own money there?"

"I sure am," laughed Wallingford, picking up a five-dollar bill. "I think this must be it. What's the New York horse today?"

Blackie consulted a list that lay on his desk.

"Whipsaw," he said.

"Whipsaw! By George, Blackie, if there's any one thing I'd like to do, it'd be to whipsaw some friends of yours on Broadway." Whereupon he told Blackie, with much picturesque embellishment, just how Messrs. Phelps, Teller, Banting and Pickins had managed to annex the Razzoo money.

Blackie enjoyed that recital very much.

"The Broadway Syndicate is still on the job," he commented. "Well, J. Rufus, let this teach you how to take a joke next time."

"I'm not saying a word," replied Wallingford. "Any time I let a kindergarten crowd like that work a trick on me that was invented right after Noah discovered spoiled grape juice, I owe myself a month in jail. But watch me. I'll make moccasins out of their hides, all right."

"Go right ahead, old man, and see if I care," assented Blackie. "Slam the harpoon into them and twist it."

"I will," asserted Wallingford confidently. "I don't like them because they're grouches; I don't like them because they're cheap; I don't like their names, nor their faces, nor the town they live in. Making money in New York's too much like sixteen hungry bulldogs to one bone. The best dog gets it, but he finishes too weak for an appetite. What kind of a horse is this Whipsaw you're sending out today?"

"I don't know. Where's the dope on Whipsaw, Tillie?"

A girl with a freckled face and a keen eye and a saucy air went over to the filing-case and searched out a piece of cardboard a foot square. Blackie glanced over it with an experienced eye.

"Maiden," said he; "been in four races, and the best he ever did was fourth in a bunch of goats that only ambled all the way around the track because that was the only way they could get back to the stable."

The mail carrier just then came in with a huge bundle of letters.

"New York mail," observed Blackie. "After that Razzoo thing it ought to be rich pickings."

"Pickings!" exclaimed J. Rufus, struck by a sudden idea. "See if Pickins or Teller or any of that crowd have contributed. Pickins said they were going to try it out, just to see if lightning could really strike twice in the same place."

Blackie wrote a number of names on a slip of paper and handed it to Tillie.

"Look for these names in the mail," he directed, "and if a subscription comes in from any one of them let me know it."

Wallingford had idly picked up the card containing Whipsaw's record.

It was a most accurate, typewritten sheet, giving age, pedigree, description and detailed action in every race; but the point that caught Wallingford's eye was the name of the owner.

"One of Jake Block's horses, by George!" he said, and fell into silent musing from which he was interrupted by the girl, who was laughing.

"Here's your party," she said to Blackie, handing him an envelope. "This twenty in it, and I think it's bad money."

Blackie passed the bill to Wallingford, who slipped it through experienced fingers.

"You couldn't pass this one on an organ-grinder's monkey," he said, chuckling. "But that's all right; just put 'em on the wiring-list, anyhow. Make 'em lose their money. It's the only way you can get even."

The girl looked at Blackie for instructions, and he nodded his head

"Who sent it?" asked Wallingford idly.

"Peters is the name signed here," replied Blackie. "That means Harry Phelps. I gave Tillie all the aliases this bunch of crimps carry around with them, knowing they'd probably send it in that way."

Wallingford nodded comprehendingly.

(Continued on Page 21)

THE MODERN MOLOCH

Offering Up a Guinea-Pig for the Life of a Child

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

DECORATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THAT was a dark and stern saying, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission," and, like all the words of the oracles, of limited application. But it proves true in some unexpected places outside of the realm of theology. Was there something prophetic in the legend that it was only by the sprinkling of the blood of the paschal lamb above the doorway that the plague of the first-born could be stayed? Today the guinea-pig is our burnt offering against a plague as deadly as any sent into Egypt.

Scarcely more than a decade ago as the mother sat by the cradle of her first-born, musing over his future, one moment fearfully reckoning the gauntlet of risks that his tiny life had to run, and the next building rosy air-castles of his happiness and success, there was one shadow that ever fell black and sinister across his tiny horoscope. Certain risks there were which were almost inevitable—initiation ceremonies into life, mild expiations to be paid to the gods of the modern underworld, the diseases of infancy and of childhood. Most of these could be passed over with little more than a temporary wrinkle to break her smile. They were so trivial, so comparatively harmless—measles, a mere reddening of the eyelids and peppering of the throat, with a headache and purplish rash, dangerous only if neglected; chicken-pox, a child's-play at disease; scarlatina, a little more serious, but still with the chances of twenty to one in favor of recovery; diphtheria—ah! that drove the smile from her face and the blood from her lips. Not quite so common, not so inevitable as a prospect, but, as a possibility, full of terror, once its poison had passed the gates of the body fortress. The fight between the Angel of Life and the Angel of Death was waged on almost equal terms, with none daring to say which would be the victor, and none able to lift a hand with any certainty to aid.

The Havoc of Diphtheria

NOR was the doctor in much happier plight. Even when the life at stake was not one of his own loved ones—though from the deadly contagiousness of the disease it, sadly, often was (I have known more doctors made childless by diphtheria than by any other single disease except tuberculosis)—he faced his cases by the hundred instead of by twos and threes. The feeling of helplessness, the sense of foreboding with which we faced every case was something appalling. Few of us who have been in practice twenty years or more, or even fifteen, will ever forget the shock of dismay which ran through us whenever a case to which we had been summoned revealed itself to be diphtheria. Of course, there was a fighting chance, and we made the most of it, for in the milder epidemics only ten to twenty per cent of the patients died; and, even in the severest, a third of them recovered. But what "turned our liver to water"—as the graphic Oriental phrase has it—was the knowledge which, like Banquo's ghost, would not down, that while many cases would recover of themselves, and in many border-line ones our skill would turn the balance in favor of recovery, yet if the disease happened to take a certain sadly-familiar, virulent form we could do little more to stay its fatal course than we could to stop an avalanche, and we never knew when a particular epidemic or a particular case would take that turn. "Black" diphtheria was as deadly as the Black Death of the Middle Ages.

The disease which caused all this terror and havoc is of singular character and history. It is not a modern invention or development, as is sometimes believed, for descriptions are on record of so-called "Egyptian ulcer of the throat" in the earliest centuries of our era; and it would appear to have been recognized by both Hippocrates and Galen. Epidemics of it also occurred in the Middle Ages, and, coming to more recent times, one of the many enemies which the Pilgrim Fathers had to fight was a series of epidemics of this "black sore throat," of particularly malignant character, in the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, it does not seem to have become sufficiently common to be distinctly recognized until it was named as a definite disease, and given the title which it now bears, by the celebrated French physician, Bretonneau, about eighty years ago. Since then it has become either more widely recognized or steadily more prevalent, and it is the general opinion of pathologists that the disease, up to some thirty or forty years ago, was steadily increasing, both in frequency and in severity.

So that we have not to deal with a disease which, like the other so-called diseases of childhood, has gradually become milder and milder by a sort of racial vaccination, with survival of the less susceptible, but one which is still full of virulence and of possibilities of future danger.

Unlike the other diseases of childhood, also, one attack confers no positive immunity for the future, although it greatly diminishes the probabilities; and, further, while adults do not readily or frequently catch the disease, yet when they do the results are apt to be exceedingly serious. Indeed, we have practically come to the conclusion that one of the main reasons why adults do not so frequently develop diphtheria as children is that they are not brought into such close and intimate contact with other children, nor are they in the habit of promptly and indiscriminately hugging and kissing every one who happens to attract their transient affection, and have outgrown that cheerful spirit of comradeship which leads to the sharing of candy in alternate sucks, and the passing on of slate-pencils, chewing-gum and other *objets d'art* from hand to hand, and from mouth to mouth. Statistics show that of nurses employed in diphtheria wards, before the cause or the exact method of contagion was clearly understood, nearly thirty per cent developed the disease; and even with every modern precaution there are few diseases which doctors more frequently catch from the cases they are in charge of than diphtheria. It is a significant fact that the risk of developing diphtheria is greatest precisely at the ages when there is not the slightest scruple about putting everything that may be picked up into the mouth, namely, from the second to the fifth year, and diminishes steadily as habits of cleanliness and caution in this regard are developed, even though no immunity may have been gained by a mild or slight attack of the disease. The tendency to discourage and forbid the indiscriminate kissing of children, and the crusade against the uses of the mouth as a pencil-holder, pincushion and general receptacle for odds and ends, would be thoroughly justified by the risks from diphtheria alone—to say nothing of tuberculosis and other infections.

In addition to being almost the only common disease of childhood which is not mild and becoming milder, diphtheria is unique in another respect, and that is its point of attack. Just as tuberculosis seizes its victims by the lungs, and typhoid fever by the bowels, diphtheria—like the weasel—grips at the throat. Its bacilli, entering through the mouth and gaining a foothold first upon the tonsils, the palate or back of the throat (pharynx), multiply and spread until they swarm down into the larynx and windpipe, where their millions, swarming in the mesh of fibrin poured out by the outraged blood-vessels, grow into the deadly false membrane which fills the air tube and slowly strangles its victim to death.

The horrors of a death like that can never fade from the memory of one who has once seen it, and will outweigh the lives of a thousand guinea-pigs. No wonder there was such a widespread and peculiar horror of the disease, as of some ghostly thug or strangler

Listening for the Croupy Cough

BUT not all of the dread of diphtheria went under its own name. Most of us can still remember when the commonest occupant of the nursery shelf was the bottle of ipecac or soothing-syrup as a specific against croup. The thing that most often kept the mother or nurse of young children awake and listening through the night-watches was the sound of a cough and the anxious waiting to hear whether the next explosion had a "croupy" or brassy sound. It was, of course, early recognized that there were two kinds of croup: the so-called "spasmodic" and the "membranous," the former comparatively common and correspondingly harmless, the latter one of the deadliest of known diseases. The fear that made the mother's heart leap into her mouth as she heard the ringing croup cough was lest it might be membranous, or, if spasmodic, might turn into the deadly form later. Today most young mothers hardly know the name of wine of ipecac or alum, and the coughs of young children awaken little more terror than a similar sound in an adult. Croup has almost ceased to be one of the bogies of the nursery. And why? Because membranous croup has been discovered to be diphtheria, and children will not develop diphtheria unless they have been exposed to the contagion, while, if they should, we have a remedy against it.

He was a bold man who first ventured to announce this, and for years the battle raged hotly. It was early admitted that certain cases of so-called membranous croup in children occurred after or while other members of the family or household had diphtheria; and for a time the opposing camps used such words as "sporadic" or scattered croup, which was supposed to come of itself, and "epidemic" or contagious croup, which was diphtheria. Now, however, these distinctions are swept away, and boards of health require isolation and quarantine against croup exactly as against any other form of diphtheria.

Cases of fatal croup still occasionally occur which cannot be directly traced to other cases of diphtheria, but the vast majority of them are clearly traceable to infection, usually from some case in another child, which was so mild that it was not recognized as diphtheria until the baby became "croupy" and search was made through the family throats for the bacilli.

The Most Priceless Weapon of the Century

FOR years we were in doubt as to the cause of diphtheria. Half a dozen different theories were advanced: bad sewerage, foul air, overcrowding; but it was not until shortly after the Columbus-like discovery, by Robert Koch, of the new continent of bacteriology that the germ which caused it was arrested, tried and found guilty, and our real knowledge of and control over the disease began. This was in 1883, when the bacteriologist Klebs discovered the organism, followed a few months later (in 1884) by Löffler, who made valuable additions to our knowledge of it; so that it has ever since been known as the Klebs-Löffler bacillus. This put us upon solid ground and our progress was both sure and rapid; in ten years our knowledge of the causation, the method of spread, the mode of assault upon the body fortress, and last, but not least, the cure, stood out clear cut as a die, a model and a prophecy of what may be hoped for in most other contagious diseases.

By a stern necessity of fate, which no one regrets more keenly than the laboratory workers themselves, the guinea-pig has had to be used as a stepping-stone for every inch of this progress. Upon it were conducted every one of the experiments whose result widened our knowledge, until we found that this bacillus and no other would cause diphtheria; that instead of getting, like many other disease germs, into the blood, it chiefly limited itself to growing and multiplying upon a comparatively small patch of the body surface, most commonly of the throat; that most of its serious and fatal results upon the body were produced, not by the entrance of the germs themselves into the blood, but by the absorption of the toxins or poisons produced by them on the moist surface of the throat, just as the yeast plant will produce alcohol in grape juice or sweet cider

Here was a most important clew. It was not necessary to fight the germs themselves in every part of the body, but merely to introduce some ferment or chemical substance which would have the power of neutralizing their poison. Instantly attention was turned in this direction, and it was quickly found that if a guinea-pig were injected with a very small dose of the diphtheria toxin and allowed to recover he would then be able to throw off a still larger dose until finally, after a number of weeks, he could be given a dose which would have promptly killed him in the beginning of the experiments, but which he now readily resisted and recovered from. Evidently some substance was produced in his blood which was a natural antidote for the toxin, and a little further search quickly resulted in the discovery and filtering out of his body the now famous antitoxin. A dose of this injected into another guinea-pig suffering from diphtheria would promptly save its life.

Could this antitoxin be obtained in sufficient amounts to protect the body of a human being? The guinea-pig was so tiny and the process of antitoxin-forming so slow that we naturally turned to larger animals as a possible source, and here it was quickly found that of these the goat and the horse not only would develop this antidote substance very quickly and in large amounts, but that a certain amount of it, or a substance acting as an antitoxin, was present in their blood to begin with. Of the two, the horse was found to give both the stronger antitoxin and the larger amounts of it, so that he is now exclusively used for its production.

After his resisting power had been raised to the highest possible pitch by successive injections of increasing doses of the toxin, and his serum (the watery part of the blood which contains the healing body) had been used hundreds and hundreds of times to save the lives of diphtheria-stricken guinea-pigs, and had been shown over and over again not merely magically curative but absolutely harmless, it was tried with fear and trembling upon a gasping, struggling, suffocating child, as a last possible resort to save a life otherwise hopelessly doomed. Who could tell whether the "heal-serum," as the Germans call it, would act in a human being as it had upon all the other animals? In agonies of suspense, vibrating between hope and dread, doctors and parents hung over the couch. What was their delight, within a few hours, to see the muscles of the little one begin to relax, the fatal blueness of its lips to diminish, and its breathing become easier. In a few hours more the color had returned to the ashen face and it was breathing quietly. Then it began to cough and to bring up pieces of the loosened membrane that had been strangling it. Another dose was eagerly injected, and within twenty-four hours the child was sleeping peacefully—out of danger. And the most priceless and marvelous life-saving weapon of the century had been placed in the hand of the physician.

The Importance of Promptness and Courage

OF COURSE there were many disappointments and failures in the earlier cases. Our first antitoxins were too weak and too variable. We were afraid to use them in sufficient doses. Often their injection would not be consented to until the case had become hopeless. But courage and industry have conquered these difficulties one after another, until now the fact that the prompt and intelligent use of antitoxin will effect a cure of from ninety to ninety-five per cent of all cases of diphtheria is as thoroughly established as any other fact in medicine. The mass of figures from all parts of the world in support of its value has become so overwhelming that it is neither possible nor necessary to specify them in detail. The series of Bayeaux, covering two hundred and thirty thousand cases of diphtheria, chiefly from hospitals and hence of the severest type, showing that the death rate had been reduced from over *fifty-five* per cent to below *sixteen* per cent already, and that this decrease was still continuing, will serve as a fair sample. Three-quarters of even this sixteen per cent mortality is due to delay in the administration of the antitoxin, as is vividly shown in thousands of cases now on record, classified according to the day of the disease on which the antitoxin was given, of which MacCombie's Report of the London Asylums Board is a fair type. Of one hundred and eighty-seven cases treated the first day of the disease, none died; of eleven hundred and eighty-six injected on the second day of the disease, four and a half per cent died; of twelve hundred and thirty-three not treated until the third day of the disease, eleven per cent died; of nine hundred and sixty-three cases escaping treatment until the fourth day, seventeen per cent died; while of twelve hundred and sixty not seen until the fifth day, twenty per cent died. In other words, the chances for cure by the antitoxin are in precise proportion to the earliness with which it is administered, and are over four times as great during the first two days of the disease as they are after the fourth day. One "stick" in time saves five.

Where the Bacteriologist Comes In

THIS brings us sharply to the fact that the most important factor in the cure of diphtheria, just as in the case of tuberculosis, is early recognition. How can this be secured? Here again the bacteriologist comes to our relief, and we needed his aid badly. The symptoms of a mild case of diphtheria for the first two or even three days are very much like those of an ordinary sore throat. As a rule, even the well-known membrane does not appear in sufficient amounts to be recognizable by the naked eye until the middle of the second or sometimes even of the third day. By any ordinary means, then, of diagnosis we would often be in doubt as to whether a case were diphtheria or not, until it was both well advanced and had had time to infect other members of the family. With the help of the laboratory, however, we have a prompt, positive and simple method of deciding at the very earliest stage. We merely take a sterilized swab of cotton on the end of a wire, rub it gently over the surface of the throat and tonsils, restore it to its glass tube, smearing it gently over the surface of some solidified blood-serum placed at the bottom of the tube, close the tube and send it to the nearest laboratory. The culture is put into an incubator at body heat, the germs sown upon the surface of the blood-serum grow and multiply, and in twelve hours a positive diagnosis can be made by examining this growth with a microscope. Often, just smearing the mucus swabbed out of the throat over the surface of a glass slide, staining this smear, and putting it under a microscope will enable us to decide within an hour. These tubes are now provided by all progressive city boards of health, and can be had free of charge at depots scattered all over the city for use in any doubtful case, within half an hour. Twelve hours later a free report can be had from the public

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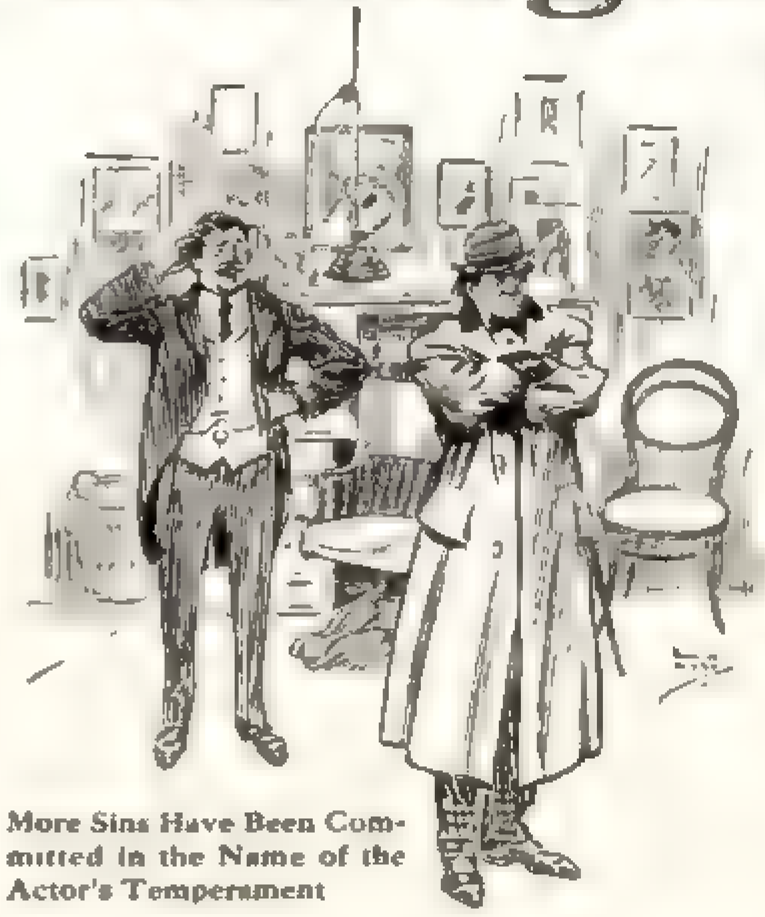
The Manager's Hard-Luck Story

By A MANAGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY



More Sins Have Been Committed in the Name of the Actor's Temperament

I ONCE had a well-known star on the road in a play that simply would not catch on. Business had been bad for weeks and I had been losing money steadily. Finally we reached Boston, where the hoodoo still pursued us. At a matinée there, the mother of the star, who happened to be living in Boston, came out front with tears in her eyes and said to me:

"Please go back and console John. He is not getting any applause and is feeling pretty blue."

As I thought of the fat salary that John had been drawing with great regularity, and my own losses, I replied, with some animation: "Good Heavens, Madam, isn't he getting his salary? Who is to console me?"

This incident is typical of the state of mind of most actors and of a part of the public toward theatrical managers. Tears of sympathy are dropped profusely for every one in the profession except the manager. He is usually too busy dropping money. You hear a lot of talk about the precariousness of the actor's calling; I have yet to hear anybody mention, not alone realize, the profound uncertainty of the manager's.

The late Joseph Jefferson said that when he was an actor he looked upon all managers as his natural foes, persons to be downed at every opportunity. When he became a manager he promptly changed his mind. The manager's hard-luck story would make an indefinite serial, and it is difficult to know where to begin.

In the first place, no other business is so uncertain in all its phases as the theatrical game, and this is due to the fact that so many plays fail.

Make a comparison with any commercial activity. An art dealer, for example, can tell you the value of a Rembrandt or a Corot, and know that it will bring a certain price. But no matter what a manager's experience is, he cannot tell you the value of a play. It must wait the final and conclusive verdict of the audience.

Learning the Ropes, Not Pulling the Wires

THE manufacturer of a cereal or a cigar can spend a fortune advertising the product. It may be some time before the public responds to the campaign and begins to buy the article, but the article is not perishable and can wait for its market. On the other hand, a play is the most ephemeral thing in the world, and it cannot wait. The manager spends a fortune advertising and producing it, and in a single night the investment is wiped out.

To continue the contrast with other businesses. A shopkeeper can lay in a stock of goods and know that there will be a reasonable demand for it during the season. If trade is bad, much of the stock can lay over until the next year. Now, if a theatrical manager knew at the outset of a season that he could successfully produce three plays, all would be well. He could know how many actors to engage, what to pay them, and what to expect as his return of profits. But he can never count on any of these things, so he always prepares for the worst and hopes for the best.

Producing managers, with few exceptions, have died poor, yet they gave their lives and energy to the creation of big things. The cases of Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and Lester Wallack illustrate what I mean. The only one of this group who got anything was Daly, and all he received was glory. Most managers have gone broke, and have had to take a benefit before they died. The manager, these days, is abused like a pickpocket, yet he works harder and is frequently more responsible for the success of plays than all the actors and authors combined.

The actor talks about what he has at stake and how it is always getting away from him. Now, what has he at stake? Nothing but his time. On the other hand, the manager risks all. If the play fails, and he has no other resources, he goes broke. All the actor has to do is to get another job. His assets are practically unimpaired.

The theatrical business is the only one in the world, perhaps, in which the employer trains the employee. We engage actors and educate them, build them up like scenery. It takes less brains to be an actor than almost anything else.

When a man wants to be a doctor, a lawyer or an engineer, in most cases he has to pay for his training. Not so with the actor. We provide his school and put up the money to run it. The actor can quit any time, and he has legal recourse against the manager. The manager seldom has redress against the actor.

If you listen to most actors you would think that the manager was a cross between Shylock and Frankenstein. The truth is that many actors who draw salaries for acting simply obtain money by false pretenses. Men who fail in other lines turn to the stage, and then tell hard-luck stories about the precariousness of their "profession."

No actor ever became a star without the hardest work. There is no royal road to dramatic success, but there are ample rewards for those who make good. The "making of a real star over-night" idea is a press myth. Take the case of any well-known star today.

E. H. Sothern was such a bad actor when he went on the stage that kind and sympathetic friends advised him to adopt another profession. He carried a spear and wore ill-smelling furs in the barbaric productions of John McCullough. When he did get a single line to speak he could not get it over. Yet he persevered. Henry Dixey began his stage career as the hindlegs of a heifer, in Evangeline. W. H. Crane sang in a burlesque show, while David Warfield did impersonations in a cheap variety house. Francis Wilson was a clog dancer and William Gillette a utility man in a stock company in Cincinnati. Even Edwin Booth had his heartaches while doing small parts in his father's company. John Drew was an understudy and didn't have a chance to speak ten lines in ten weeks, while Maclyn Arbuckle was once a struggling lawyer.

Few people realize what some successful stars earn. More than a dozen actors and actresses today make a much larger salary than the President of the United States. For more than five years E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have each averaged seventy-five thousand dollars a season. For three seasons each made one hundred thousand dollars. Maxine Elliott was offered an enormous sum to change managers. David Warfield, John Drew, Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore, who have interests in the plays in which they appear, have larger incomes than many successful Wall Street bankers.

Most of the actors who complain about their fate lack real talent. They claim it takes a pull to get a good engagement. You hear unsuccessful authors make the same wail. The only advantage of a so-called pull is to get the actor or actress before the manager. Then it is up to the actor to make good. The manager has no grievance against the actor. Last season a certain actor caused a manager a lot of trouble and cost him a small fortune. They did not part as friends. Yet this season, when the manager had a part that exactly suited the actor, he sent for him and gave him the job.

Some actors maintain that the supply of actors is greater than the demand. This never applies to good actors any more than it applies to good writers. Only the other day a manager came to me saying:

"If I could get the right man I'd pay him five hundred dollars a week. But I can't, so I've got to hire a man at one hundred and fifty dollars."

The trouble is that many actors become inflated with a little success, put a purely fictitious value on their services, and then are content to loaf a whole season before accepting what they *think* they are worth. I'd rather drive a street car than loaf like some actors.

The actor's amazing idea of the value of his services has afforded many amusing incidents. An actor once called up a manager who was looking for a leading man.

"How much salary do you want?" asked the manager.

"Four hundred a week," replied the actor.

"I wanted to hire you, not buy you," answered the manager, and rang off.

Speaking of price, an actor on one occasion applied to a manager for a job by telegraph, whereupon the manager wired:

"Wouldn't have you at any price."

The actor replied:

"Terms accepted. Coming on next train."

The Part the Public Plays

THE really good actor creates his market and his price. A certain well-known actor made a success in a play that had a long run in New York. His salary was seven hundred dollars a week. He was called to Europe and another man was put in his place. He only got two hundred and fifty dollars, yet he was not worth a dollar more. There is a line in this play the reading of which not only calls for the highest art but gives the key to the plot. When you have heard both men read it you see at once where the difference of four hundred and fifty dollars in salary comes in

I could illustrate this same thing, perhaps, with another incident. Several years ago a New York theatrical manager brought over Kubelik, the violinist, and paid him one thousand dollars a night. When this price became known musical managers sent violinists to the Kubelik manager. One of them said:

"Why pay Kubelik one thousand dollars a night? I can play just as well. I'll play for one hundred and fifty dollars."

The reason was that Kubelik *was* Kubelik, that he was a thousand-dollar man, and, among other things, could play the Mendelssohn Concerto as could no other living virtuoso.

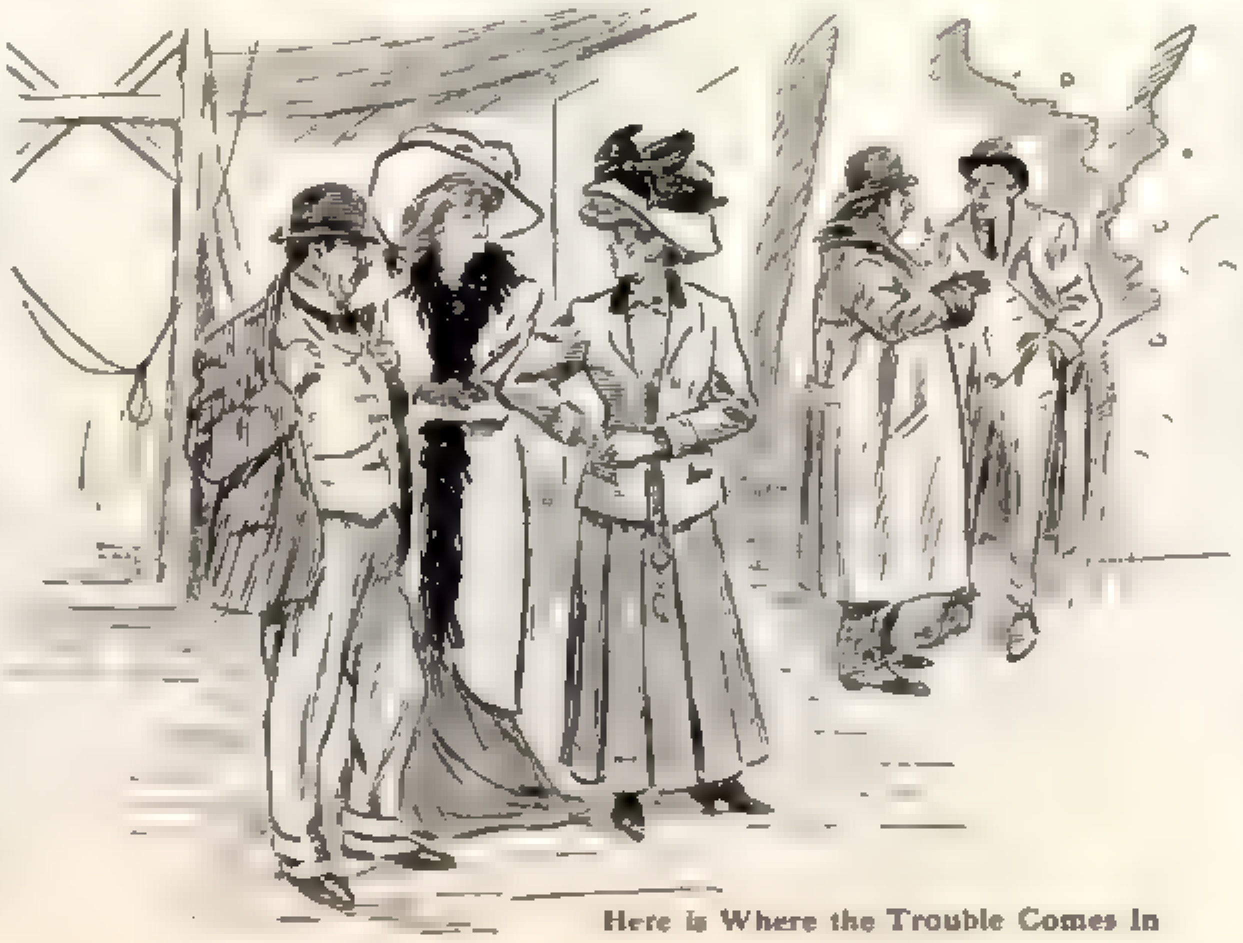
There is a curious fallacy about managers "making" stars. The jolts we get from ungrateful actors often make us *see* stars first. Seriously, it is a mistake to say that managers make stars. *The public makes them.* We promote and develop the people that discriminating audiences, by their approval, pick out for special favor.

E. H. Sothern is a good example. He had a small part at the old Lyceum Theater in New York in such plays as One of Our Girls and A Scrap of Paper. The audiences liked his work and always came to see plays in which he appeared. At that time Daniel Frohman was manager of the Lyceum. He thought Sothern was good material for a star, so he put him out in The Highest Bidder. Frohman's judgment was amply confirmed.

Practically the same thing happened in the cases of most of our stars, people like John Drew, Billie Burke, E. S. Willard, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, David Warfield and many others.

You often hear actors and others say somewhat contemptuously, "John Drew is always John Drew." But what is more delightful than John Drew as John Drew or Charles Wyndham as Charles Wyndham? It is a compliment to them, I think, that they have so many facets in their own personal makeup as to reflect the phases of the many different kinds of people they are called upon to interpret. Adelaide Neilson was always Adelaide Neilson, but, as such, she was one of the loveliest and most gracious figures that ever adorned the stage.

The actor's hard-luck refrain has many notes about the unscrupulous manager who violates contracts and "closes" without notice, often on a fast train between "tank" towns. I admit that there are undesirable managers who ought to be eliminated from the business. The actors only encourage them by seeking employment with them. The high-class manager today conducts



Here is Where the Trouble Comes In

his business in a businesslike fashion and with an organization as systematic and fair as that of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The uncertainty of the theatrical business is bad enough, but the actor's vagaries are much worse. More sins have been committed in the name of the actor's temperament than can be found in the whole calendar. His moods and temperamental unfitness generally are responsible for most of the gray hairs of managers. Why, some actors are so vain that they would want a press-agent to attend their funeral to see that the newspapers had proper notices.

I once had a star out in a well-known play. We played twenty-seven weeks without making a dollar of profit. All we did was to break even. The twenty-eighth week we played in a popular-priced house and I made six hundred dollars, the first time I had been on velvet during the season. Yet, at the close of that week, the leading actor, who had been growling about having to play in the theater, said.

"Look at the big money the management is making."

Mountains Out of Mole-Hills

A CERTAIN well-known young star, whom many managers wish was in a padded cell instead of a dressing-room, takes all the prizes for "eccentricity." In his case it is not genius, however, but an infinite capacity for causing trouble. In less than a year one firm lost thousands of dollars on him. They put him out in several plays and stood by him.

Now the star refuses even to read a play that has a chance for popular success because he considers it beneath his dignity to appear in such a performance, which he calls "lowbrow."

The peacock is a shrinking violet beside some actors. A manager once had a musical play on in Chicago. The leading actor did not make it go, so another man was put in to help brace it up. One of the terms of his contract was that he was to be featured. At rehearsal he did splendidly and almost made a new play out of the show. Naturally, the manager put his name up in the electric sign in front of the theater under the name of the original star. When the star drove past the theater that night and saw the other actor's name up with his, he was furious. He threatened not to play if it wasn't darkened at once. The name went out. Then the second actor drove along. When he saw his name dark he raged and said he wouldn't play unless his name was turned on. Those two silly actors kept the electrician busy winking their names on and off until the manager got disgusted, cut both out, and substituted the name of the piece.

A friend of mine who was new in the managerial business advanced to a young actress one thousand dollars, ostensibly for costumes for a society play. When he asked her to furnish an itemized bill all the items that she could produce were fifty dollars for a silk petticoat and one hundred dollars for silk stockings.

"What am I paying the rest of that money for?" asked the manager.

"Experience," replied the actress.

In order to hold a man for a fall production a certain manager advanced him two hundred dollars and then gave him a job at a summer amusement-park that he owned. When the time came for rehearsals the actor showed up once, and then joined another company.

"Please Go Back and Console John. He is Not Getting Any Applause"

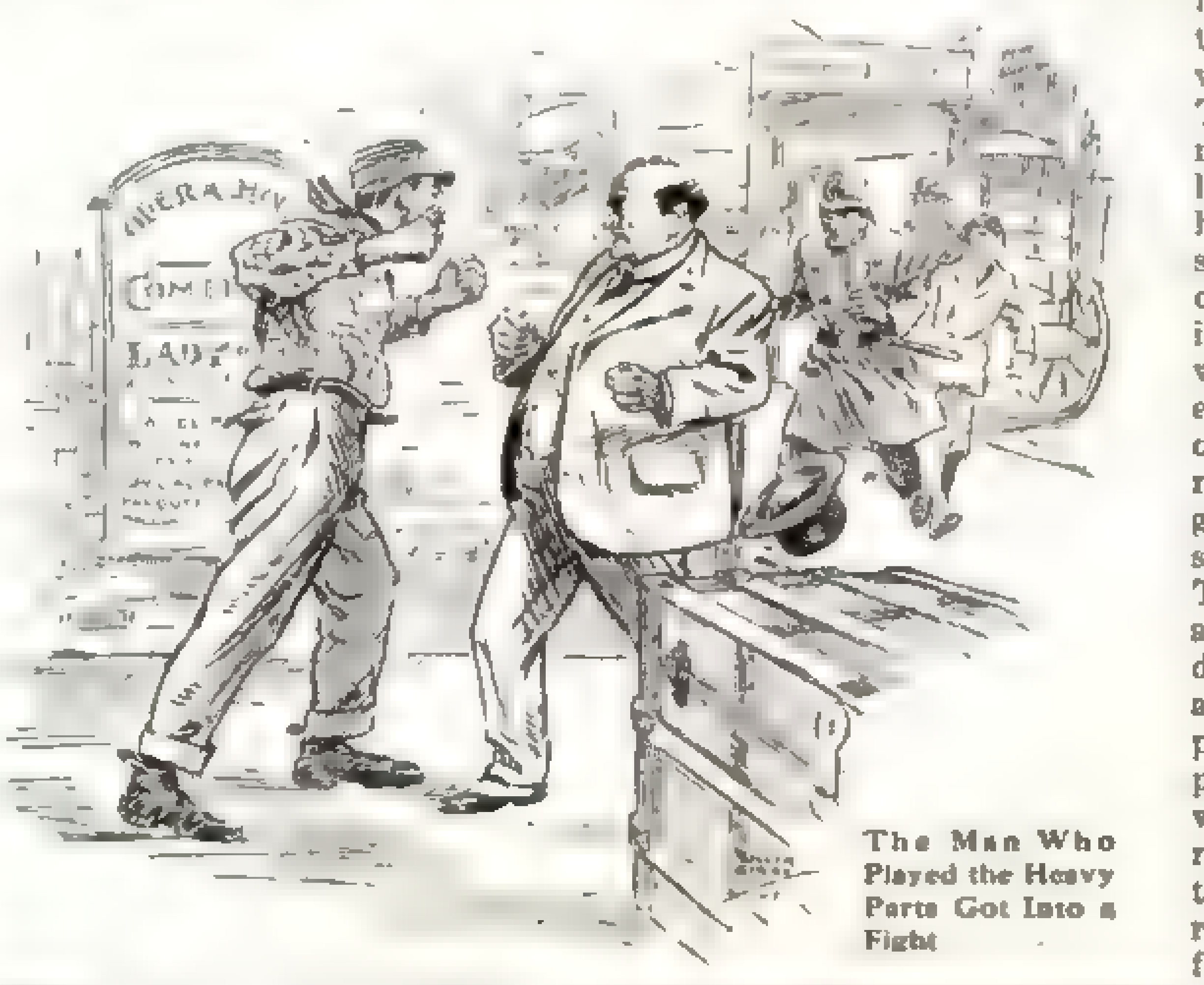
Pomposity and the actor are synonymous terms. A very pompous actor once sent down word to his manager that his nerves were unstrung and that he couldn't play that night. The manager sent him back word, "Don't worry. The property man is up on your part." The actor lost his nerves at once.

Another case where the actor got squelched happened when a woman in a company received some good press notices and thought she ought to have a raise in salary. When she told the manager about it he asked gravely: "Let's see, what part do you play?"

Some actors are irrepressible. A member of a stock company that had a woman manager had made himself very disagreeable and, when the time came to renew contracts for the next season, he was left out. To the manager's surprise the actor showed up for rehearsals in the fall. She wanted to break the news to him gently that he was not wanted, so she said: "I am sorry that we shall not be together this season." It did not phase the actor a bit, for he answered: "Are you going to leave us?"

The jealousy of the most ardent lover is a feeble emotion compared with the professional jealousy of the actor. It constitutes one of the greatest trials of the manager.

In nearly every company dressing-rooms are assigned according to the importance of the player. The leading woman has first choice or assignment, the leading man second, and so on. After the principals are satisfied it is frequently a very difficult matter to meet the preferences of the rest of the company, as there are always a number of actors of practically the same standing and salary. Here is where the trouble comes in. The "heavy" man insists upon having a better room than the juvenile man, while the "character" woman claims precedence over the soubrette. When the stage-manager fails to settle the controversy it is put up to the manager, who often finds himself in a position requiring all his tact and ingenuity.


The Man Who Played the Heavy Parts Got Into a Fight

Many actors have refused to go on until their dressing-rooms were changed. In this way they have delayed performances and kicked up rows in companies. The changing of one room always means changing three or four others.

The same trouble arose over sleeping-car berths. Everybody in the company wanted a lower. In large companies this was impossible. Then the manager cut out berths in the contracts and his trouble in this direction subsided.

Then there is trouble over curtain-calls. Often a "specially engaged" actor insists upon sharing a curtain-call with the star. The star resents this, and the manager is called in.

Often the leading lady will insist upon some other woman in the company buying a new gown because the one she has worn clashes in color with her own. Even in the matter of dress, like this, the hard-pressed manager is called in to arbitrate. He can seldom please even one of the disputants.

The question of plays in a repertoire company causes anxiety for the manager, as the following incident will show. A female star was playing a number of plays on the road. On learning that a certain play was to be produced at the next town she flatly refused to board the train until the bill was changed. Despite the fact that the play had been billed and advertised, the manager had to acquiesce

It often happens that an actor will demand to know of the manager why he does not get as good press notices as some lesser member of the cast. He will intimate that the manager is trying to keep him down, all the while unmindful of the fact that every kind word about the cast helps the whole show along.

But I have only reached the frontiers of the manager's hard luck. What I am about to tell makes even the vagaries of actors seem like springtime diversions.

A manager with whom I was once associated got an "angel" to back him in an effort to establish a certain actress who had great emotional powers and considerable talent. Altogether they spent eighty thousand dollars trying to make her a success. The venture failed and, the contract with her having expired, he let her go. The next day she signed with another manager who took her into New York on a "shoe string" and made a fortune for both.

Another manager went into partnership with two men to produce a musical show. It hung fire on Broadway for two months; the man got disgusted and pulled out. The next week it caught on and made one of the greatest successes in the history of musical plays. The piece was Florodora.

One of the prize managerial hard-luck stories relates to a small manager, but it will serve to show how things sometimes happen. This man saved up a few thousand dollars, and every dollar represented blood. With this he took out a company in a play that had made quite a success several seasons before. He was to get, on an average, seventy per cent of the gross receipts on the road. Being somewhat new in the business, he carefully figured out what his company cost, but he did not consider the very important matter of how little he might take in. On the opening night, at a New Jersey town not far from New York, his share of the receipts was two hundred and sixty dollars. He was so elated that he blew the company to a dinner that cost fifty dollars. Then business got bad, but the company struggled on until Thanksgiving. When the manager reached the theater where they were to play the Thanksgiving matinée he could not believe his ears; there had been an advance sale of one thousand dollars. Thanksgiving matinées are always good business even for a cat-and-dog show. The manager was in great glee, but his enthusiasm soon chilled. The leading man and the general understudy got drunk, and the man who played the heavy parts got into a fight with the baggageman for smashing his trunk, and was arrested. When time for matinée came the company was short four members and the performance was called off. The manager then went on to Chicago to arrange for some transportation. He went along the route his own show was booked, and at nearly every box-office he had to make a touch to keep him going. This is often done by advance agents, for the money is later taken out of the show receipts. Two days later in Chicago he met one of the members of his company.

"Why aren't you back with the show?" he asked.

"The company closed in Sandusky yesterday," was the reply.

To cap the climax of this manager's hard luck, he got a job as advance man for a show. When he looked over the route he found that it exactly doubled back over the route of his own company and included every place where he had made a hot touch at the box-office.

Searching for Physical Properties

WHEN two young managers, who are now among the dictators of their business, produced their first play in New York they planned a big sea scene for it. They had found a man who made a model in which real water, in passing over a wheel, made a stunning surf effect. It worked beautifully with the model; but when the first performance came and hundreds of gallons of water were turned loose, by a law of hydraulics, the effect was not produced. It was the big scene of the play, and when this scene failed the whole enterprise collapsed.

Some actors, particularly the hard-luck variety, maintain that the old art of make-up as practiced by Richard Mansfield, W. H. Thompson and Henry Dixey is a lost art, and has been succeeded by the vogue of types, which makes it harder for the average actor to get a job. In the main this is true, but the development of the type is simply a condition forced on managers by long runs. In the old stock days the actor gave impersonations and spouted at his audience. In brief, he projected his part by good elocution. Today the audience wants to see in the actor the reincarnation or living embodiment of the person the author had in mind. So, wherever practicable, a stout man is cast for a stout part, a blond is given a blond rôle, and so on. Since this is what the audiences want, it is the business of the manager to furnish it.

This demand for types has added to the manager's troubles. A manager engaged a stout man late in the spring for a fall production. It was important that he should be stout. During the summer, however, the actor went into training, so when he turned up for rehearsal in the fall he was thin. He was much incensed when the manager could not use him. On another occasion a manager engaged an actress because she had particularly beautiful brown hair. When she reported for rehearsal her hair was blond. The fashion in hair colors had changed in the mean time. Because the manager could not use her she called him a brute.

The perversity of some actors in these matters is almost incredible. In a stock company there was once a young actor who wore his hair very long. Despite entreaties on the part of everybody he refused to cut it. The management decided to put on Trilby, and our long-haired friend was cast for Gecko, because that person wore his hair long.

(Concluded on Page 30)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 16, 1909

Potatoes, Hay and Gold Mines

MINERAL products in the United States were appraised for the first time in the census of 1870. Gold and silver then constituted thirty per cent of the total. By 1880 those two metals had fallen to less than twenty per cent of the total. Last year they were only six per cent of the total. From 1870 to 1907 mineral products increased tenfold in value—from two hundred millions to two thousand millions. Meanwhile the output of the so-called precious metals has not quite doubled in value. Both coal and iron are now more than four times as valuable as they; copper and clay considerably more valuable; petroleum almost as valuable. California produces greater value in hay and potatoes than in gold and silver; Colorado a value two-thirds as great.

The gentle Spaniards had little eye for colonial wealth except in the form of the precious metals. To them the silver mines of Peru and Mexico were the big finds in America. But the agricultural products of the United States the last two years were worth more in dollars and cents than all the silver produced in the world from the discovery of America to date. It wasn't the fault of Cortez, Pizarro and Charles V that they didn't know this. But it is our fault if we don't know it.

Gold and silver are merely the gamble. It isn't the big find of chunks of wealth in the raw that makes prosperity. In short—the sentiment is appropriate to this season of moral auditing—don't look for El Dorado; but hoe potatoes.

The Moving-Picture Show

THE nickelodeon has achieved an amazing popularity, derived largely from the indigent. You seldom see an automobile at the door or a person in evening dress among the audience. Being essentially an amusement of the poor, it naturally attracts the agitated attention of those who believe, on general principles, that the morals and taste of the lowly always need looking after. They would uplift and purify the picture show until it possesses those educational, ethical and æsthetic values which are so conspicuous in the dramatic entertainments that are patronized by the well-to-do and cultured.

To the question, rife in several cities, what to do with the nickel theaters, the proper answer is very simple—to wit, give them better ventilation. In the main the shows are perfectly moral now. Almost always the villain dies in an exemplary and painful manner. Generally, also, they are in good taste. The standard may not be the highest; but it is as healthy as that of the boy who desired that only the "fightingest parts" of the Bible be read to him.

There's seldom anything the matter with anybody's taste until somebody else begins to tinker with it. Bad taste is almost always a laboriously acquired and carefully cultivated possession. The critics mean, simply, that the pictures are not what *they* would choose—the chances being, about as the ratio of the numbers, that what the critics chose would be no better in any essential value.

Tin Plate and the Tariff

IN 1898 there were several score independent tin-plate mills in the country, and the product sold at $2.65 a box. The mills were consolidated in the American Tinplate Company, and the price raised to $4.65 a box. The company issued capital stock to the amount of forty-six million dollars, of which sixty per cent was watery. Thanks to the monopolistic price, it still earned a handsome profit. When it was taken over by the Steel Corporation its capitalization was expanded to sixty-three million dollars.

The duty on tin plate is a cent and a half a pound, which Mr. Gary thinks necessary to prevent competition by foreign pauper labor. Tin is imported from Wales, but it forms less than three per cent of a tin plate. The other ninety-seven per cent is sheet steel. In Pennsylvania, according to the State industrial report, "aggregate wages paid all employees" in tin-plate mills amount to less than half a cent per pound of product—and the duty is a cent and a half, or more than three times the amount of wages.

Testifying before the Industrial Commission, a man conversant with the business opined that tin-plate making would have developed eventually in this country without a protective duty. The real secret of our success, he said, was the American machine for dipping plates, a process which was done by hand in Wales, and our superior efficiency in manufacturing the thin sheet steel which comprises ninety-seven per cent of the plate. The next time you buy a tin pan or dipper, think this over.

Our "Two-Bit" Grafters

IT IS an astonishing fact that when a man sells himself for money he seldom gets any worth mentioning. Judas' bribe was approximately twenty dollars in our currency. For two thousand years that has been about the going market price of a scoundrel.

The famous Crédit Mobilier investigation disclosed that statesmen of national reputation compromised themselves for a profit of two, three or four hundred dollars apiece. Other investigations in that line, with hardly an exception, have shown the same woefully depressed condition of the market for venality. A celebrated franchise fancier, being accused of giving a certain alderman a thousand dollars, replied with indignation: "You must take me for a fool! I'd never have dreamed of offering him more than the price of a suit of clothes."

In the pretty Pittsburg mess—our latest exhibit of this sort at the moment of going to press—some of the rascals are said to have got as much as a hundred dollars a vote. But they were exceptional. The common, garden variety got a meal-ticket or a handful of beer-checks. Probably they would have sold themselves as readily for a card to the public library or a ticket to a campaign rally.

The pressure of economic necessity doesn't explain bribe-taking. Men don't sell themselves because they need money. When they have caught the moral rot they toddle up cheerfully to swap their honor for marbles, a nickel-plated alarm clock, a set of dominoes—anything at all by which their degradation may be consummated.

For White Supremacy

AT MERRY Yuletide two ponderous chunks of meat, one light and the other dark, belligerently confronted each other in the far antipodes. Upon the issue contingently depended a poignant question of racial superiority.

It has been held that the negro's skull, as compared with the white man's, contains more bone and less brain. But this very peculiarity, as Mr. Corbett graphically pointed out, may some day give the colored brother preeminence in a very distinguished profession. The more bone and less brain, the greater, obviously, is the difficulty of inducing cerebral concussion by jolting the osseous case. Indeed, it is a fair physiological surmise that if the negro were so constituted that his head was all bone and no brain, the bright laurels of pugilism would already rest invincibly upon his dusky brow.

With an anxious sense of this fact, undoubtedly, Mr. Burns entered the Australian ring against Mr. Johnson. Fortunately, however, not even upon Mr. Burns does the honor of the white race ultimately rest. Although the darker lump prevailed in this contest, we have other resources. Mr. Jeffries may forego his well-earned ease and take up the white man's burden. Those who have seen Mr. Jeffries perform feel confident that Caucasian supremacy is safe in his hands—which weigh some fifteen pounds apiece. To discover a cranial structure capable of withstanding his powerful efforts, they say, one must turn far back in the order of creation to a being whose head is not enfeebled—for pugilistic purposes—by containing a rounded cavity at the top.

The Industry of Bench and Bar

ODDLY enough, scarcely any notice is taken of an industry in which the United States towers in unapproached supremacy above all other nations of the earth. The census doesn't say a word about it, nor is more than the merest allusion to be found in all the literature of the American boom. The fact is the more striking because the national failing does not, as a rule, lie on that modest side. England, in a general way, stands as our nearest industrial competitor. In England, then, there is one judge for every three hundred and fifty thousand persons. In Illinois there is one judge for every twenty-two thousand persons.

In short, we beat England more than fifteen times over—without counting justices of the peace! This leaves our record in pig iron far in the shade, splendid as that record is.

If the Illinois ratio applies to the country at large (as to which we are uncertain) we can boast no less than four thousand judges, or more, doubtless, than there are in all Europe. Considering the comparative infancy of this country we may well look forward to a time when Europe's judiciary, as compared with ours, will appear like a single-tax meeting in Tularosa, New Mexico, as compared with election night on Broadway.

We have already a hundred and fifteen thousand lawyers, which, at the above theoretical ratio, would give less than one judge to every thirty lawyers. This is a mere beginning.

While it is easily possible to consume ten times as many hours contending over technical points of legal etiquette as are consumed in trying the merits of the case, the ability of thirty average lawyers to keep more than one judge busy can hardly be questioned.

Revolutionary theorists occasionally suggest reforming legal procedure, thereby decimating our populous judiciary. But we have yet to see the slightest reason for fearing any such move.

The Pay of a Railroad President

THE first president of New York Central excelled in manipulating legislatures and the stock market. His corners in Harlem Railway in 1862, sending the price from 73 to 179, and in 1864, when the stock went from 90 to 285; his ascendency at Albany, which enabled him to get such laws as he wanted; his liberality in injecting floods of water as he brought one road after another into his combination—those were the feats by which he gained renown and a huge fortune within a few years.

A president of New York Central resigned the other day after forty years' service. The system which he directed was much larger than that managed by the Commodore, and from the point of view of public utility he conducted it quite as ably. But he was paid in cents where the Commodore was paid (or paid himself) in dollars. He retires with no huge fortune. Of the men who actually manage the two hundred and thirty thousand miles of railroad in the United States—and do it, in the main, with ability—just two have acquired great wealth. The others get good pay, and generally have a neat competence. Most of them quite likely would manage their roads for even less pay and with exactly the same ability if they were employed by the Government instead of by a board of directors.

Not that Government ownership is necessary. But all the useful service in the world can be had for reasonable wages. As a rule, the men who have derived huge fortunes from American industries have contributed comparatively little to industrial development. Generally speaking, they have merely garnered the profit while somebody else has done the useful work.

Selling What You Haven't Got

NEARLY two hundred million shares, having a par value exceeding seventeen billion dollars, were sold on the Stock Exchange in 1908. About sixty per cent of total transactions were in seven stocks. Of Steel common more than three times as many shares were sold as there are outstanding; of Copper about six times as many; of St. Paul seven times as many; of Southern Pacific nine times as many; of Union Pacific sixteen times as many; of Smelting twenty times as many, and of Reading common fifty times as many. Yet, generally speaking, the same people who owned these properties a year ago own them now. No doubt, a majority of the transactions were merely gambling.

Apologists for the Exchange often admit that gambling upon so huge a scale is regrettable. They say it can't be stopped without great injury to legitimate business—which sounds very like the argument in defense of race-track gambling. The Federal Government, no doubt, can reduce stock gambling to comparatively innocuous proportions with little more trouble than it experienced in suppressing the Louisiana lottery. Probably a transfer tax of only a dollar a share would do it.

The commission recently appointed by Governor Hughes may consider that expedient. On the other hand, it may confine its attention to "wash" sales, matched orders, split commissions and other professional abuses, and endeavor merely to make the game "squarer." That will make it more alluring to lambs.

A gambling-house with a reputation for marked cards, loaded dice and "brace" box has a sort of moral value. It tends to discourage gaming. One reputed to be square is more dangerous.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

"An Intimate Friend of Frohman"

WHEN a mere youth Daniel Frohman had two ambitions. The first was to be a reporter on the New York Herald, and the second was to be a reporter on the New York Herald at fifteen dollars a week. The line of cleavage between those two ambitions is greater than now appears, for while it was much to be a reporter on the New York Herald—in those days—to be a reporter there for fifteen dollars a week was a dizzy journalistic proposition.

Needless to say, both of these sappy ambitions were left unrealized. Instead, Mr. Frohman became the advance agent of a minstrel show, and thus we have the Lyceum Theater and all the long list of theatrical successes linked with Daniel Frohman's name. Joining, for the moment, the full ranks of the What-Would-Have-Happened-If Club, we pause to consider the obvious speculation: What would have happened if Mr. Frohman had secured his job as reporter? Yes, indeed; what would?

It isn't likely that Mr. Frohman thinks so, but the probabilities are that, if he had landed where he wanted to land he would be editing the Daily Hint from Paris column or helping Commander Kelly sagaciate about the Navy. As it is, Mr. Frohman has it all over the daily-hint man. Indeed, he may be said to have it all over any theatrical person who may be mentioned, when it comes to doing real things in a real way. To be sure, there are plenty of theatrical managers and producers who do more things than Daniel Frohman, but there is not one who does better things, which is a truth that does not make much of a hit on the Great Yellow Way (called Great White Way in New York), but which gets consideration almost everywhere north of the Bronx and south of the Battery.

It all came about this way: Daniel Frohman was born in Sandusky, Ohio, where they make a great deal of our genuine imported Russian caviar. Thirteen years later he had a job as office-boy in the office of the New York Tribune, the year being 1866. From Sandusky to Horace Greeley was quite a step, but young Frohman stepped it. His duties were various. He took in advertisements, collected for them, handed out the papers to John Hay, John Russell Young, William Winter, Whitelaw Reid and all the rest of the old galaxy, ran errands, and after Mr. Greeley had finished his editorial articles transcribed them so the printers might be able to read them. Of course, there are many printers still living who were the only printers who could read Horace Greeley's writing, and hundreds have died each year from those old days until now, making it seem probable that the Tribune composing-room used to have three or four regiments of printers on hand every time Uncle Horace sent up some copy, each printer in each regiment being the only one who could decipher the hen-tracks; but the fact remains that young Daniel Frohman, of Sandusky, Ohio, on many occasions was required to transcribe Uncle Horace's scrawls. Like as not, the only thousand or so printers who could read the copy had subs on those days.

A Course in One-Night Stands

WELL, young Daniel went along industriously, learning all about the inside of a printing office and getting an insight into the editorial end, and all the time cherishing his desire to be a real reporter and work on the Herald. Presently, John Russell Young quit the Tribune and started the Standard, and Frohman went along with him as a sort of business manager. There wasn't much business to manage, but Frohman managed what there was in good shape. He was solicitor, collector, manager and, at times, editor. The Standard flickered out. Just for a vacation young Frohman took a job as "ad" agent for a minstrel company. It was change, and he needed both kinds, the legal-tender kind and the personal kind. It gave him a chance to see the country. He thought he would travel around about three months and then come back and get that job on the Herald. Instead, he stayed out nine months, making one-night stands mostly, and when he came back the Frohman entrance into American theatrical affairs had all been arranged. Dan Frohman decided to stay in the business. He thought so well of it that he put his brothers, Charles and Gustave, into it.

His years of making long and short jumps as manager of traveling companies had given Frohman a comprehensive knowledge of the United States. Presently, he took over the management of the old Madison Square Theater in New York. He had arrived at the dignity of being a house manager, and his salary was thirty-five dollars a week. The big theatrical managers of the time, Wallack and Palmer and the rest, had little knowledge of the country, except as far as Boston, New York and Chicago were concerned, but Frohman knew it backward and forward. He had the technical knowledge of railroads, routes and conditions that enabled him to route several companies playing the same piece so they would not conflict, to route them as economically as possible, and he soon began to use this knowledge to the vast advantage of the Frohmans. His years of one-night stands were beginning to cash in for him. The outgrowth of it all was the present gigantic theatrical combination and control, for sooner and later Klaw and Erlanger and Hayman and the rest came into it and the plan was developed into what it now is.

The Kindly Person Who Radiates Comfort and Cheer

When Dan Frohman secured the Lyceum Theater, in New York, he really began his career, for he then had an opportunity to foster and develop his own artistic impulses and was in a position to let business be a by-product instead of the sole actuating consideration; not that he was not as keen a business man as any, but that he had, and has, artistic feeling as well as business sense, which has meant a great deal to the theater-going public of the United States.

Necessarily, any discussion, no matter how general, of Daniel Frohman brings Charles Frohman in for a line or two. Charles Frohman is called the mogul of theatricaldom. There may be a dispute about terms and exact shades of difference and all that, but there can be no dispute that Charles Frohman is one of the big ones, whether he is the biggest one or not. That means in a business sense. The brothers are unlike. Charles Frohman is an elusive fat man, if you can imagine a fat man being elusive. He is a state of mind, a thing apart. He hides himself in the daytime and he hides himself at night. He lives in the top of the Metropolitan Building tower, or in the subbest sub-cellar under the Times Building—somewhere and inaccessibly. He makes but two public appearances a year, once when he is embarking for Europe and hands out a typewritten interview telling what he is going to do, once when he is coming back and hands out a typewritten interview telling what he has done. To most of the people in the business he is but the initials "C. F."

Mr. Frohman the Authors' Delight

WHEREFORE, Daniel Frohman is the Authors' Delight. He is the kindly person who deals in encouragement and radiates comfort and cheer. There is nothing elusive about Daniel. He has his own plans and carries them out, has his own methods and works by them, has his own ideals and seeks to develop them, and goes his own way, with much more consideration than you would think for Art and less consideration than you would think for the money side of it. He has a great suite of offices on the top floor of his New Lyceum Theater, and just a glance at them and their pictures and furnishings tells you that here abides a chap who is trying to do something for a permanent standard of theatrical excellence, who is working out in his own way his conception of a stage that shall not be entirely beholden to the box-office end of it.

Make no mistake about him. Daniel Frohman is a business man. He deprecates failures as heartily as any. But, and here is the main point, he doesn't subordinate financial success to everything, and he is sometimes content with the artistic effect he produces even if there is no occasion to shove bales of money into the banks because of the gigantic intake at the door. That is, he occasionally sees something in the business besides money, and occasionally tries to get, both for himself and the people, something else out of it besides money. That much for Daniel Frohman, and that much is a great deal, a very great deal, considered twentieth-century theatricalwise.

The Sinner's Forlorn Hope

"I HEAR," said a Southern Democrat to another man, who used to be a Southern Democrat himself before he went to New York to be a Northern one—"I hear that Mr. Bryan is thinking of becoming an evangelist."

"Well," said the second man, "if he doesn't do any better by the sinners than he has done by the Democratic party there will be a vast increase in the population of a certain hot place."

An Inspiration From Casey

THE women of the church in a suburb in Chicago were soliciting money to pay for redecorating their house of worship. They were told, diplomatically, that if they would call on Casey, who kept the leading saloon in the village, they might get a good donation. They called. Casey met them genially, listened to what they had to say and promptly subscribed five hundred dollars. This was so much more than the solicitors had hoped for that they were much flustered, and could do nothing but stammer their thanks. Finally one of them rounded to and said: "Why, Mr. Casey, this is most generous of you. It will allow us to get what we want very much—a fine, stained-glass window."

Casey thought that would be the right thing to do.

"And, Mr. Casey," said the spokeswoman, "in view of this magnificent donation, isn't there something you would like to put on the window, some sentiment or some remembrance, or something of the kind?"

"Well," said Casey, "I think it would luk foine to have on th' glass, bechune th' two parts av it, in nate letthers, somethin' loike this: 'Afther Mass Visit Casey's'."

The Trump Card

TWO neighbors in a Missouri village were arrested for fighting and brought to court. The Judge asked the assailant to tell his story.

"Jedge," he said, "we war a-playin' of seven-up, seven pints t' th' game, two bits on the corner. I had bin losin' all day, Jedge, an' I had up my last two bits.

"I dole the kyards. He war two an' I war six. He begged an' I gin him one. He flang his queen an' I played my trey fur low. He flang his king an' I played my ten. He flang his ace an' I played my jack, and then, Jedge, then he flang his deuce, an' I hit him."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Former Mayor Hugh Grant, of New York, is a domino expert.

¶ District Attorney William Travers Jerome, of New York, has joined William H. Taft and the Emperor William on the water-wagon.

¶ Thomas F. Ryan, the Captain of Finance, reads detective stories at night, after he gets home from his money mills, to rest his mind.

¶ George Ade, the humorist, and John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, are pals. They went to school together and haven't outgrown it yet.

¶ James Speyer, the New York financier, smokes long, thin cigars—the longer and the thinner the better—as opposed to the long, thick ones J. P. Morgan affects.

¶ George R. Shanton, who has resigned as chief of the Canal Zone police, in Panama, to become colonel and chief of the insular police of Porto Rico, was on the Isthmus four years and seven months, without leave of absence or sick leave, which is a record.

A MODERN HOME BY T

CUT TO FIT SO ANY HANDY MAN CA

HOT $215 WATER HEATING

SOLD ON 360 DA

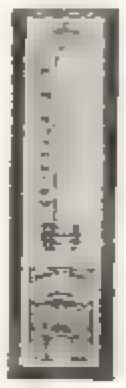
GUARANTE

DIRECT FROM

IT costs us $4200 for this double page one time to tell our story. We paid $6000 for two full pages to reach the 5 million readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL last year and the year before. It paid us and saved them money. We make good or we couldn't use these magazines. We now have Andrews Systems in 1200 Cities and Towns.

HOT WATER Beats every other method of heating because it costs less to install, costs less to operate, less to keep in repair *and much less for fuel*. It keeps the house clean, free from dust, coal gas, and comfortable in every room. Stop to consider how much it would cost to buy a good stove to warm thoroughly every room, as is done by a hot water system. Besides stoves and furnaces burn and rust out and need frequent repairs while the hot water heating plant will last as long as the house.

Hot water gives an even, pleasant temperature to all rooms [illegible]. Hot water is recognized as the ideal heat, but [illegible] has stood in the way. Now, however, by our method of selling direct from Factory to User [illegible] factory production by which thousands of plants are turned out at minimum cost, every home can have a modern heating plant. The fuel saving is very great. We have many customers who state that the fuel required for two stoves heats their whole house thoroughly and with less trouble than any stove. Finished or old houses can be fitted without defacing the walls.

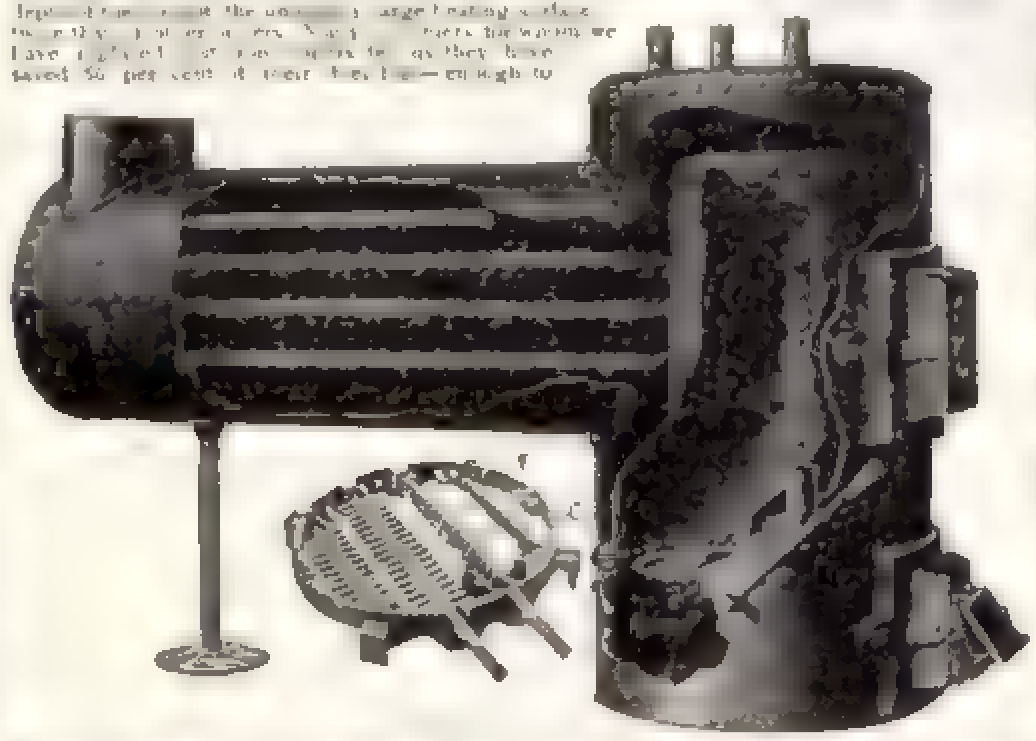


Heater Control

The Andrews Thermostat controls the [illegible] keeping [illegible] send for booklet.

Andrews Locomotive Steel Boiler

Why so Effective: The boiler [illegible] strength and [illegible] the water and the transmission of heat [illegible] large heating surface [illegible] Locomotive Boiler [illegible] around the fire and the [illegible] large heating surface [illegible] have [illegible] they have saved 50 per cent of their fuel bill — enough to



pay for the change in one or two seasons. The Andrews Boiler burns any fuel with great economy [illegible] We [illegible] have a rocking and dumping grate which is easily operated and gives good results with different fuels.

[illegible] Appleton writes of his Andrews System: "It has worked like a top and requires no more fuel than our great size [illegible]."

THE MATERIAL The above price includes Andrews Vertical Steel Boiler [illegible] ornamented radiators; best steel pipe, cast iron fittings, floor and ceiling plates, expansion tank, Andrews Regulating Safety Valve, all the necessary gaskets, union elbows, paint, enamel, air valves, key, blow-off cock, tees, 45 degree and other elbows, nipples, plugs, fire cement, [illegible] and brush [illegible] and flue brush [illegible] everything necessary to complete the plant without further expense for material, all as shown in this house.

Exact Estimates and Engineering Advice Free

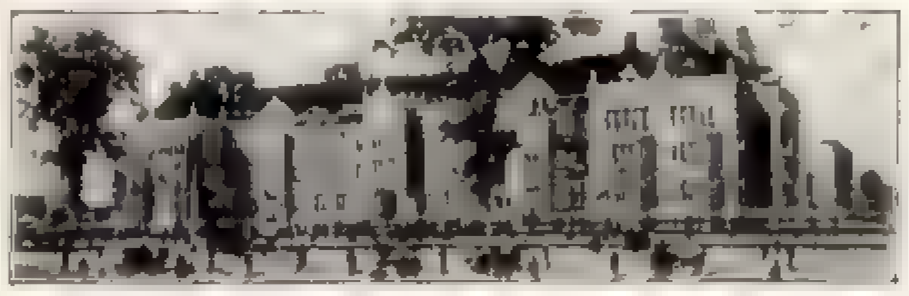
SPECIAL PLANS and exact estimates of cost are made for each [illegible]. Send us today the plan of your house or rough sketch with measurements and we will submit an exact estimate of cost delivered to your city, also an estimate of what you should pay for installing the plant if you employ a mechanic or handy man for that work.

Special prices on estimate submitted at once, but the contract must be closed within 30 days thereafter. Delivery may be later.

THE PLUMBING Equipment shown in this house is as sanitary as can be bought at any price. It is economical, durable and conforms with the latest sanitary engineering practice. This line of fixtures has been selected with especial care. It gives [illegible] at the minimum cost. Inferior articles lead inevitably to costly repairs.

THE MATERIAL for this house includes white porcelain enameled bath tub 4½ ft. long with roll rim, nickel-plated Fuller cock, overflow and trimmings, porcelain water closet [illegible] low down golden oak tank, seat and [illegible] directly to bowl, nickel-plated trimmings, white porcelain [illegible] lavatory, [illegible] white porcelain enamel kitchen sink complete, [illegible] galvanized steel kitchen range boiler and stand, two-compartment graniteine one-piece laundry tray, also vent and waste pipe including cast iron soil pipe, galvanized [illegible] pipe, traps, bends, lead, oakum and all material to erect outfit complete. *There are no joints to wipe.* Our plans and directions are complete so that any handy man can do the work. Where there is a city or [illegible] all material will be arranged to [illegible]. Where there is no sewer connection we can furnish Andrews Sewage Disposal System which disposes of sewage in a sanitary and inoffensive way. See description elsewhere on page [illegible]

PLUMBING $120

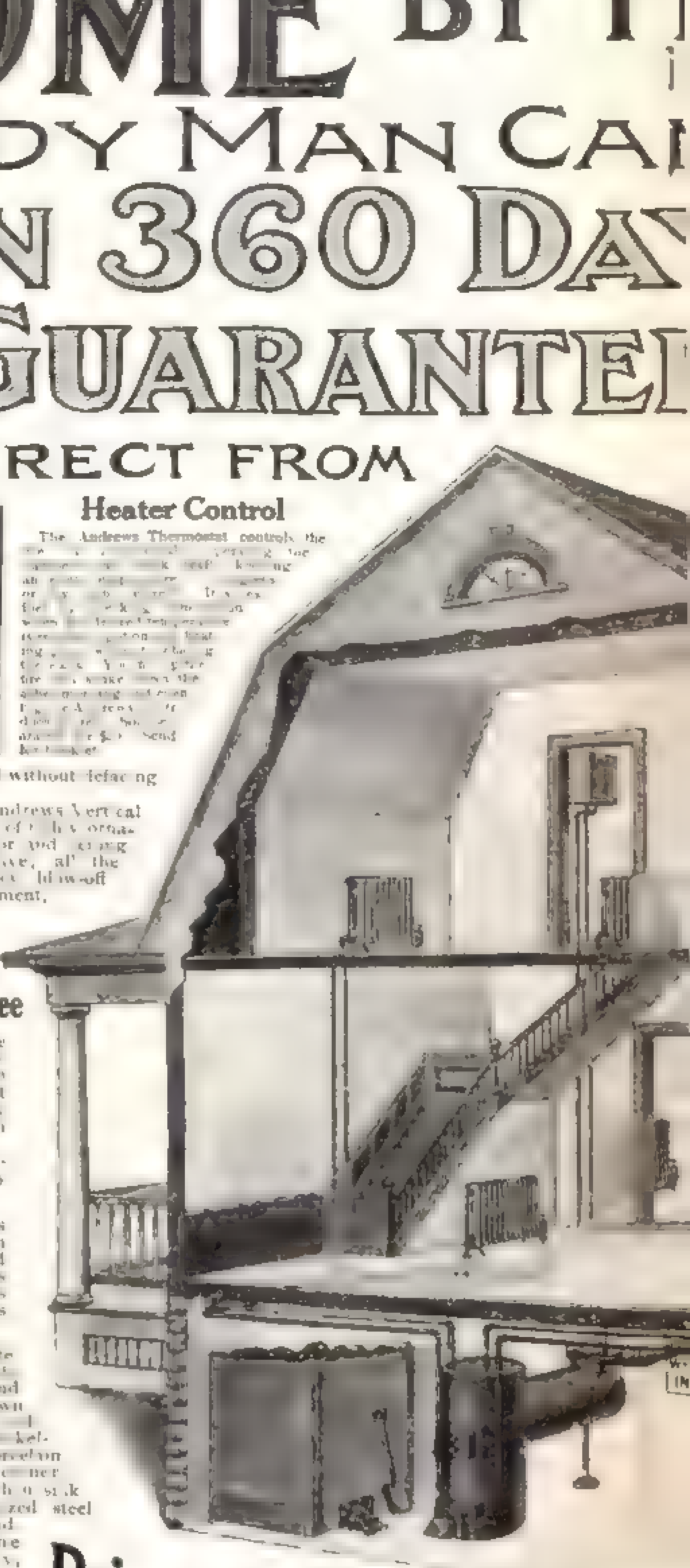


Folwell Hall, University of Minnesota — Clarence H. Johnston, Architect

LARGE BUILDINGS We want complete contracts for heating large buildings [illegible] We have a large force of [illegible] hot water forced circulation heating plants, etc.

One customer writes to a friend: "Don't buy the smallest plant, don't get the largest, simply permit the company to supply you with what your house [illegible]. They know best; they must guarantee, they can and will do it."

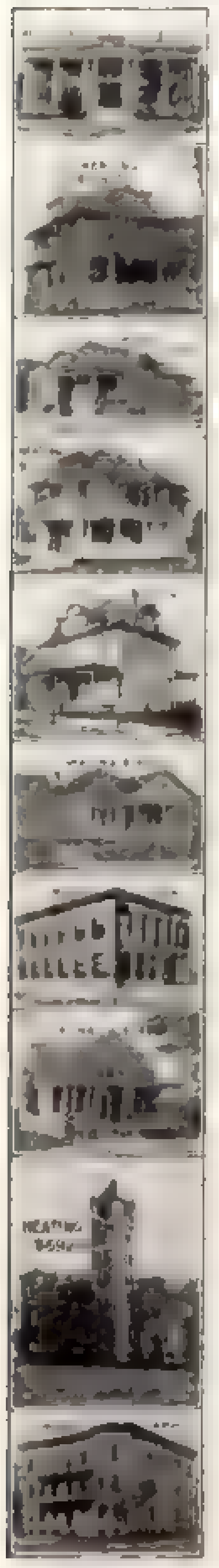
Prices are for all material

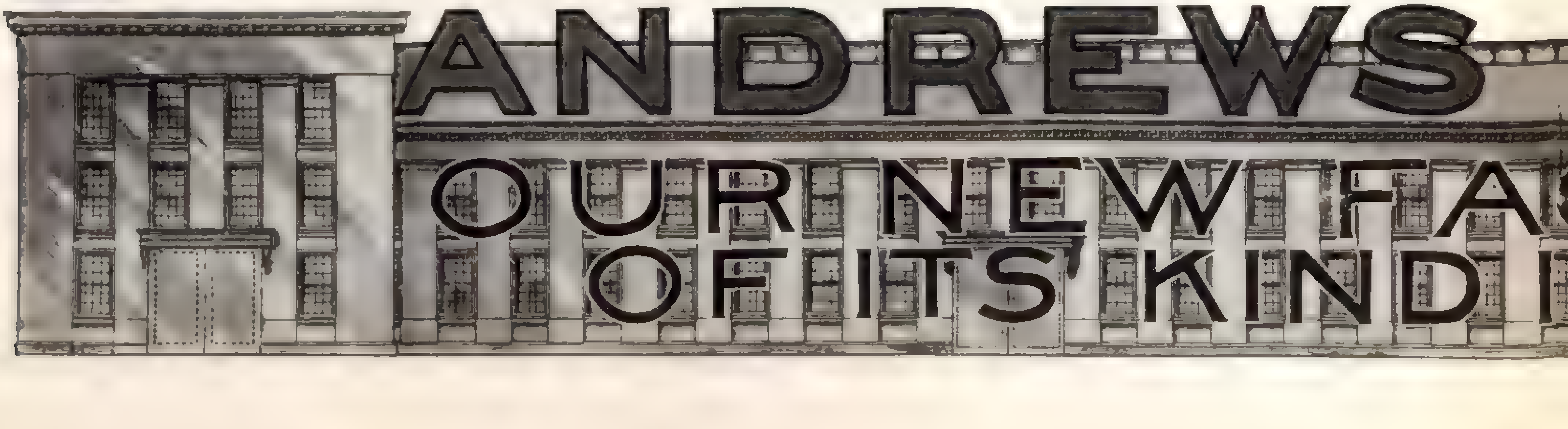


OUR FACTORY We manufacture Andrews Steel Boilers, Vertical and Locomotive, Andrews Peerless Cast Iron Boilers, Andrews [illegible] and Andrews [illegible]. All pipe is cut, threaded and reamed in the factory and shipped complete [illegible] ready to screw together [illegible] Our new factory [illegible] highly skilled mechanics, the work is so systematized that the usual labor cost is fully cut in half.

SEND FOR OUR BIG

1044 HEATING BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS



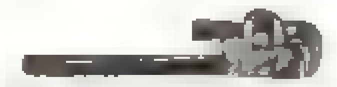


HE ANDREWS SYSTEM

N ERECT OR YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF

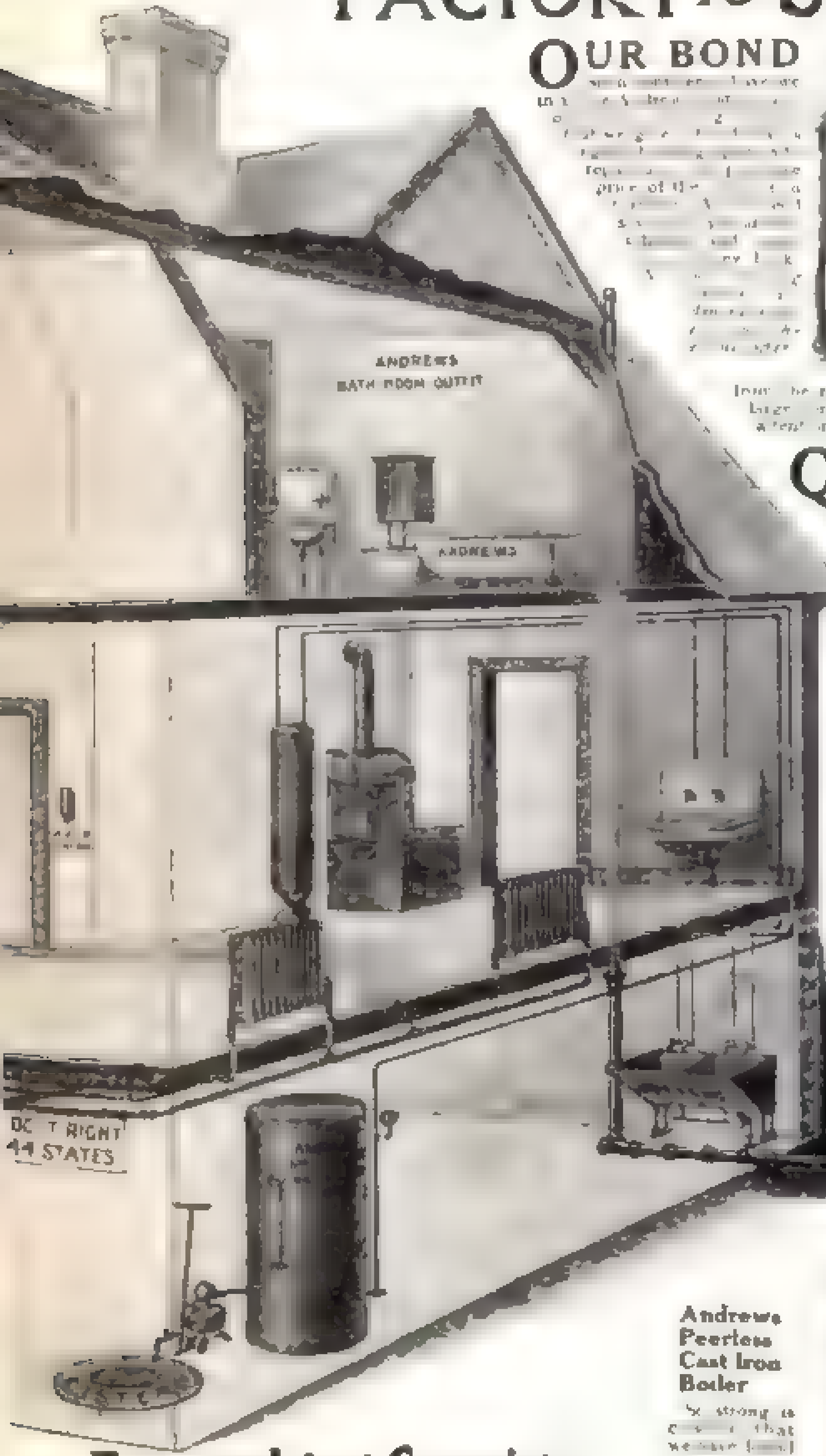
YS FREE TRIAL

ED BY BOND


The only tool needed to erect

$75 AIR-PRESSURE WATER SUPPLY

FACTORY *TO* USER



OUR BOND [illegible]

PROPOSAL
SPECIFICATION
BOND
ANDREWS CO

How We Do Business

[illegible] Andrews Heating, Plumbing, Water Supply [illegible] sanitary engineers [illegible]

QUALITY [illegible]

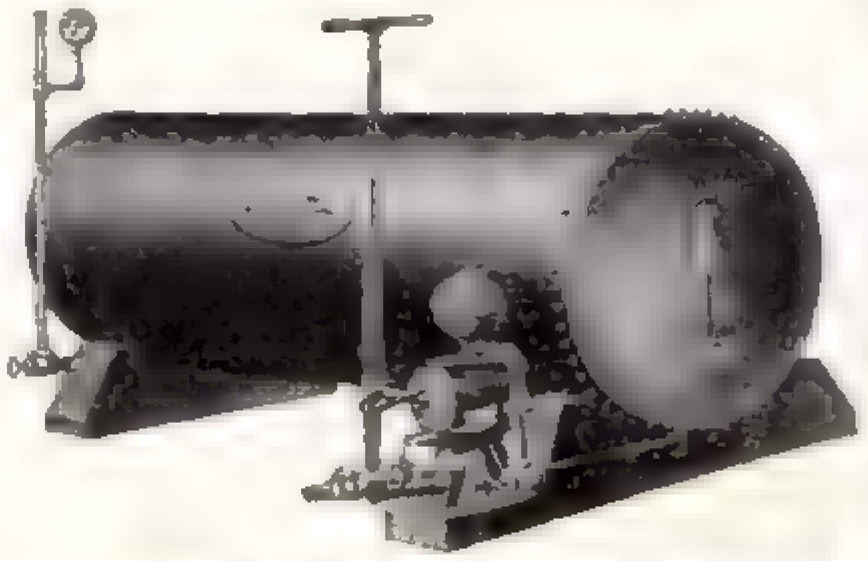
Andrews Septic Sewage Disposal System

THIS SYSTEM overcomes the main drawback to living in the country [illegible]

ESTIMATES FREE

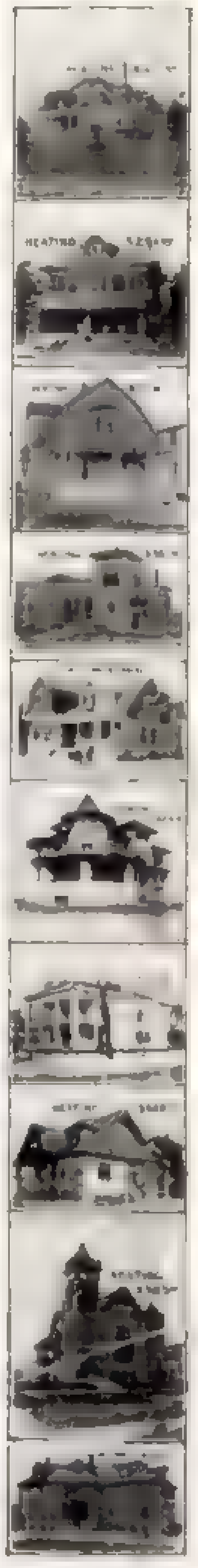
ANDREWS WATER SUPPLY [illegible]

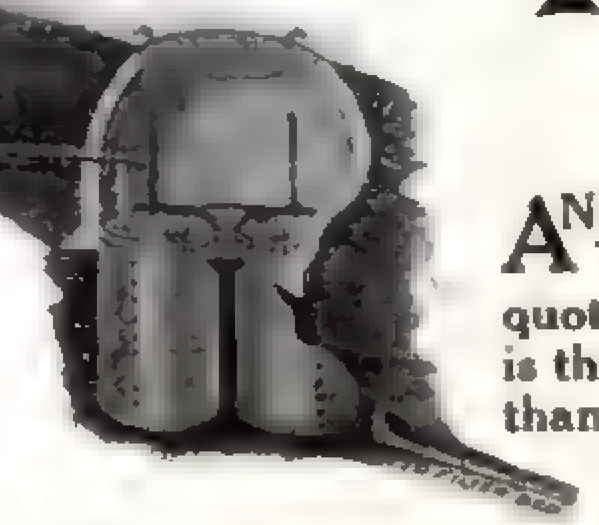
THE MATERIAL [illegible]



Larger Water Supply Plants

WE MANUFACTURE [illegible]





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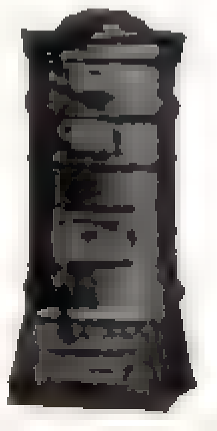
ANDREWS SYSTEMS—Heating—Plumbing—Water Supply—Sewage Disposal—Prices we quote include everything—all the little things. (It is the little things that make the house cost more than a barn of equal size.) We make no charge for the engineering knowledge put into your plans and suggestions—a result of our 25 years experience in heating, water supply and sanitary engineering, and unexcelled facilities for getting the raw materials at the right price. Write today.

We sell anything in the heating line from a piece of pipe to a complete central heating plant—doing it right in 44 States, Canada and Alaska—We will do it right for you.


Andrews Peerless Cast Iron Boiler

[illegible]

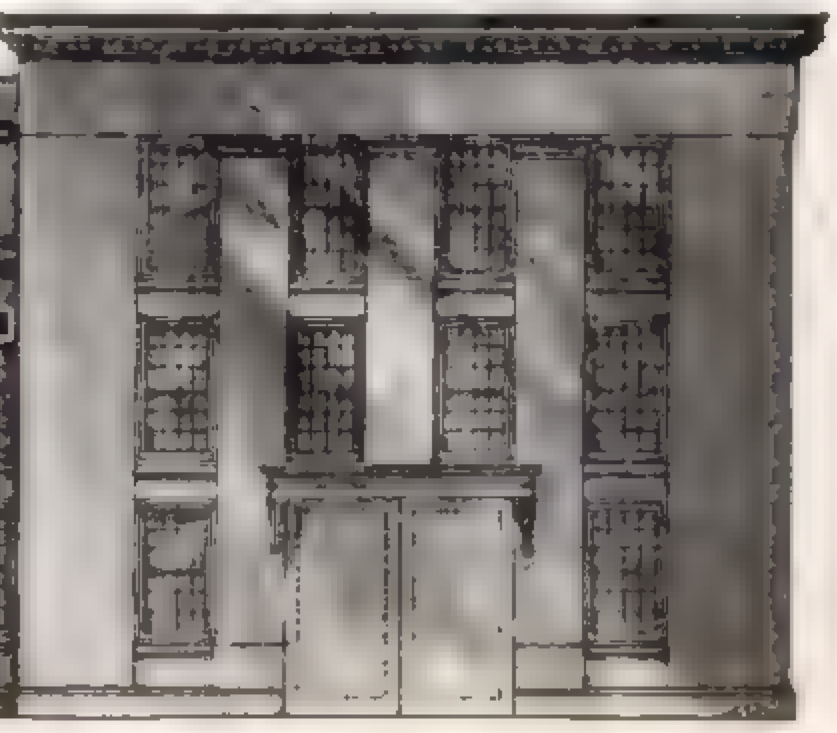
Everything Complete
There are no Extras

[illegible] for sending names of two other persons going to buy hot water or other systems and receive our big catalog free.

CATALOG-IT IS FREE

1044 MARINE BUILDING, CHICAGO

HEATING Co.



CTORY BIGGEST
N THE WORLD

YOUR SAVINGS

Corporations and Liability of Stockholders

MOST people do not stop to realize, perhaps, that there are approximately two millions of stockholders in the various corporations doing business or located in the United States. They are the real owners. Many who buy stock in these corporations (and their number increases each year) are not familiar with the principal details of the conduct of such enterprises, and are likewise ignorant of their responsibilities and liabilities as stockholders. These facts should be known to every investor, and this week's article will be given up to an explanation of the most important.

Before doing so it might be interesting to point out how the army of stockholders has grown. The railroads alone have more than 500,000 on their rolls. They share the $300,000,000 distributed each year by the various lines. The largest list of stockholders in any American corporation is that of the United States Steel Corporation, which includes 110,000 persons. Of this number 35,000 are steel workers or allied workmen employed in the steel shops. The Pennsylvania Railroad comes next, with approximately 60,000 stockholders. Of this host of investors, 28,000 are women. The two great Harriman lines—the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific—have a total of 30,000 stockholders. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe has 25,000 and the New York Central has 22,000. Other corporations with big lists of stockholders are: American Sugar, with 20,000; Bell Telephone, with 24,000; Amalgamated Copper, 18,000; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 10,000; Erie, 10,000; The Pullman Company, 13,000; Smelters, 10,000. It is worth while to contrast these lists with the comparatively small list of 5500 stockholders of the Standard Oil Company.

Small Holders in Big Companies

The distribution of the stock among the stockholders is interesting. Taking the corporations just mentioned whose stock is very "active" (being constantly traded in), you find that the average holding is 85 shares. The average income from these stocks is $580. Within the past few years, however, the number of holders of five or ten shares has grown tremendously and they have become a big factor in the stock situation. More people are buying stock for investment—that is, for the income it will produce—than ever before. The big corporations are glad to have a great many small stockholders, for it shows that the people have confidence in them.

There is a peculiar responsibility in the conduct of a corporation whose stock is widely distributed. In the case of a business with a few partners, or a corporation whose stock is closely held, the loss from failure falls on comparatively few persons. But with a railroad, for example, it is different. The loss falls on many people. In addition to the employees whose livelihood depends upon the wages they receive, there are the stockholders, who may embrace widows, orphans, trust funds, life-insurance companies, banks and institutions of all kinds. Hence it is important to buy the stock of a corporation whose affairs are efficiently and honestly administered.

Let us take the concrete case of a railroad and see how it is managed. There are two branches of management: the executive, which dictates the policy, takes care of the financing, decides such matters as consolidation with other lines or the acquirement of branch systems and all expenditures, and the operating department, which is charged with the duty of keeping the wheels of the cars turning and hauling freight and passengers

All this involves some very elaborate machinery, yet the stockholder, no matter how small his holdings, has a very important part in its selection if he will but exercise it. The stockholders elect the directors and the directors, in turn, choose the officers. One reason why many corporations in this country fell into the hands of one man or a small group of men who manipulated them for their personal benefit was the indifference of the stockholders to their duty. This was followed by an indifference on the part of directors. American stockholders do not, as a rule, attend annual meetings and find out what is being done with the properties which they really own. In England it is quite the opposite. The stockholders flock to the annual meetings, ask pertinent questions and maintain the liveliest interest. One result of this is a keen watchfulness on the part of the officials which results in good service and satisfactory earnings. It is important for stockholders to elect directors *who will direct*.

The significance of this is apparent when it is stated that the real supervision of our railroads lies with the directors. They elect a chairman, who is the dominating person of the system. He can remove all officers and agents not elected by the board. The directors elect the officers of the road: president, vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer and controller.

The directors also elect from among their number an executive committee. This body has come to be a very important factor in the conduct of American railroads. It has taken the powers which belonged in the old days of railroading to the president. This committee, which is usually composed of seven men and a chairman, meets every week. It exercises the authority of the board of directors, but its acts must be formally approved by the directors. It acts as finance committee and as auditing committee. The operating officials report to it, too. In the case of most of the great systems the members of the executive committee live in New York, where they can be quickly assembled. The directors are usually scattered all over the country. They only meet at intervals to declare dividends and transact other similar matters. The chairman of the executive committee may be a trained financier or a railroad man. In the case of the Union Pacific it is E. H. Harriman; in the Rock Island it is B. F. Yoakum. The Rock Island presents a good example of the distribution of authority. D. G. Reid is chairman of the board of directors; Mr. Yoakum, as stated, is chairman of the executive committee, and B. B. Winchell is president of the road, with headquarters at Chicago. Some roads have no executive committee, the work being done by other committees.

The conduct of a great industrial corporation like the Steel Corporation differs somewhat in details. The president is W. E. Corey, while the chairman of the board of directors is Judge E. H. Gary. Instead of an executive committee there is a finance committee, of which Judge Gary is also chairman. The Steel Corporation has set a good example in the matter of publicity. It issues comprehensive statements of its business.

Directors and Dividends

Dividends are declared by the directors, who have the sole authority in this matter. The circumstances surrounding the declaration of dividends are not always understood by stockholders, especially at such periods when the dividend is passed. Many directors have found that discretion is the better part of liberality. It is important in all corporations that there be an equitable disbursement which will put the necessary share of surplus earnings back into the property in improvements and maintenance and at the same time give the stockholders their share. Sometimes directors are too liberal with dividends and then, when hard times come, there is no surplus and the company becomes bankrupt. The conservative stockholder will find that it is more profitable to get a fair dividend regularly than to receive a big dividend one year and no dividend for several years after. The lure of excessive dividends has led many unwary investors to buy the stock of unstable companies.

There is still another responsibility for the stockholder, and this comes with a transfer of his stock. Through ignorance of essential details he makes mistakes that cost time and money. The most important of these relates to the indorsement on the back of the certificate. All certificates should be indorsed on the back in exactly the same way as signed on the face. Here is a case for illustration:

John H. Black owns ten shares of Steel preferred. He sends it to his broker to be sold. In order to make the transaction he must indorse it on the back. If the stock is written on the face in favor of John H. Black and he signs it J. H. Black, it will come back to him to be correctly signed John H. Black. In case the man who sells happens to live in a Western town, and has shipped his certificate to New York, the delay is considerable. Besides, the stock is liable to decline in price in the mean time, and before the transaction is completed the owner may lose quite a sum by reason of his original mistake.

All transfers of stock in corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange are recorded in New York, for the reason that the Exchange requires all such corporations to have a transfer office there. The certificate transferred is canceled, put back in the stub-book from which it originally came, and a new certificate is issued. No fee is charged for this unless the transfer of the particular block of stock is made so often as to become burdensome to the transfer clerks.

When the Books are Closed

In this connection should come an explanation of the expression "books close," which is used so often in relation to stocks. All records of stock holdings appear on the books of the corporation. In order that the corporation may prepare a list of the stockholders of record to receive dividend checks, it is necessary to close the books for a few days. Announcement is, therefore, made of this event in order that no stock shall be transferred during the period of the preparation of the list. This period is usually a brief time before the payment of the dividend. Ample notice is given by advertising or otherwise. During the time that the books are closed the stock sells at what is known as "ex-dividend," which means that the purchaser of the stock on these days does not receive the dividend. It goes to the owner of record.

Many people plunge into investment, especially stock buying, without thinking of the liability they may incur. Fortunately for them, most active industrial and railroad stock is what is known as "full paid and non-assessable." By this is meant that the capital is fully paid in, and that, no matter what happens to the fortunes of the company, the owner cannot be assessed for more money. In reorganizations, stockholders are sometimes called upon for assessments, but the payment is entirely optional

With national bank stock it is different. This stock has a double liability. Every holder of it is liable to assessment for an amount equal to the par value of his holdings. If he has ten shares with a par value of $100 each, he may be called upon for $1000. This is in addition to the price he originally paid for the stock. The assessment is made by order of the Comptroller of the Currency and the stockholder cannot evade it. The assessment is only made, however, when the total resources of the insolvent institution are inadequate to meet the demands of the depositors.

Some trust company stock is also subject to double liability. This depends upon the laws of the State in which the company is doing business. The stock of companies organized in New York State prior to 1888 has no such liability; all companies organized since that time, with the exception of one company that inherited an old charter, have the double liability

There may also be liability in cases where the stock of any kind is not "full paid." Here is a concrete example: a company issues stock with a par value of $100. Only $50 of each share is paid in. This leaves $50 "unpaid." The owner of the shares may be called upon for the difference between the amount paid in and the par value. This often is the case with mining stock with a small par value.

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The bonds are payable serially, in accordance with our usual plan.

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Bonds offer the largest possible choice for the safe and profitable investment of money

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The Long Arm of the Secret Police

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

IT IS a curious fact that three of the most daring and successful pieces of political detection in modern times should have taken place on American soil and should have been carried out by Americans. In the archives of the British Home Office may be found the thrilling story of Henri LeCaron, soldier-of-fortune and one-time major in the Union Army, who discovered the existence of a Fenian plot to invade Canada and establish an Irish Republic on the soil of the Dominion. The account of how, acting under the instructions of the British Government, he became a trusted member of that mysterious circle known as the Clan-na-Gael; how, by clever sleight-of-hand performances, and at imminent risk of discovery and death, he managed to substitute old and unimportant documents for those which were supposed to be burned in view of the conspirators, and how, with the information thus obtained, he placed a large body of Canadian sharpshooters in ambush at the point where the Fenians were to cross the frontier, and at the cost of a single, unexpected volley drove back the tide of invasion and averted the possibility of a grave international rupture, reads like romance rather than like fact.

The discovery and bringing to justice of the leaders of the notorious Mollie Maguire conspiracy in the mining regions of Pennsylvania has every right to be regarded as an act of political secret service of the very highest order, and no one can read the thrilling record of the exploits of McPartland, otherwise McKenna, without admitting that he deserves to rank among the men who have served their country as truly as those who faced the enemy on the field of battle. The story of how he ingratiated himself with the most bloodthirsty and desperate band of assassins who ever disgraced this country; how, carrying his life in his hands, he penetrated to their most secret councils; how, knowing himself to be under suspicion and his life in hourly peril, he continued with his work until the necessary information was obtained, and how, with the evidence thus gained, he brought the guilty men to the dock and the gallows and put an end to Pennsylvania's reign of terror, needs no detailed repetition here.

Tracking the Reds

The third of this trio of secret agents was J. Schaack, a Chicago captain of police. It was he who hunted down and brought to justice the perpetrators of the Haymarket outrage and unearthed the plots of the Chicago Reds. Surpassing in breathless interest any detective fiction are the stories of how he obtained his clews, of the veiled man who came to him in the nighttime to give him information, but whose identity he never learned, and of the man who dropped the letter in the street, or of his hiring a cellar under an anarchist meeting-hall, boring a hole in the floor and there stationing a detective and a stenographer who took down a verbatim account of the proceedings. Then there was the strange and tragic death of one of his detectives. The anarchists discovered that this man was a spy and determined to get rid of him. A young and pretty woman was employed to captivate his heart. This she effectually did. It was then arranged that she should induce the spy to take her out in a boat on the lake in one of the Chicago parks. They were followed by another boat filled with anarchists. At a given signal the girl jumped up and capsized the boat. It was planned, of course, that the anarchists should row up and save their confederate, letting the detective drown. But, by some mischance, this part of the plan miscarried and both the spy and his betrayer sank beneath the waters before the second boat could reach them. Perhaps it was justice instead of chance.

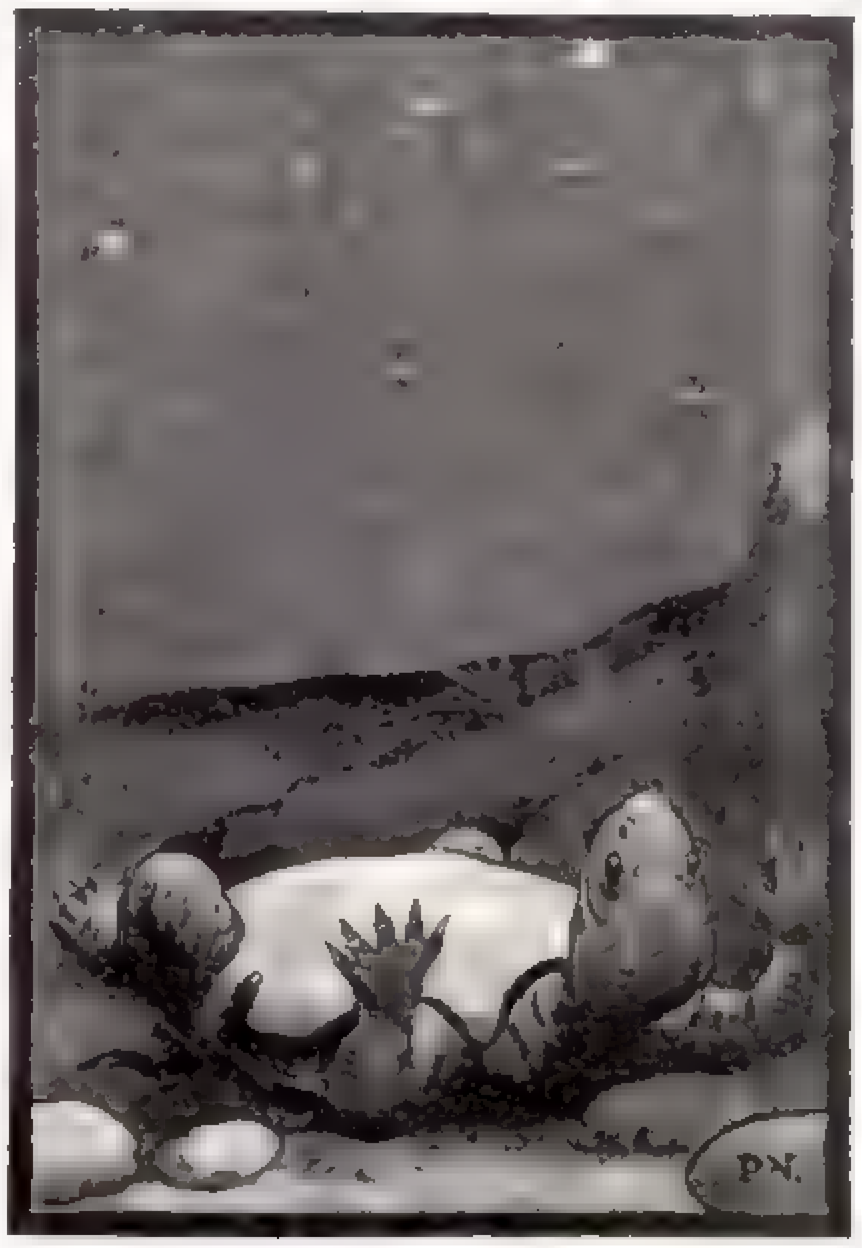
No single class of criminals has proven itself to be so serious a menace to established society as the anarchists toward whose suppression and eventual extermination the energies of the secret police of the world are turned. The Internationale, as the inner organization of the anarchists is known, has its real headquarters in London and New York, and the officials connected with the secret service of the Continent have more than once cursed the complacency of the British and American Governments, which permit such nests of vipers to exist, practically unmolested. England and America are the two spots where anarchists cannot be laid by the heels unless there is evidence against them that will stand the test of open court. As a natural result, anarchists take advantage of this fact, and plots are hatched in London and New York which are executed in Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Madrid.

Where assassination is intended, it is impossible, of course, for the police agents to guarantee absolute protection. A man may be picked off with a rifle from a considerable distance, as was the case in the assassination of the King of Portugal, or he may be fired on from above while passing through the streets, or a mine may be exploded under him, but against such assaults as were committed on President McKinley at Buffalo, or the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva, it is, I firmly believe, possible to guard absolutely with careful, cool-headed, quick-witted men who are ever on the alert for just such attacks. The guards in attendance upon the President that fateful day in Buffalo should have halted Czolgosz the very minute they noticed him in line with a covered hand. If the hand was really an injured one no great commotion could have been caused, while if a concealed weapon had been discovered the resulting disturbance would probably have saved the President's life. The hand is the machine, and the only machine, with which damage can be inflicted. Whether a man is to throw a bomb, or to use a knife, or to fire a pistol, whatever the means of assault, it must be carried out with the hand. Therefore, supervise and control the hands of the people surrounding the person to be guarded and you take a long step toward protecting that person from harm. The Turkish police have long since recognized this cardinal principle, and so ultra-cautious are they in its execution that I have more than once seen agents of the secret police at Yildiz step up to diplomats, and even to distinguished foreigners, and quietly ask them to remove their hands from their pockets or their coat-tails and hold them clasped in front of them upon the approach of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Guards

No sovereign in the world, not even the Tsar, is so jealously guarded as the Sultan. He never sleeps in the same bed or in the same room two nights in succession, and the secret of his nightly whereabouts is intrusted to but a single, faithful servant. His meals are cooked in a kitchen that is, to all intents and purposes, a prison; the dishes are sealed in the presence of a police official and are opened by the chief steward only in the presence of the Sultan, who requires that his attendants shall taste of each dish before touching it himself. With the exception of going to the Friday prayer, which is said in a private mosque a hundred yards outside the palace gates, the Sultan never leaves the grounds of Yildiz except once a year, when he makes a pilgrimage to the Old Seraglio to pay homage to the green flag and cloak of the Prophet. On these occasions he gives no intimation until the moment of departure as to whether he will travel by the land or sea route, and as a result ten thousand troops are employed to guard the streets leading from Yildiz to the Seraglio, while every vessel in the harbor of Constantinople, large and small, must weigh anchor and put out to sea until the ceremony is over, because of the possibility that the Padishah may decide—as he usually does—to go in his launch instead of by the more exposed route through the streets of his capital.

At the state banquets which are given at the palace on infrequent occasions, usually in honor of some visiting royalty, the guests are seated ten feet apart, an agent of the secret police with a loaded revolver standing immediately behind each chair. During a dinner given some two or three years ago



The Turtle's Mishap

A FABLE—By PETER NEWELL

A Turtle rolled upon his back from off a rocky shelf,
And though he struggled manfully he couldn't right himself.
At length he grew discouraged, and he ceased his efforts vain,
And, sullen, gazed up in the sky with sluggish eye and brain.
But as he looked he felt a thrill like that of dawning love!
He saw a million gleaming stars set in the dome above!
And with a sense awakened by this strange and novel sight
He noted some were faint and small, and others large and bright.
He saw that some were placed in groups, while others stood alone;
And spread athwart the mighty vault a milky banner shone.
And thus the night he passed away, with wonder and delight,
And all too soon the rosy morn concealed the stars from sight.
'Twas then a friendly Frog appeared and helped him to turn o'er,
A better and a wiser brute than e'er he'd been before.

Ah, shun misfortune if you will, but know that this is true:
Mischance expands both heart and mind into a broader view.

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in honor of the Khedive, an American guest, admiring the exquisitely painted menu-cards and desiring to take one home as a souvenir, but having no pockets in his uniform, surreptitiously attempted to stuff it up his sleeve, but the suspicious action did not escape the notice of the spies. Instantly he was seized by a dozen police agents and was half-strangled before he could make clear to them the innocence of his intention. They were quite justified in supposing that he was attempting to draw a weapon—and in Turkey they act first and explain afterward.

Warned by the fate of his predecessor in office, the secret service has taken extraordinary measures for the protection of President Roosevelt. Not only has the absurd and senseless custom of indiscriminate handshaking with the Chief Executive been done away with, but secret service operatives and municipal detectives form an inconspicuous but none the less effective cordon about him whenever he appears in public. Have you ever seen the President of the United States going to church? No? To do so is an object-lesson in unostentatious but effective protection of an individual. Mr. Roosevelt is wont to attend service at a Dutch Reformed church which is some fifteen minutes' walk from the White House, timing himself so nicely that he reaches his pew at the very moment when the service is due to begin. He invariably walks to and from the church, weather permitting, two secret service operatives keeping close at his heels—with some difficulty, it is true, for Mr. Roosevelt is a born pedestrian—while scattered along the opposite side of the street and constantly keeping pace with him are several plain-clothes agents of the municipal police, who submit every person approaching the President from either direction to a close inspection. Arriving at the church, the President seats himself in the second pew from the front, the secret service men dropping into end seats directly back of him, while two other detectives occupy similar places on the other side of the aisle, and a fifth agent stands at the entrance to the church and closely scrutinizes every one who enters. Toward the close of the service the President gets his hat, gloves and stick in readiness, and almost before the "Amen" of the benediction has left the pastor's lips he is up the aisle and out of the door, swinging down the street on his way to the White House with his escort in close attendance long before the majority of the congregation realizes that the service is over.

How Royalty is Protected

Owing to the much greater formality with which all European sovereigns are hedged about, an assassin would find considerable difficulty in approaching near enough to King Edward, for example, to carry out his purpose. The European monarchs, whenever they show themselves in public, are surrounded by every conceivable precaution. Both the British and Continental secret police keep up-to-the-minute lists of all dangerous men—anarchists, nihilists, socialists, call them by what name you will—and when a sovereign goes a-traveling the more dangerous of them are arrested on some trumped-up charge and kept out of harm's way behind the bars until the royal progress is over, while their less dangerous fellows are kept under such close surveillance that the first suspicious move would be the signal for their arrest. When a European ruler travels the entire route is guarded by detectives and railway police; plate-layers and track-walkers patrol every yard of the railway to prevent any possible tampering with the rails, and a pilot engine or train usually precedes the one on which the monarch is journeying. When he shows himself in the streets of his capital he is generally so closely surrounded by his household cavalry and the route of the procession is so carefully guarded by soldiery and police that it would be all but impossible for an assassin to approach the royal carriage. But that the best-laid plans oft go astray was evidenced by the two attempts on the life of the King of Spain, in Paris and Madrid, and the tragic end of King Carlos of Portugal and his son in the streets of Lisbon.

The fame of the central office, as the New York Detective Bureau is called—the secret service of the metropolis of America—has extended to the ends of the earth, whither its men have been sent in the pursuit of fugitives. It is the greatest deterrent to habitual criminals, the intelligence that usually solves great crimes committed in its territory, the firm hand that reaches out across the world, mayhap, and grasps the perpetrator of a crime, no matter in what obscure corner of the globe he may have hidden himself. Its men mingle night and day with the city's activities; their one thought is to learn of crime and criminals. A knowledge of the society that preys is the chief stock-in-trade of a detective—an exact knowledge of classes, for the under world has its own clearly-drawn professional and social castes and distinctions—of individuals, of methods, and of habits. Such a knowledge can only be gained by constant intermingling with the various classes to which the lawbreakers belong. So far as the recognized criminal class is concerned, the central office can work almost unerringly. It is the occasional offender, the "intellectual criminal," that taxes the real mettle of New York's secret police.

The Plain-Clothes Men of New York

Although it is invariably denied, the "stool pigeon" is one of the most important agencies by which the New York police keep a supervision over the criminal activities of the metropolitan under world. The "stool pigeon," who is, of course, a spy in the employ of the intelligence department of the detective bureau, is generally a criminal with a sentence hanging over him, and is controlled through fear or is influenced by even baser motives, for there is not nearly so much honor among thieves as the story-book writers would have you believe. Another class of men who give valuable information to the police are the "night hawks," as the cabmen who ply their trade at night are called. They see and hear strange things, these nocturnal jehus, and their knowledge of the city's seamy side often makes them of very real value to the guardians of the law.

The plain-clothes men of the central office cover the whole city. There are a score or more of them detailed to the Wall Street district. Two more are assigned to the jewelry district—John and Cortlandt Streets and Maiden Lane. All the street-car lines are covered by these vigilant watch-dogs of the law. Usually there are a dozen or so on the Broadway surface-lines alone. The elevated roads, too, are watched, and in particular those stations on the subway where the crush is the greatest. Several detectives are assigned to the theaters at night, for it is in the city's playhouses that some of the most important arrests are made. But it is always very quietly done. A man in evening dress, crush hat, light overcoat and all, steps up to another man who is escorting a handsomely-gowned woman and whispers a few words in his ear. The escort starts and pales, then he nods in acquiescence. Outside he hurriedly whispers to his companion, places her in a cab and then joins the detective, who had merely said, "The inspector wants to see you at headquarters." These words are the shibboleth of the central office; as the Scotland Yard man says warningly, "All that you say will be used against you," the New York detective whispers, "You are wanted at headquarters."

The Specialists in Shoplifting

The fashionable shopping district is one of the chief fields for police espionage, the thousands of buyers who are attracted by the big department stores affording countless opportunities for sneak thieves and pickpockets to ply their callings. But the proprietors of the large establishments do not depend on the vigilance of the central office men alone, most of them maintaining their own corps of store detectives. At the entrance to every large department store a man is stationed who, to the unobservant, would be taken for a customer in waiting, or for a husband who was avoiding the bargain-counter rush. This man is a store detective, who knows by sight all of the professional shoplifters. Moreover, he soon detects any one who in dress, manner or bearing could be classed as suspicious. The expert thieves are known and spotted at once. If one whose picture is in the big cabinets down in the Rogues' Gallery appears at a large department store, he or she immediately becomes the subject of unceasing espionage. Then comes the work which makes these private secret police of value. It is necessary, for obvious reasons, not to create any noise or confusion. Frequently a store detective will walk through a large part of the establishment, keeping his eye on a suspiciously-acting woman. Even if she commits a theft the arrest is quietly conducted. If the article is of small value the usual way is for the detective quietly to walk alongside of the shoplifter to ascertain if she is "loaded down" with goods. If she has been very active it is known at once. Bulging skirts, which no one else but an experienced person would notice, are usually the telltale sign of kleptomaniacal activities. If it becomes apparent that large quantities of goods have been stolen and are adroitly concealed about her person, the shoplifter is usually ordered to accompany the detective to the office of the superintendent for examination. During the holidays it is frequently found that, by means of false skirts, extra pockets and voluminous cloaks, the experts will have a large quantity of goods of value concealed about them. Arrests are so seldom openly made in the large stores, and prosecutions are so still more rare, that the prevalence of this form of crime is hardly appreciated by the shopping public. Many of the expert shoplifters, when touched on the shoulder, quickly get rid of their booty by dropping it on the floor or on the counter, and then setting up the plea that the articles caught in hooks in their dresses or that they were carrying the goods from counter to counter.

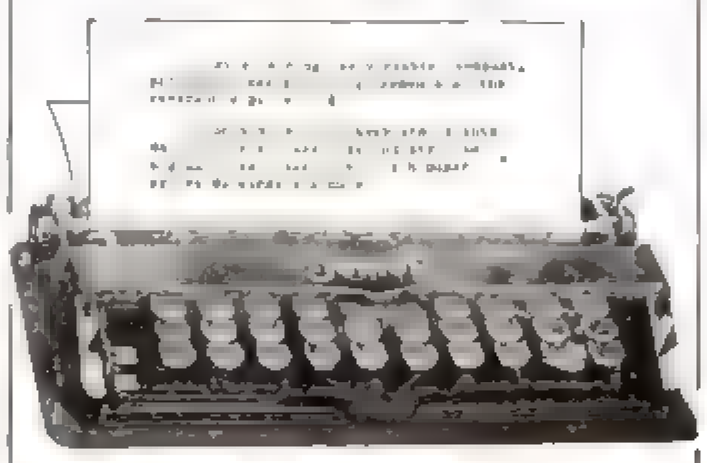
The secret agent finds still another line of employment in the espionage to which trades unions and similar associations of employees are submitted by the great employers of labor. Many of the great railways and manufacturing concerns of the country maintain regularly-organized secret intelligence systems, by means of which they are kept constantly informed of all that goes on in their shops and at the meetings of the unions to which their employees belong. These agents are instructed to have themselves elected to office and appointed on important committees in the unions, the employers thus being able to obtain advance notice of strikes, boycotts or proposals of arbitration. It is by means of these same agents that the employers are enabled to direct the thoughts of their employees into the "right channels," which means, when translated, opposition to socialism, the evils of certain forms of trades-unionism, and the like.

The Criminal Drag-Net

I have endeavored to show with what a marvelous system of espionage the international secret police have covered the world. From the Cabinet Minister who plots the overthrow of a dynasty to the shoplifter who steals an imitation brooch, there is no single field of criminal endeavor in which the spy, governmental or private, does not play his part. The possibilities of escape for the wrongdoer have become infinitesimal. The havens of safety have almost disappeared. Fast as the criminal can move, his enemies can move faster still. The train may travel at sixty miles an hour, but the telephone travels a hundred miles a second. The steamship may cross from New York to Liverpool in six days, but the cable reaches Liverpool six days before the liner. He races an implacable enemy as a snail might race the wind. And even as he races, hoping, perhaps, that the wind is blowing in a direction opposite to his own, he carries with him a leaden weight which must drag him to a standstill at the last—the knowledge that he is *he*, that his body, which he cannot change, is known in every stark detail by his pursuers, that he can be identified with absolute certainty out of a million of his fellow-men. If once he has beaten against the walls of the prison-house, if once he has tried the bolt of the door, he has left the picture of his soul behind him in the marks made by his hands. He is pursued in the nightmare of his flight by a face and feet and hands at which he dare not look; he knows they are his own. By means of the Bertillon system of anthropometry and the Galton system of finger identification a man may be followed to the very ends of the world after committing a crime, simply by reason of his having unconsciously provided his pursuers with a portrait of himself far more deadly in its certainty of likeness than any photograph.

The meshes of the net that envelops the criminal are being drawn tighter and tighter still. But the meshes are hideously small and close as it is.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. E. A. Powell's two articles on this subject.



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THE SERPENT IN EDEN

(Concluded from Page 6

my answer be published over my own signature. When I went into the office the editor was out in the composing-room, but on his desk was standing a little bundle. Stuffed into the string at the top of the bundle was a folded sheet of buff paper — just the shade on which the anonymous circulars had been printed — with the name of Major Mann written on it in pencil.

When Filkins, the editor, had read my statement he laid it down on his desk hesitatingly. "I don't like to introduce personal and partisan things like this," he said, "into the politics of this community. Eden, you know, has always been singularly free from ——"

"You talk about personal and partisan things," I interrupted him hotly, "with a bundle of dirty, anonymous circulars printed at the order of Major Mann lying on your desk. You can take my statement and print it or not, as you please. But if you don't print it I shall get up at the next council meeting and tell all I know about the Major and the Echo and the anonymous-letter method of conducting non-partisan politics."

Then I stalked out of the Echo office, leaving Filkins sitting humped up in his chair. But my statement appeared, and at the next council meeting — the Major being absent — my proposal to make the traction company light the streets was adopted by a unanimous vote.

The first taste of Mann's enmity I got was at the next election of the country club, when I was left off the board of governors, on which I had served for three years. But it was nearly six months later when the gallant old Major got his real opportunity. We were having an epidemic of typhoid fever in Eden. At the time we were getting our water supply from an intake pipe sunk to the bottom of the lake about five hundred feet from shore. Investigation showed me that, for a month, there had been a break in this pipe at a point within one hundred feet of the shore line. I got up in council meeting, called attention to the facts, and asked that we have the water analyzed and examined bacteriologically. Major Mann rose instantly to reply.

"If this charge is made public," he began impressively, "it will cut the value of every foot of real estate in Eden by fifty per cent. If it appears in the Milwaukee papers that Eden is in the grip of a typhoid-fever epidemic and that our water supply is contaminated, the honest working-man who goes to sleep tonight in his little cottage, worth, perhaps, two thousand dollars, will awake in the morning to find that the value of his little homestead has been cut in half half the results of years of toil and self-denial lost as the result of a careless — I do not say malicious — speech. The city of Troy, situated at the other end of our lake — only two miles away — drinks the same water as we do. Yet there has been no case of typhoid reported there. I move we do now adjourn until Friday night, and that an invitation be extended to all the property owners and taxpayers of Eden to be present on that evening."

Friday night came, and I am sure that every man who owned even a vacant lot in Eden was at the skating rink, where we met for the sake of the additional room. I was called on. After stating what my suspicions had been I read the report of the city health department of Milwaukee, where I had had the water examined and analyzed. It showed dangerous contamination in each of four samples of water tested. Then I sat down. Major Mann got up to answer.

The old man painted a moving and pathetic picture of the beautiful streets of Eden grass-grown and deserted, its stately homes boarded up and falling into decay, its people penniless and starving, all because one of its own citizens had labeled it a pest-house. The assembled property owners groaned in sympathy and then looked at me with an angry glare in their eyes. Finally he pulled a package of papers from his pocket. "Anticipating such a report as has been made tonight," he said impressively, "I also have had the water supply of Eden analyzed. From five different hydrants in five different quarters of Eden samples of water were drawn and submitted to two leading firms of analytical chemists, one in Chicago and the other in Milwaukee. Here are their reports, and they all agree in declaring the water free from contamination of any kind."

He read the names signed to these favorable reports. They were those of leaders in their profession. I was simply confounded. There was nothing that I could say. The meeting adjourned, after adopting resolutions which denounced people who made unjust and unfounded attacks on the water and consequently on the property values of Eden, and the people broke up hurriedly, avoiding me as one who has been convicted of a crime.

I had finished my dinner the evening of the next council meeting when there came a low knock at the front door. A roughly-dressed man spoke to me when I opened it.

"I'm Jenkins," he began. "I ran against you for alderman, perhaps you remember. Well, when the livery fired me I got on down at the water-works pumping station. And I came round tonight to tell you that the morning after your first speech on the water question we stopped pumping. The same day our water-mains were connected up with the Troy mains. So the water Major Mann had analyzed, though it was drawn from hydrants in Eden, was really Troy water."

"You are sure?" I burst out incredulously.

"Certain. I helped make the connection myself."

"Come on," I cried, seizing my hat and calling back a good-by to my wife. We went straight to the council chamber.

Well, I made a sad spectacle of myself that night, I know. For the first time in my life I broke out publicly into profanity when I got up to speak at the council meeting. I named men by their names; I denounced Major Mann and old John Carson; I poured my scorn on the writers of the lying, anonymous letters; I declared that Hinky Dink and the Bathhouse played cleaner politics than they did; and I concluded by thanking Heaven that my first and only connection with politics in Eden was nearing its end.

The next evening, when old Doctor Hassock came over to the house to make a pastoral call, I knew that he had heard the whole story.

"There must be something inherently corrupting and demoralizing about politics, John," he said sententiously, as he lit his second cigar.

"You mean my swearing at old Major Mann, Doctor, don't you?"

"No," he went on, shaking his delicate old head, "I don't feel that you are alone to blame — far from it. But the whole thing is so inexplicable. We are a well-to-do, respectable and refined people here in Eden; we are singularly free from the corrupting influence of the saloon; we do not have bitter and partisan factions, fighting under party banners; we are free from vulgar and grasping ward bosses; we are spared the pernicious influence of the floating labor vote and of the sensational and vicious press; we are in most respects, I suppose it is fair to say, an ideal community. And yet ——"

WHIPSAWED!

(Continued from Page 9)

"They'd rather do even the square thing crooked. Well, you know what to do."

"I'll send them special picks," declared Blackie with a grin.

"Nothing but a list of crabs that would come in third in a two-horse race. But come on outside; we're too far from cracked ice," and grabbing an uncounted handful of bills from the drawer of his desk, Blackie stuffed them in his pocket and led the way out.

It was at luncheon that Blackie made his first protest.

"What's the matter with you, J. Rufus?" he demanded. "I never saw you insult food and drink before."

"I'm thinking," returned Wallingford solemnly. "I hate to do it, for it interferes with my appetite; but here's a case where I must. I have got to put one over on that Broadway bunch or lose my self-respect."

That evening, on the way down to the boat, their feet cocked comfortably on the opposite seat of a cab, Wallingford formulated a more or less vague plan.

"Tell you what you do, Blackie," he directed; "you send to Phelps and to me, until I give you the word, a daily tip on sure losers. In the mean time, bank all your money, and don't make a bet on any race."

"What are you going to do?" asked Blackie curiously.

"Land a sure winner for us and a loser for the Broadway Syndicate. Hold yourself ready when I wire you to take a quick train for my hotel, loaded down with all the money you can grab together."

"Fine!" returned Blackie. "You wire me that it's all fixed, and when I start for New York there'll be a financial stringency in Boston."

VI

WALLINGFORD caught Beauty Phillips at breakfast about noon, and in a most charming morning gown, for the Beauty was consistent enough to be neat even when there was none but "mother" to see.

"Hello, Mr. Mark, from Easyville," she hailed him. "I heard all about you."

"You did!" he demanded, surprised. "Who told you?"

"Phelps and Banting," she said. "They had the nerve to come up in the grandstand yesterday and tell Mr. Block and me all about it; told me how much you won and how they got it away from you at poker."

"Did they tell you they put knock-out drops in my wine?" demanded Wallingford.

"They didn't do that!" she protested.

"Exactly what they did. Whether we played poker afterward, I don't know. I'd just as soon as not believe they went through my pockets."

"I wouldn't put it past them a bit," she agreed, and then her indignation began to grow. "Say, ain't it a shame! Now, if I hadn't gone out to dinner with Mr. Block, you'd have been with me. I'd have had that lovely diamond brooch you promised me out of your first winnings, and we'd have had all the rest of it to bet with for a few days. Honest, Pinky, I feel as if it were my fault!"

"Don't you worry about that," Wallingford cordially reassured her. "It was my own fault; but I wasn't looking for anything worse than a knife in my back or a piece of lead pipe behind the ear. There's no use in crying over spilled milk. The thing to do now is to get even, and I want you to help me."

"Don't you mix in, Beauty," admonished the hired mother, but the Beauty was thoughtful for a while. "Mother" was there to give good advice, but the Beauty only took it if she liked it.

"I really can't afford it," she said, by and by; "but I've got some principles about me, and I don't like to see a good sport like you take a rough dose from a lot of cheaps like them; so you show me how and I'll mix in just this once."

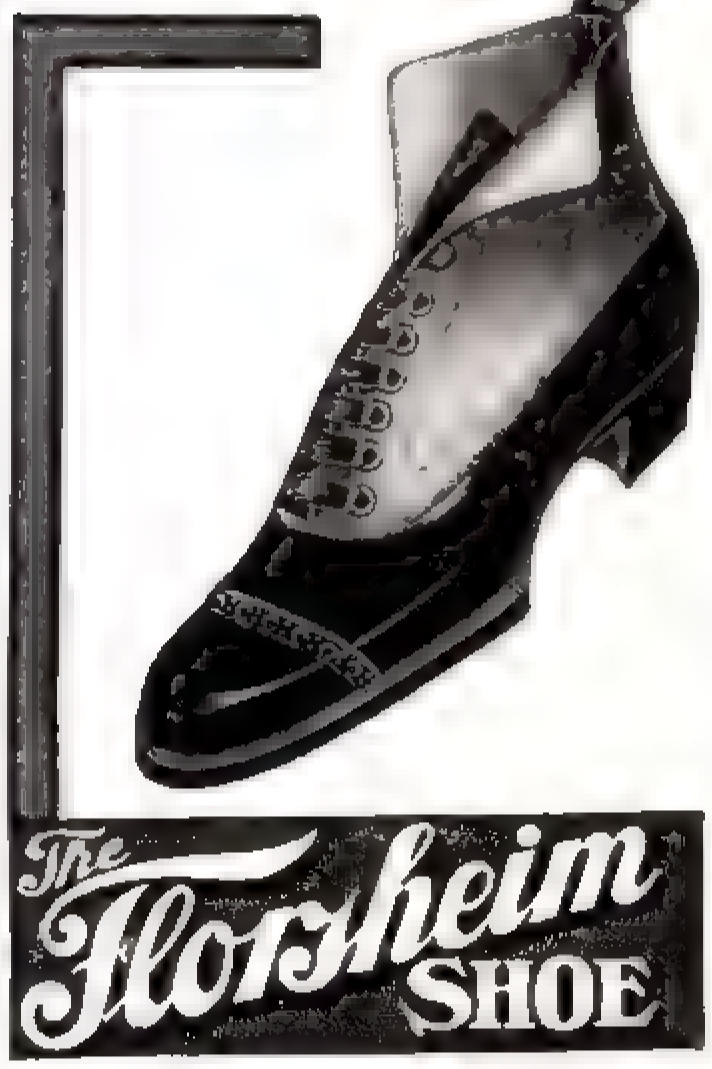
Wallingford hesitated in turn.

"How do you like Block?" he inquired.

Beauty Phillips sniffed her dainty nose in disdain.

"He won't do," she announced with decision. "I've found out all about him. He's got enough money to star me in a show of my own for the next ten years, but he's not furnished with the brand of manners I like. I'll never marry a man I can't stand. I've got *a few* principles about me! Why, yesterday he tried to treat me real lovely, but do you know, he wouldn't give me the name of a horse, even when he put a hundred down for me in the third race? There I sat, with a string of 'em just prancing around the track, and not one to pull for. Then after the race is over he comes and tosses me five hundred dollars. 'I got you four to one on the winner,' says he. Why, it was just like *giving me money!* Jimmy, I'm going out to dinner with him tonight, then I'm going to turn him back

The Cambridge



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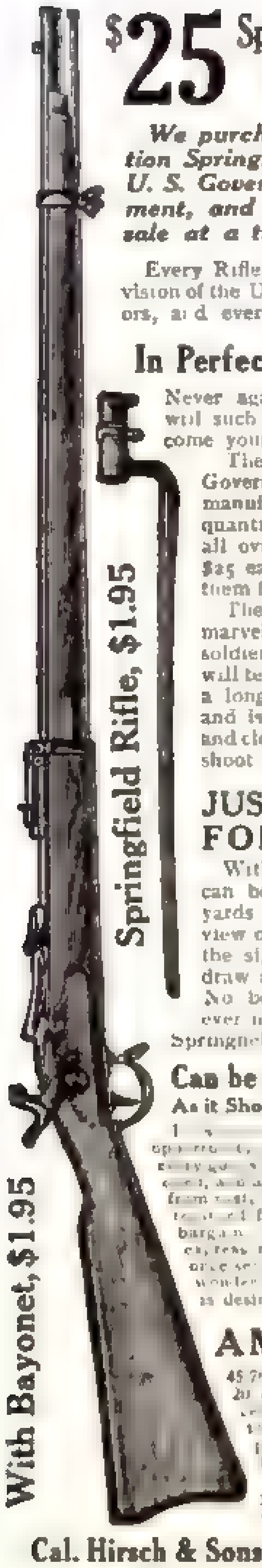

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into the paddock, and you can pal around with me again until I find a man with plenty of money that I could really love."

"Don't spill the beans," advised Wallingford hastily. "Block thinks you're about the maple custard, don't he?"

"He's crazy about me," confessed the Beauty complacently.

"Fine work. Well, just you string him along till he gives you the name of a sure winner in advance; jolly it out of him."

"Not on your three-sheet litho!" negatived the Beauty. "I never yet worked one mash against another. I guess you'd expect to play even on that tip, eh?"

"Sure, we'll play it," admitted Wallingford; "but, better than that, I'll shred this Harry Phelps crowd so clean they'll have to borrow carfare."

She thought on this possibility with sparkling eyes. She was against the "Phelps crowd" on principle. Also—well, Wallingford had always been a perfect gentleman.

"Are you sure you can do it?" she wanted to know.

"It's all framed up," he asserted confidently; "all I want is the name of that winner."

The Beauty considered the matter seriously, and in the end silently shook hands with him. The *pro tem.* Mrs. Phillips sniffed.

This was on a Saturday, a matinée day, and Wallingford went out to the track alone, contenting himself with extremely small bets, merely to keep his interest alive. The day's racing was half over before he ran across the Broadway Syndicate. They were heartily glad to see him. They greeted him with even effervescent joy.

"Where have you been, J. Rufus?" asked Phelps. "We were looking for you all over yesterday. We thought sure you'd be out at the track playing that Boston Gouge Company's tips."

"In the country, resting up," replied Wallingford, with matter-of-fact cheerfulness. "By George, I never had wine put me down and out so in my life"—whereat the cadaverous Short-Card Larry could not repress a wink for the benefit of Yap Pickins. "What was the good-thing they wired yesterday?"

"Whipsaw!" scorned Phelps. "Say, do you see that horse out there?"—and he pointed to a selling-plater, up at the head of the stretch, which was being warmed up by a stable boy. "Well, that's Whipsaw, just coming in from yesterday's last race."

Wallingford chuckled.

"They're bound to land on a dead one once in a while," he granted; "but I'm strong for their game. You remember what that Razzoo thing that they tipped off did for me the other day."

"Yes?" admitted Phelps with a rising inflection and a meaning grin. "Nice money you won on him. It spends well."

"Enjoy yourselves," invited Wallingford cordially. "I've no kick coming. I'm through with stud poker till they quit playing it with a hole-card."

"I don't blame you," agreed Short-Card Larry solemnly. "Anybody that would bet a four-flush against two aces in sight, the way you did when Billy won that three-thousand-dollar pot from you, ought never to play anything stronger than ping-pong for the cigarettes."

Wallingford nodded, with the best brand of suavity he could muster under the irritating circumstances.

"I suppose I did play like a man expecting his wife to telephone," he admitted. "Excuse me a minute; I want to get a bet down on this race."

"Who do you like?" asked Pickins.

"Rosey S."

The four began to laugh.

"That's the hot Boston tip," gasped Phelps. "Say, Wallingford, don't give your money to the Mets. Let us make a book for you on that skate."

"You're on," agreed J. Rufus, delighted that the proposition should come from them, for he had been edging in that direction himself. "I'll squander a hundred on him at the first odds we see."

They went into the betting-shed. Rosey S. was quoted at six to one. Even as they looked the price was rubbed, and ten to one was chalked in its place. The laughter of the quartet was long and loud as they pulled money from their pockets.

"The first odds goes, Big Pink," Banting reminded him.

Wallingford produced his hundred dollars, and quietly noted that the eyes of the quartet glistened as they saw the size of the roll from which he extracted it. They had not been prepared to find that he still had plenty of money. Jake Block passed near them, and Wallingford hailed him.

"Hold stakes for us, Jake, on a little private bet?" he asked.

"Sure thing," acquiesced Jake. "What is it?"

"These fellows are trying to win out dinner-money on me. They're giving me six hundred to one against Rosey S."

Block glanced up at the board and noted the increased odds, but it was no part of his policy to interfere in anything.

"All right," he said, taking the seven hundred dollars and stuffing the money in his pocket. "You don't want to lay a little more, do you, at that odds?"

"No," declined Wallingford. "I'm unlucky when I press a bet."

Rosey S. put up a very good race for place, but dropped back in the finish to a chorus of comforting observations from the quartet, who, to make matters more aggravating, had played the winner for place at a good price.

Jake Block came to them right after the race and handed over the money. He was evidently in a great hurry. Wallingford started to talk to him, but Block moved off rapidly, and it dawned upon J. Rufus that the horseman wanted to "shake" him so as not to have to invite him to dinner with himself and Beauty Phillips.

Sunday morning he went around to that discreet young lady's flat for breakfast, by appointment. "Mrs. Phillips" met him with unusual warmth.

"I've been missing you," she stated with belated remembrance of certain generous gifts. "Say," she added with sudden indignation, "you may have my share of Block for two peanuts. What do you suppose he did? Offered me five dollars to boost him with Beauty. *Five dollars!*"

"The cheap skate!" exclaimed Wallingford sympathetically.

The Beauty came in and greeted him with a flush of pleasure.

"Well," she said, "I got it. The horse runs in the fourth race Friday, and its name is Whipsaw."

"Whipsaw!" exclaimed Wallingford. "He's stringing you."

"No, he isn't," she declared positively. "It was one o'clock last night before I got him thawed out enough to give up, and I had to let him hold my hand, at that," and she rubbed that hand vigorously as if it still had some stain upon it. "He told me all about the horse. He says it's the one good thing he's going to uncover for this meeting. He tried Whipsaw out on his own breeding-farm down in Kentucky, clocking him twice a week, and he says the nag can beat anything on this track. Block's been breaking him to run real races, entering against a lot of selling-platers, with instructions to an iron-armed jockey to hold in so as to get a long price. Friday he intends to send the horse in to win and expects to get big odds. I'm glad it's over with. We promised to go out to Claremont this afternoon with Block, but that settles him. Tomorrow I'm going out with you."

J. Rufus shook his head.

"No, you mustn't," he insisted. "You must string this boy along till after the race Friday. He might change his mind or scratch the horse or something, but if he knows you have a heavy bet down, and he's still with you, he'll go through with the program."

"I can't do it," she protested.

He turned to her slowly, took both her hands, and gazed into her eyes.

"Yes, you can, Beauty," he said. "We've been good pals up to now, and this is the last thing I'll ever ask of you."

She looked at him a moment with heightening color, then she dropped her eyes.

"Honest, Pinky," she confessed, "sometimes I do wish you had a lot of money."

VII

ON MONDAY, nearing noon, Wallingford dropped into a flashy café just off Broadway, where he knew he would be bound to find some one of his quartet. He found Short-Card Larry there alone, his long, thin fingers clasped around a glass of buttermilk.

"Hello, Wallingford," he said, grinning. "Going out to the track today?"

"I'm not going to miss a race till the meeting closes," asserted Wallingford. "I've a good one today that I'm going to send in a couple of hundred on."

"What is it?" asked Larry.

"Governor."

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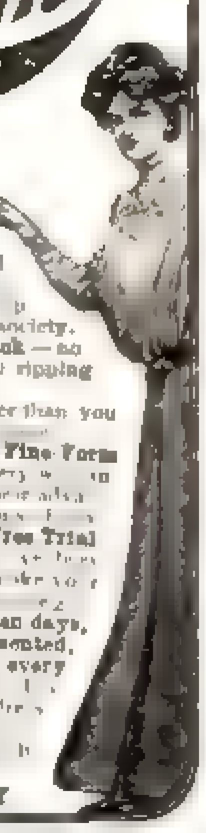

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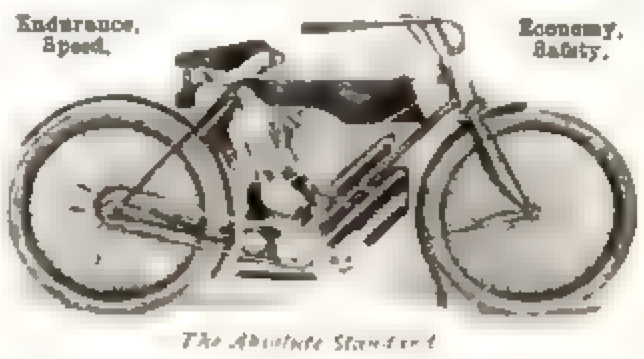

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"Governor!" snorted Larry. "Who's in the race with him?" He drew a paper to him and turned to the entries. "Why," he protested, "there isn't a plug in that race that can't come back to hunt him."

"That's all right," said Wallingford. "I'm for the National Clockers' Association, and I'm going to play their picks straight through."

"Here's a match," offered Larry scornfully. "Set fire to your money and save yourself the trouble of the trip."

"Maybe you'd like to save it from the flames. What odds will you give me?"

This being an entirely different proposition, Larry began to think much better of the horse.

"Five to one," he finally decided, after studying over the entries again. "Don't know whether that's the track odds or not. But you can take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," agreed Wallingford, and tossed his money on the bar.

Mr. Teller drew a checkbook from his pocket, and Wallingford, glancing at the top of the stub as Larry filled out the blank for a thousand, noted with satisfaction the splendid balance that was there. Evidently the gang was well in funds. They had, no doubt, been quite busy of late.

"Of course you'll cash that," requested Wallingford, not so much on account of this particular bet as to establish a precedent.

"Sure," agreed Teller; "although I'll only have to deposit it again."

"I'm betting the two hundred you don't, remember," said Wallingford, and they signed a memorandum of the bet, which they deposited with the rock-jawed proprietor, after that never-smiling gentleman had nonchalantly opened his safe and cashed Larry's check.

On Tuesday morning, Governor having lost and Short-Card Larry having imprudently exulted to his friends over the two-hundred-dollar winning, Mr. Teller came around to Wallingford's hotel with his pocket full of money to find there Badger Billy and Mr. Phelps, both of whom had come on similar business.

"I suppose you got his coin on today's sure thing," observed Larry with a scowl, he being one to whom a bad temper came natural.

"Three hundred of it," said fat Badger Billy triumphantly. "Today he has a piece of Brie fromage by the name of Handicass."

"Which ought to be called Handcase," supplemented Phelps, and the two threw back their hands and roared. "The cheese is expected to skipper home about the time the crowd realizes they're off." And they all enjoyed themselves in contemplation of what was going to happen to Handicass.

"Got any more?" demanded Larry.

"Not this morning," returned Wallingford, accepting his rôle of derided "come-on" with fortitude. "I want to save some for tomorrow's bet."

"You see," explained Billy Banting, puffing up his red cheeks with laughter, "Wallingford's playing a system of progression. He hikes the bet every day, expecting to play even in the finish."

"I see," said Larry, grinning; "but don't you fellows hook all this easy money. Count me in for a piece of tomorrow's bet."

He had a chance. Handicass ran to consistent form with all the other "picks" — except the one accident, Razzoo — of the National Clockers' Association, and on Wednesday, Wallingford bet four hundred on the "information" which that concern wired to him and to Mr. Phelps. On that day, too, having received at breakfast-time a report from Beauty Phillips that the Whipsaw horse was still "meant," he wrote careful instructions to Blackie Daw, then held his thumbs and crossed his fingers and touched wood and looked at the moon over the proper shoulder, and did various other things to keep Fate from sending home one of those tips as an accidental winner on either Wednesday or Thursday.

Nothing of that disastrous sort happened, however, and his pet enemies, the quartet, having won from J. Rufus on Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, had by this time pooled their interests and constituted themselves Wallingford's regular bookmaking syndicate. Their only fear on Friday morning, after Phelps had received his wire from Boston, was that Wallingford would not care to bet that day, since the horse which had been given out was that notorious tail-ender, Whipsaw! They invaded J. Rufus' apartments as soon as they got the wire, and were relieved to find that Wallingford was still firm in his allegiance to the National Clockers' Association.

They were a little surprised, however, to find Blackie Daw at breakfast with Wallingford, but they greeted that old comrade with great cordiality, coupled with an inward fear that he might interfere with their designs upon Wallingford.

"You haven't been making a book against J. Rufus on the day's races, have you?" inquired Phelps.

"Not yet," said Blackie, laughing, "but I'm willing. What's he on?"

"Whipsaw," interposed Wallingford.

Blackie laughed softly.

"I don't know the horse," he said, "but I just seem to remember that he's the joke of the track."

"No," explained Larry; "he's too painful to be a joke."

"What odds do you expect to get, Wallingford?" asked Blackie, reaching for his wallet.

"Hold on a minute," said Phelps hastily. "You don't want to butt in on this, Daw. We've been making book for J. Rufus all week, and it's our money. You hold stakes."

"Don't you worry," snapped Wallingford, suddenly displaying temper; "there will be enough to go around. I'll cover every cent you four have or can get," and he pushed his chair back from the table. "This is my last day in the racing game, and I'm going to plunge on Whipsaw. I've turned into cash every resource I had in the world. I've even soaked my diamonds and watch to get more. Now come on and cover my coin." From his pocket he produced a thick bundle of bills of large denomination. "What odds do I get? The last time Whipsaw was in a race he opened at twelve to one and I ought to get fifteen at least today. Here's a thousand at that odds."

"Not on your life!" said Short-Card Larry. "I wouldn't put up fifteen thousand to win one on any game."

"What'll you give me, then? Come on for this easy money. Give me ten?"

No, they would not give him ten.

"Give me eight?"

They hesitated. He immediately slid the money in his pocket.

"You fellows are kidding. You don't want to make book for me. I'll take this coin out to the track and get it down at the long odds."

His display of contemptuous anger decided them.

"I'll take my share," asserted Short-Card Larry, he of the quick temper, and among them the four made up the money to cover Wallingford's bet.

"Here's the stakes, Blackie," said Wallingford, passing over the money toward him. "You're all willing he should hold the money?"

They were. They knew Blackie.

"Moreover," observed Yap Pickins, meaningly, "we'll keep close to him."

"Here's another thousand that you can cover at five to one," offered Wallingford, counting out the money.

Now they were as eager as he.

"We'll take you," said Teller, "but I'll have to go out and get more mezuma."

"All right. Bring all you can scrape together and I'll cover the balance of it at two to one."

For just one moment they were suspicious.

"Look here," said Billy Banting, "do you know something about this horse?"

"If I did I wouldn't tell. Don't you know that I can get from fifteen to twenty at the track? Why do you suppose I want to make such a sucker bet as this? It's because I'd rather have your money than anybody else's; because I want to *break* you!"

He was fairly trembling with simulated anger now.

"If that's the case you'll be accommodated," said Teller with an oath. "Come on, boys; we'll bring up a chunk of money that'll stop all this four-flush conversation."

Mr. Phelps, having already "produced to his limit," stayed with Wallingford while the others went out. First of all, they dropped in at a quiet poolroom where they were known, and made inquiries about Whipsaw. They were answered by a laugh, and an offer to "take them on for all they wanted at their own odds," and, reassured, they scattered, to raise all the money they could. They returned in the course of an hour and counted down a sum larger than Wallingford had thought the four of them could control. He was to find

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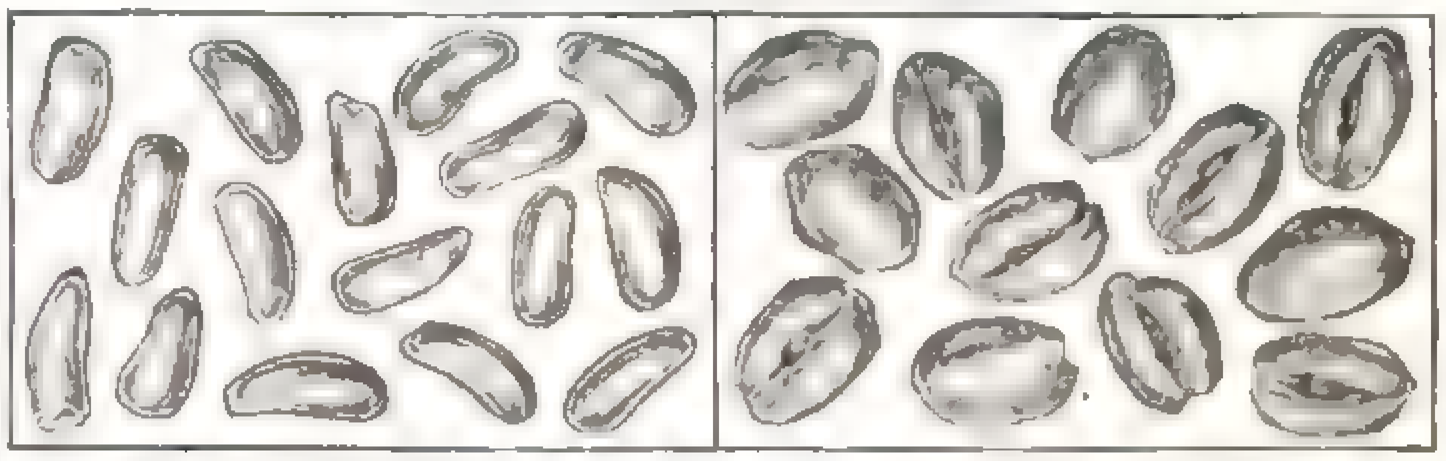

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This generous expression of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., I repeat for what it is worth. Let me say this, that no one knows better the work I have done and am trying to do than he.

Perhaps, reader, you do not know what my work is. Let me then introduce it to you. There are plenty of men and women, not actually in the sick bed, who are far from well. Living a rapid life mentally but a sedentary life physically, they find the body anything but an efficient servant. In too many instances the body has become master, requiring its owner to bend to its demands. When one stops to think, it seems impossible to believe that this is a normal state of things. I do not believe it. I am convinced that the physical man *must* be servant to the mental man. I *know* that the body can be trained by scientific exercise to a state of perfect health. My work then is to put men and women in possession of health, by directing them in scientific exercise. And you my reader know that both true happiness and true success wait on health.

When I was a lad I was puny and delicate. That I afterward acquired strength and perfect health I owe solely to scientific exercise. It was natural, therefore, that I became convinced that what was good for me was good for other people.

During those years when I was making public appearances in America, Europe and Australia, I studied the question of health and strength, not only as it affected myself but as it affected men and women in general. My opportunities were unlimited. I came in close contact with physicians everywhere who were interested in the relation between health and scientific exercise. Men and women by scores came to see me to ask what I thought physical culture could do for them.

Of those years of study my system of scientific physical culture is the result, and it is the effects of that system of which Sir Conan Doyle has so kindly spoken.

In England this system has been working out with splendid success for several years. I teach it in my Institute in St. James St., London, and also by correspondence to pupils in the British Isles, the Colonies and on the Continent.

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out later that they had not only converted their bank accounts and all their other holdings into currency, but had borrowed all their credit would stand wherever they were known. Wallingford, covering their first five thousand with one, calmly counted out an amount equal to one-half of all the rest they had put down, passed it over to Blackie to hold, then flaunted more money in their faces.

"This is at evens if you can scrape up any more," he offered sneeringly. "Go soak your jewelry."

Before making that suggestion he had noted the absence of Larry's ring and of Billy's studded watch-charm. Phelps was the only one who still wore anything convertible, a loud cravat-pin, an emerald, set with diamonds.

"Give you two hundred against your pin," said he to Phelps, and the latter promptly took the bet.

"Are you all in?" asked Wallingford.

They acknowledged that they were "all in."

"All right, then; we'll have a drink and go out to the track. You'll want to see this race, *because I win!*"

They were naturally contemptuous of this view, even hilariously contemptuous, and they offered to lend Wallingford money enough, after the race, "to sneak out of town and hide."

While they were taking the parting drink Blackie Daw slipped into Wallingford's bedroom for just one moment "to get a handkerchief." There he found, mopping his brow, a short, thick-set chap known as Shorty Hampton, a perfectly reliable and discreet betting commissioner.

"I was just goin' to duck," growled Shorty in a gruff whisper. "I've got two or three other parties to see. I've been suffocating in this —— little room for the last hour, waitin'."

"All right. Here's the money," said Blackie, and handed him *half the stakes which had just been intrusted to his care.* "Spread this in as many poolrooms as you can; get it all down on Whipsaw."

"Three ways?" asked Shorty.

"Straight, every cent of it," insisted Daw. "No place or show-money for us today."

VIII

AT THE track they saw Beauty Phillips alone in the grandstand, and joined her. Wallingford introduced Blackie, and they chatted with her a few moments, then Wallingford took him away. He did not care to have Jake Block see them with her until after the fourth race. As they moved off she gave Wallingford a quick, meaning little nod.

True to Pickins' threat the quartet kept very close indeed to Daw, but, during the finish of the rather exciting third race, Blackie, manœuvering so that Wallingford was just behind him, slipped from his pocket the remaining half of the stake-money.

"Well, boys," said Wallingford blandly, the money safely tucked away in his own pocket, "I still have a little coin to wager on Whipsaw. Do you want it?"

"No; we're satisfied," returned Larry dryly.

"All right, then," said Wallingford. "I'm going down and get it on the books."

Harry Phelps sighed.

"It's too bad to see that easy money going away from us, Pink," he confessed.

Jake Block spent but little time that afternoon in the grandstand by the side of Beauty Phillips and her mother. From the beginning of the racing he was first in the stables and then in the paddock with an anxious eye. He was lined up at the fence opposite the barrier for the start of the fateful fourth, and he stood there, after the horses had jumped away, to watch his great little Whipsaw around the course. But Beauty Phillips was not without company. Wallingford sauntered up at the sound of the mounting bell and sat confidently by her.

"Did you get it all down, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Every cent," said he, wiping his brow nervously. "Did you?"

"Mother and I are broke if Whipsaw don't win," she confessed with dry lips. "What do you suppose makes Mr. Block look up here with such a poison face every two or three minutes?"

Wallingford chuckled hugely.

"The odds," he explained. "I've cut them to slivers."

Blackie Daw, attended by three of his guard, came over to join them, Blackie evidencing a strong disposition to linger in the rear, for he was taking a desperate chance with desperate men. If Whipsaw lost he had his course mapped out — down the nearest steps of the grandstand and out to the carriage-gate as fast as his legs would carry him. There, J. Rufus' automobile was to be waiting, all cranked up and trembling, ready to dart away the moment Blackie should jump in. Just as Blackie and the others joined Wallingford and Beauty Phillips, Larry Teller came breathlessly up from the betting-shed.

"There's something doing on that Whipsaw horse," he declared excitedly. "He opened at twenty to one — and in fifteen minutes of play — either somebody that knows something — or a wagonload of fool-money — had backed him down to evens. Think of it! Evens!"

There was a sudden roar from the crowd, more like a gigantic groan than any other sound. They were off! One horse was left at the post, but it was not Whipsaw. Two others trailed behind. The other five were away, well bunched. At the quarter, three horses drew into the lead, Whipsaw just behind them. At the half, one of the three was dropping back, and Whipsaw slowly overtaking it. Now his nose was at her flanks; now at the saddle; then the jockeys were abreast; then the white jacket and red sleeves of Whipsaw's rider could be seen to the fore of the opposing jockey, with the two leaders just ahead. At the three-quarters, three horses were neck and neck again, but this time Whipsaw was among them. Down the stretch they came pounding, and then, and not until then, did Whipsaw, a lithe, shining, little brown streak, strike into the best stride of which he was capable. A thousand hoarse watchers, as they came to the seven-eighths, roared encouragement to the horses. Whipsaw's name was much among them, but only in tones of anger. Men and even women ran down to the rail, stood on tiptoe with red faces, shrieking for Fashion to come on, begging and praying Fashion to win, for Fashion carried most of the money; and the shrieking became an agony as the horses flashed under the wire, Whipsaw a good, clean length and a half in the lead!

As the roaring stopped in one high, abrupt wail, Beauty Phillips, who never knew emotion or excitement, suddenly discovered, to her vast surprise, that she was upon her feet! that she was clutching her throat for its hoarseness! that she was dripping with perspiration! that she was faint and weak and giddy! that her blood was pounding and her eyeballs hurt; and that she had been, from the stretch down, jumping violently up and down and shrieking the name of Whipsaw! Whipsaw! Whipsaw! Whipsaw!

A frenzied hand grabbed Blackie Daw by the elbow.

"Duck, for God's sake, Blackie!" implored the shaking voice of Billy Banting. "Go down to the old joint on Thirty-third Street and wait for us. We'll split up that stake and all make a get-away."

"Not on your life!" returned Blackie calmly, and pulled Wallingford around toward him by the shoulder. "I shall have great pleasure in turning over to Mr. Wallingford the combined bets of the Broadway Syndicate against that lovely little record-breaker, Whipsaw."

"It's a good horse," said Wallingford with forced calmness, and then he began to chuckle, his broad shoulders shaking and his breast heaving; "and it was well named. I fawncy the Broadway Syndicate book will now go out of business — and with no chance to welch."

"All we wise people knew about it," Blackie condescendingly explained to the quartet. "You see, I am running the National Clockers' Association."

Before the voiceless Broadway Syndicate was through gasping over this piece of news, Jake Block came stalking through the grandstand. Though elated over his victory and flushed with his winnings, he nevertheless had time to cast a bitter scowl in the direction of Beauty Phillips.

"The next time I hand any woman a tip you may cut my arm off!" he declared. "I'm through with you!"

"Who's that?" asked Larry Teller, glaring after the man who had mentioned the pregnant word "tip."

"Jake Block, the owner of Whipsaw," Wallingford was pleased to inform him.

"It's a frame-up!" shouted Billy Banting.

A strong left hand clutched desperately at Blackie Daw's coat and tore the top

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button off, and an equally strong right hand grabbed into Blackie Daw's inside coat-pocket. It was empty, Pickins found just as a stronger hand than his own gripped him until he winced with pain.

"What have you done with the stakes?" shrieked Pickins, trying to throw off that grip, but not turning.

"What's it your business? But if you want to know, all that stake-money was bet in the shed and in the books about town—on Whipsaw to win!"

The broad-shouldered man who had edged up quite near to them during the race, and who had interfered with Pickins, now stepped in front of the members of the defunct Broadway Syndicate. They only took one good look at him, and then fell back quite clamily. In the broad-shouldered giant they had recognized Harvey Willis, a quite capable Broadway policeman and a friend of Wallingford, off for the day in his street clothes.

"Run along, little ones, and play tricks on the ignorant country folks from Harlem and Flatbush," advised Beauty Phillips as she took Wallingford's arm and turned away with him. "You've been whipsawed!"

THE TWISTED FOOT

(Continued from Page 5

Instead, he returned to the other room, replaced his lamp on the table, and stretched out in the long chair to wait. Nobody came. Through the open door he could hear the steady voice of the breakers far out on the reef, and could see, still farther, the slow diffusion of morning on the edge of the ocean. His legs were cold and growing numb. But this did not matter, nothing mattered.

It was still dark, the lamp still burned, when he woke, or rather stirred in a drunken lethargy of sleep and exhaustion. A light step sounded at the door, through which swung the tall body of a young man in white, barefooted, with trousers rolled above his knees and a stick in his hand.

David, too drowsy to move or speak, saw the newcomer limp across the threshold, and stand, as though musing, in the little circle of lamplight. The young man's face was of a singular and winning beauty—thin, sallow, and almost feminine in its lines, but with the lips of a commander, and with bright, gray eyes, sad but quick, mournful but haughty.

"And live alone," said the stranger in a tone of deep disgust. "'And live alone in the something glade!' What ass wrote that, I wonder? Wish he were here once! I'd see he was fed up with that sort of thing. What rot!"

The voice was pleasant, though void of inflection, like that of a man long grown used to thinking aloud. David got unsteadily to his feet. At the sound of this movement the man in white wheeled with an instant and shocking violence, flinging upward the object which David had taken to be a stick. In the lamplight it now shone surprising and formidable—a short, heavy Mannlicher carbine.

For all his sudden start the young man's handsome face had not altered by a line; but his voice rose brisk and ready, with a kind of engaging insolence.

"Who the devil are you? And where did you get my shooting-jacket?"

Tired as he was, and befuddled with sleep, David roused as at a blow. No man had ever spoken to him in that vein, or fixed him with such a hateful stare.

"I fell overboard," he answered coldly, "night before last. Two men in a *banca* picked me up—at least, I made them. I landed here less than an hour ago. And as for your jacket, it was in the *banca*. I had to wear something."

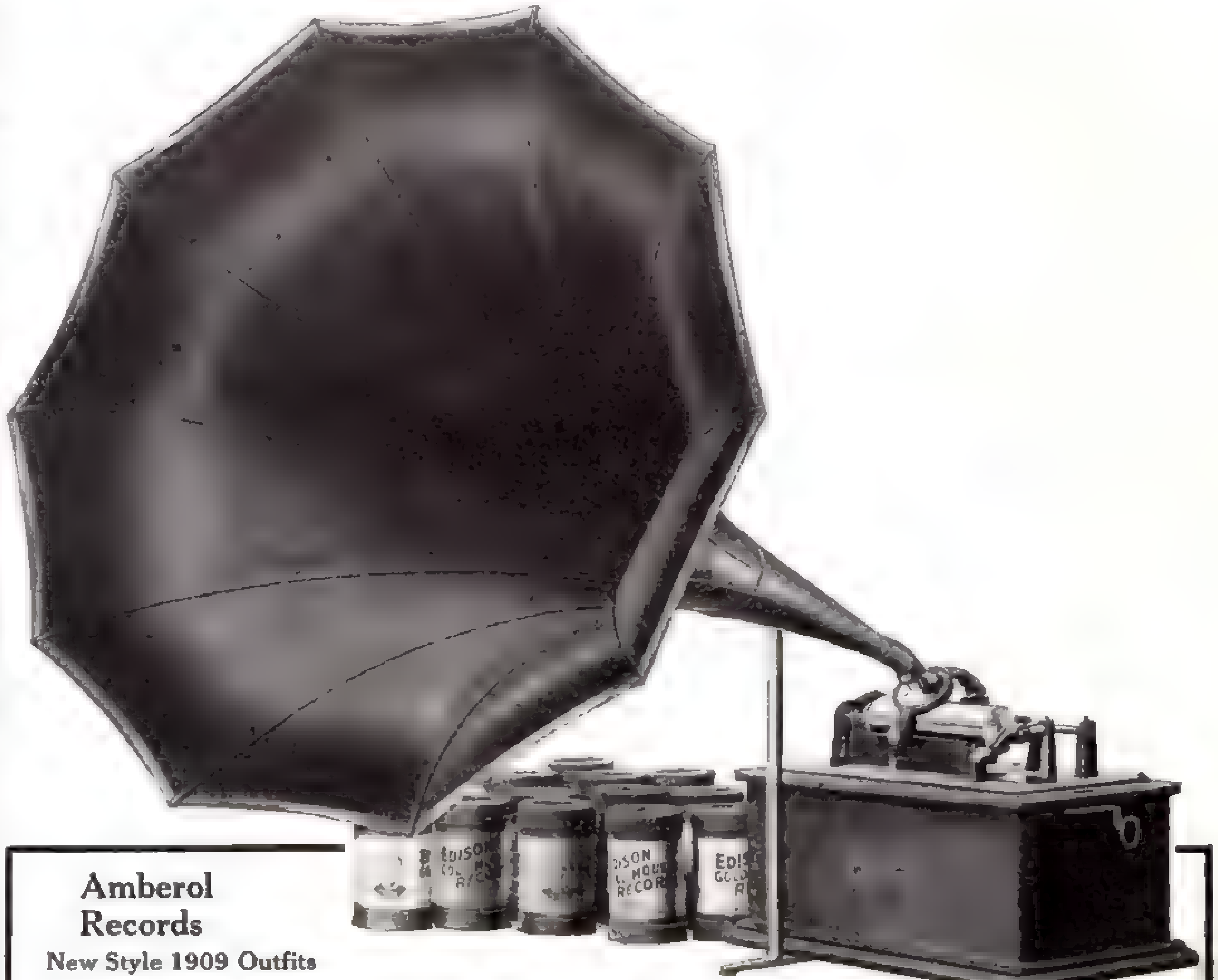
"Quite so." The gray eyes watched him, very hard and bright. "And where are your two friends?"

"Gone, I hope," said David with rising anger. "I never saw them before." He explained stiffly, giving back stare for stare. "And that's all I can tell you."

"You're a Yankee, aren't you?" said the other curtly. "I've seen Yankee beachcombers—plenty—but never quite such a blighter as you, my friend."

He stood back, significantly clear of the doorway.

"Tell your two black-and-tans," he went on, "that I carry this gun now. And, by



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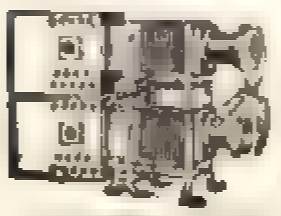

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the way, keep the jacket. Now that you've worn it I can easily do without."

For a moment David could not trust himself. Then, very pale, and with fingers missing the buttons, he ripped off the crumpled khaki, and stood forth naked.

"So can I," he said in a voice that shook. "I heard your dog barking on shore, and thought it was a white man's dog. A natural mistake, of course."

He stalked over to the Chinese chest, folded the khaki with great precision, and laid it down. As he did so, the locket struck forth a muffled click from the polished wood. Catching up the jacket once more, David plunged his hand inside it. He was smiling queerly: this, he thought, was the man who carried her picture.

"You see," he announced, holding up the thin, silver case—"You see, I didn't take everything."

He spoke bitterly, and yet it was with a pang, a sense of loss, that he laid the locket on the table. He was giving up, it seemed, not only the bit of metal, but all that it contained and signified, forever. This scornful and godlike young fellow in white he had thus far only despised; now he hated, as he saw him limp quickly to the table, and laying down the carbine snatch up the keepsake with boyish eagerness.

"Oh, I say!" cried the stranger, opening the silver shell, and looking for a mere instant, but with evident satisfaction, at the picture. "I wondered—I wouldn't have missed that for a—a good deal more than I can tell you." He snapped the locket shut, and slipped it inside his tunic. "She's worth a thousand of you and me."

The speaker remained motionless, with his arrogant young face bowed in a sudden fit of humility, his lean fingers drumming on the table, and his eyes fixed upon some memory half a world away.

This, to David, was worse than his plain insolence. Jealousy, the same jealousy which had tormented him in the boat without right or cause or sense, had flamed up afresh, but now real and redoubled in the presence of this handsome, imperious rival. He longed to ask the man to come outside and fight; but that, of course, was absurd.

"I'm a fool," said David with conviction; and, leaving the scornful stranger in possession, he turned to the door, indifferent to a weariness that made him stagger.

Into the long aisle of slender palms, through which burned a scarlet sunrise, he went out, naked and alone.

III

HE HAD taken but a few steps, and those dizzily, when the stranger's voice called him, clear and commanding:

"Wait a bit!" The man in white stood looking down from the doorway, with an altered countenance. "We're all fools, if it comes to that. I mean to say, if you'd lived here by your lonesome, like me, till you felt ready to beat your dog for not answering—why, 'twould have given *you* a start. A man with your face and build is no beachcomber, of course, and I beg pardon. You gave me something like a jump, you know, and your story *was* a bit of a shocker. Wasn't it, now, to be fair?"

David stood in doubt, still sulking.

"I don't see anything in my story," he retorted, "to shock any man with a fair mind, or"—he paused; then could not help adding—"or a clear conscience."

His rival in the doorway laughed—a pleasant, easy laugh, which was good to hear, and which gave his face a look of captivating mischief.

"Dear chap," he cried, "I haven't either, upon my word! My mind's a perfect nest of suspicions, as yours would be if——" He broke off and laughed again. "And conscience—mine's about as clear as mud. Come back here! I like the way you took this."

But David, not to be cast off and whistled back so easily, turned to go. On the flat path his feet stumbled as if among hummocks; his eyes were dry and leaden in their sockets; and around him the slim trunks swayed and blurred.

"Easy now!" coaxed a friendly voice. "Pins a little wobbly? Hold hard!" He could not tell whether he had fallen or not, but at all events he was now leaning on the Englishman's shoulder heavily, and somehow without compunction. "Steady a bit! Only a step or two, now——"

What followed David could never recall, except that the stubborn terrier would not get off the bed for a long time, that the glass of whisky was tepid and potent, and that his host, limping painfully about on

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scarred and mottled feet, was scolding himself in a queer soliloquy.

He remembered waking once, to see through a window the brightness of tropic day, the high palm-tops dazzling in silver spikes, as he rolled over into the infinite luxury of sleep.

It was evening when he came to himself, restored to normal spirits, but hollow with hunger. A candle burned in a little sconce of bamboo, and on a chair, close by, lay a singlet, a suit of white, and canvas pumps coated with fresh pipeclay. He put them on with the gratitude of a man rescued from savagery.

In the next room, beside the lamp, his host sat, opening a tin—a strangely menial task it seemed, for a man with the face of a young emperor.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully, and bent his shining head over the stubborn metal. "How are you? Feeling peckish?"

Through dinner he had little to say, but sat watching, with a quick smile when David looked up, a grave face between times, and always an air of studying his guest. A curry of tinned meat was followed by *gula* with fresh cocoanut milk, these by more whisky and tepid water, and then a handful of Mrs. Middleton's cheroots. As soon as the blue wreaths of Burma tobacco were coiling around the lamp, the smokers leaned back and eyed each other across the table like friends.

"I see," said the stranger, "you're wondering. What, now?"

David smiled.

"Not for me to ask," he replied. "But if you don't mind, two things *did* seem odd: no servant, and that gun lying just where I can't see it."

His host laughed, the same engaging laugh which robbed his face of all pride and all suspicion.

"A good eye you have there, old chap." He stooped, fished up the carbine from underfoot, and stood it against the wall. "Habit, that's all. It wasn't meant for you, I assure you. There it is—plain sight and equidistant, eh? Shows I trust you."

"I didn't mean that," said David. "Here I sit, wearing your clothes, eating your food, smoking your tobacco. You might carry a cannon in your lap. But you invited the question."

The other nodded. His handsome face fell serious again as he said very slowly:

"I had a servant once, but the poor devil got frightened off—ran clear across the island at one go with his pigtail straight out behind him. I don't mind saying"

The speaker paused, frowned slightly, then looked David square in the eye. "The fact is, I'm in a funk, rather. If they only knew they could bag me when they liked."

He leaned across, caught up the stubby Mannlicher, and, poising it athwart between them, smiled queerly.

"I told you I trusted you. Here goes!" He ran the side-bolt back and forth rapidly. The deadly mechanism gave out a smart succession of clicks, very loud in the stillness of the little room. "Not a cartridge in it, you see. What's more"—he leaned forward and whispered—"there's not one in the house. Finish! And I'm here alone."

Something in both voice and look gave suddenly to David an unaccountable sense of danger and solitude. He nodded, beginning to understand.

"Bluff?" he ventured.

"Quite so. Bluff." The Englishman patted the empty carbine as though fitting the word to it. "Bluff: that describes the past month of my life here."

He replaced the gun against the wall and leaned back, smoking hard. Into the bare little cell of bamboo a silence seemed to pour, not only from the tall grove, but from the ocean beyond the reef, where the breakers no longer stirred. When the stranger spoke again it was with the toneless voice and introverted gaze of a hermit.

"Fate, I suppose. I used to laugh at such nonsense, but nights like these, of late——" He smiled and shook his head slowly. "I feel certain, somehow. They're back in this neighborhood. Yes, they'll get me. Do you remember Hamlet and the sparrow? Fate's the word. 'If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.'"

Once more the grove and the ocean poured their stillness around the circle of lamplight. The night was close and hot, without a breath. David, watching the thin, resolute face poised as if to answer an invisible enemy, felt no longer any spark of resentment, but only a nameless pity. This owner of the locket, for all his arrogant beauty, was a man in trouble. In the

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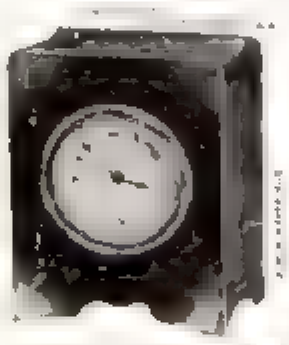

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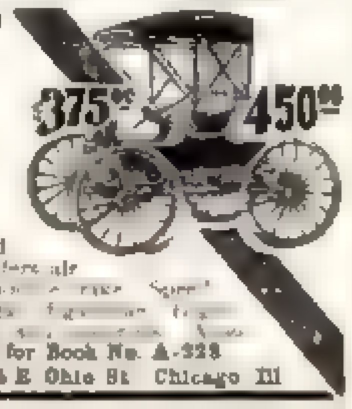

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silence a shadow of mortality seemed to touch that shining head.

"Bukking to myself, eh?" The gray eyes brightened, and returned to the present with a snap. "Beastly habit. It's your turn, dear chap. Do tell us the news outside. I haven't seen a paper since Christmastime."

For the rest of that evening the two men talked of things from Home, wars, politics and small gossip from west of Suez—familiar matters, now far off and strange in this tropic night on the rim of a neglected island. Before midnight the stranger rose.

"Yawn away—don't hide it," he said. "We'll save some talk for morning. Bed's the best place for you. I've another cot in behind."

It seemed the best place to David, who fell asleep as soon as he had tucked in his netting. In spite of weariness he slept ill, tossing in dreams painfully vivid, swift and interchangeable. He seemed to swim somewhere in an ugly darkness, toward a circle of ocean—lighted as if by a magic lantern—which always receded, and into which jutted the black bows of a ship crowded high above with glistening yellow bodies of Chinamen. Suddenly, close beside him in the darkness, through an oval window of silver, appeared the face of the unknown girl whom he had surrendered, and who looked at him earnestly, as though, from a great distance and through unspeakable complexities, she were imploring him to help the other man. The black bow of the ship rushed between and cut them off, while a voice on deck called hoarsely, "*Anito!*" A ghost: the voice was right, she was no person, but an empty likeness blown down the wind of the world. Then the steward of the Santo Niño was fishing for him, trolling a wire baited with biscuit.

And then David was awake. He had blown out his candle, so that now the room was stuffed with a darkness dense as India-rubber, except toward the window, where the heavy screen of palms shut out the moon, but flickered slowly and made a turbid stirring of the night. As he watched this, David found himself wondering who They might be. The vague pronoun haunted him drowsily, suggesting unseen and evil forces in ambush round the hut. Who were They?

Another question vexed him. What could this man be, at whose table he had eaten, yet whose name—as he now recalled with a start—was totally unknown? Some trader in copra: the rancid smell of cocoanut oil, pervading the grove, gave the most plausible answer.

As he lay wondering, a slight sound made him sit up in bed suddenly but warily. Underneath the floor of the stilted hut something moved with a stealthy, intermittent motion. Whether beast or man, it crawled beneath his very bed, toward the next room. David had raised his netting, and was about to slip through to the floor, when from below, somewhere near their dinner-table, sounded a faint rapping of knuckles against the floor boards.

Silence followed. After an interval the knuckles rapped again; and this time a brushing of bare feet told David that his host was roused. Then the man's voice murmured cautiously:

"*Siapa?*"

From under the floor a softer voice replied:

"*Sembilan.*"

The quick flare of a match, rubbed against cloth, changed to the shaking light of a candle, instantly screened. With a creak, a loose board or small trapdoor was lifted. Through the woven wall, as through a basket, David saw the tall figure in white bend over the yawning square in the floor, from which, like a snake, a glistening, brown arm rose, with fist clenched. White hand and brown fist met for a second; the hand closed, the fist opened; then the arm sank from sight like a cobra into a conjurer's pot. The man in white lowered the board into place, crossed to the table, and stood looking down. Furtively as he had come, the visitor scuttled away underneath.

David lay back on his pillow, somewhat ashamed of his spying. They, whoever They were, had no part in this transaction. He, therefore, had none. This secret was the Englishman's affair. But though conscience might make a guest lie down and turn his head from the lighted wall, conscience could not put him to sleep. He lay for a long time, wondering.

Meanwhile, the man in the next room gave no sign of returning to bed; for his

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9. [illegible]
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11. [illegible] dressed poultry
12. [illegible]
13. A [illegible] the work [illegible]
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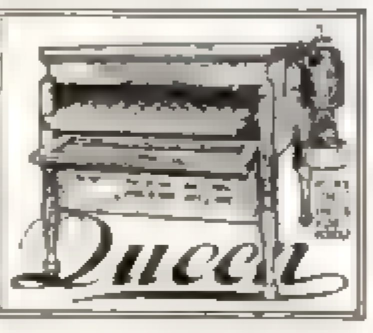

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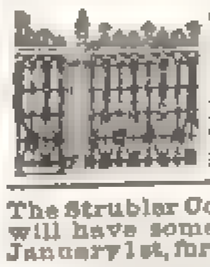

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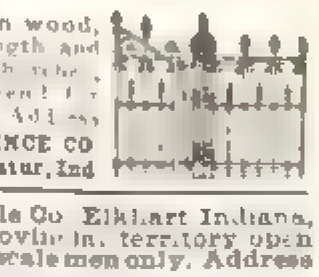

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candle remained burning, dim behind the screen and once or twice the creak of rattan showed that he must be sitting, awake and restless, by his table. After a time the lid of the Chinese chest closed gently, and the lock clicked. David heard the man sigh, heard the crackle of stiff paper, and, presently, caught a fragrant whiff of hot sealing-wax. Then, in the same formidable stillness of the palm labyrinth and of the sea, a pen began to scratch like a lizard running on a wall.

The silence was great, the noise tiny. Long afterward David was to remember them both, and the amazing reflex of alarm, the sudden contraction and rebound of muscles, which sent him head first through the mosquito gauze, like a clown through a hoop, in panic-stricken somersault. The writer at the table had cried aloud—a single cry, at once cut short and lost in some instantaneous scuffle and fall.

Plunging for the lighted door, David went down full length in a crash of broken wood and rolled among the splinters of a chair. His downfall, louder than the other, shook the house from end to end. When he had risen out of the tangle and, grasping the nearest fragment as a weapon, had darted into the next room, he had a confused sense of something dark vanishing through the open door—half imagined, half seen in the merest corner of a glimpse.

What lay on the floor, however, caught and held all his eyesight, all his faculties.

The man in white, with half his hair turned black, was struggling to rise. His head, lifted with extreme effort, caught the candle-light for a second, in which the black stain shone red. His eyes met David's in a wavering look, without sight or knowledge, and suffered a strange revulsion upward and backward, as if by part of the same force that wrenched him down again in a heap.

It was needless even to look a second time; and yet David, though convinced, fell swiftly to his knees and ratified the certainty. The man had been cut down from behind, at one blow.

Sick and incredulous, David got upon his feet and stared.

The room showed no tragic signs, but remained as before, except that a yellow, tattered copy of Punch, which had screened the candle, now lay between the table and the door.

He listened. The house, the grove, the whole island might have been the very centre in some archipelago of the dead; and when for a moment he stood in the door, nothing appeared but the slim, lurking trunks, through which the long bow of coral sand shone like a snowdrift in the moonlight.

Rage seized him at sight of all this unmoved solitude.

"Come in!" he cried, and shook his fist. "Come in here and finish the job!"

The night received his challenge, and gave back no sound.

Returning toward the candle he stooped and picked up the fallen paper. Across the pictured cover, stamped in red and still damp, was the print of a naked foot, with the great toe twisted out, flaring at right angles in no human fashion. He spread the sheet on the table and stared in a daze, as though the thing had been some unintelligible map.

Presently the gleam of something bright, close by, led his gaze stupidly from the margin. Under the candle, the silver locket lay open, the girl's face looking up at him, serene and far removed from all this violence.

Beside the locket, in turn, lay a small, oblong packet, wrapped in manila paper, tied with a neat blue-and-white twine of Japanese fibre, and sealed in red wax. A pen, not yet dry, lay across it in a splutter of ink. A moment ago he had heard that pen at work in the hand of a living man.

It had written but three words on the packet:

"For Miss Mary ——"

David looked at her face in the picture, then down at the other face below. Once more the same rage seized him, the same hatred of that inscrutable silence outdoors. He wagged his head stubbornly.

"I'll take it to her," he promised aloud. "Let them try ——"

He broke off, rebuked by the stillness of that other man; then, stooping again, he began to do the necessary things which remained.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in three parts.

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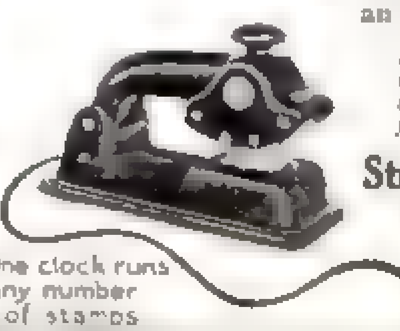

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THE MANAGER'S HARD-LUCK STORY

(Concluded from Page 13)

To the consternation of the manager the actor appeared at the last dress-rehearsal with his hair cut short. At the one time when it was necessary for his hair to be long, it was not.

There is a great deal of complaint from some actors about contracts, yet the number of actors who violate the conditions of contracts is larger than the number of managers who disregard their obligations. Every theatrical contract has a two-weeks' clause which gives the manager the right to abandon the enterprise in the event of failure. This is only a fair precaution, in view of the fact that the entire financial risk is with the manager. Yet many contracts with actors are for the whole season (from thirty to thirty-five weeks), and some cover a period of several years. The manager is as anxious to tie up a good actor as the actor is willing to be tied up.

What the actor usually does *not* tell in his complaints about contracts is that he is always willing to gamble on the chances that a play has for success. In eight cases out of ten he will say: "I am willing to take the chance if you are."

In the matter of making contracts there is no artistic resentment. It is simply a sort of business hostility between buyer and seller. Each one wants to make the best terms for himself.

An actor signs a contract for one hundred dollars a week. Before the ink is dry he says to himself: "I ought to have one hundred and twenty-five dollars." This makes him grouchy. The manager signs a man for one hundred and fifty dollars a week and immediately says: "I could have got him for one hundred and twenty-five dollars." Then he feels sore at himself.

The actor has a twin trouble-producer in the author. In some respects he is one of the greatest trials that the manager has. Nothing is so essential to theatrical success as a good play, for such a play can cover a multitude of acting sins.

The bane of the manager is the author who insists upon staging his own play. In most cases the author knows as much about staging as a Hottentot knows about high society. There was a conspicuous example of this last winter when a very eminent English playwright insisted upon casting and staging his play. Among other things he brought over an English actress whom he was sure was not only the inspired person for the leading-woman part, but a great actress as well. She was hopeless, and, largely on account of her very bad acting and the ghastly influence that she seemed to exercise, the play failed. One big New York manager will never sign a contract which gives the author the right to stage his piece.

A misnomer in a title will often lose an audience for a play. Personally, I feel that there is an audience for every good play, just as there is a hearing for every good book. The job is to reach the audience. People go to the theater to be amused; they don't want brain food. The classics in the drama are usually for the library.

I could cite many cases where managers were abused by authors. Here is one. A manager went to an author who had scored some big successes with musical pieces and asked him to do a play for him. He paid him two thousand dollars down. The author outlined the play (the scenes were to be laid in Kentucky), and said: "Go ahead and have your scenery painted and get out your paper."

The manager did both of these things. He even got time at a theater and selected part of his company. But the manuscript was not forthcoming. He waited a little and, in the mean time, started to rehearse the dancers. Still no play. The time in the theater was coming. He appealed to the author, who told him he would furnish the play when he was ready. In despair the manager called in a hack writer, who wrote a first act around the scenery in six hours. Rehearsals were begun before the second act was turned out. By the end of the week the play was finished and in another week it had been produced.

Of course, there are some authors (and an occasional actor) whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to know, and whose friendship and loyalty go a long way toward making this thorny managerial path worth traveling over.

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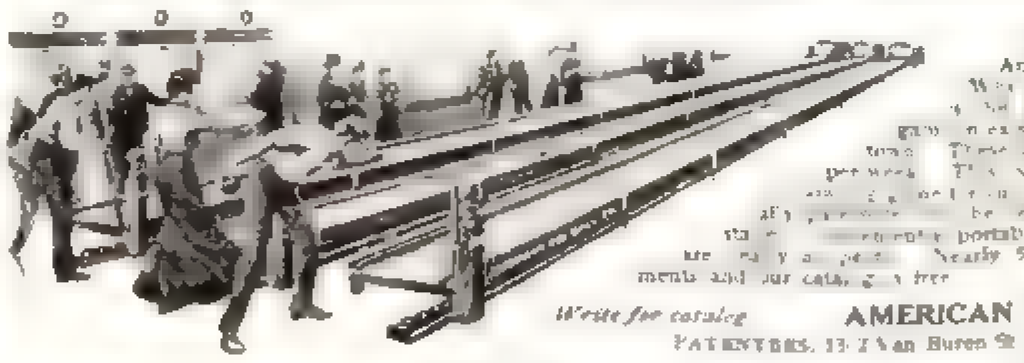

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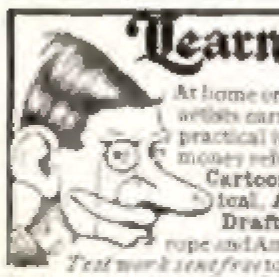

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THE MODERN MOLOCH

(Continued from Page 11)

laboratory. If every case of suspicious sore throat in a child were promptly swabbed out and a smear from the swab examined at a laboratory, it would not be long before diphtheria would be practically exterminated (as smallpox has been by vaccination), and this is what we are working toward and looking forward to.

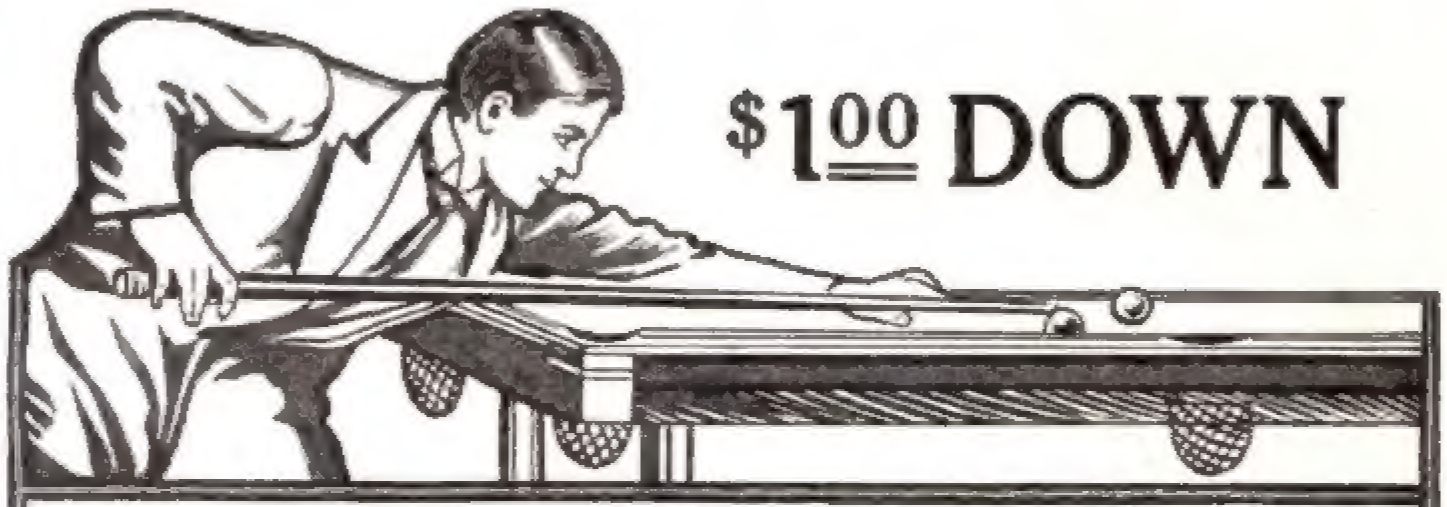
Our knowledge of the precise cause of diphtheria, the Klebs-Löffler bacillus, has furnished us not only with the cure, but also with the means of preventing its spread. While under certain circumstances, particularly the presence of moisture and the absence of light, this germ may live and remain virulent for weeks outside of the body, careful study of its behavior under all sorts of conditions has revealed the consoling fact that its vitality outside of the human or some other living animal body is low; so that it is relatively seldom carried from one case to another by articles of clothing, books or toys, and comparatively seldom even through a third party, except where the latter has come into very close contact with the disease, like a doctor, a nurse or a mother, or—without disrespect to the preceding—a pet cat or dog.

More than this, the bacillus must chiefly be transmitted in the moist condition and does not float in the air at all, clinging only to such objects as may have become smeared with the mucus from the child's throat, as by being coughed or sneezed upon. As with most of our germ enemies, sunlight is its deadliest foe, and it will not live more than two or three days exposed to sunshine. So the principal danger against which we must be on our guard is that of direct personal contact, as in kissing, in the use of spoons or cups in common, in the interchange of candy or pencils, or through having the hands or clothing sprayed by a cough or a sneeze.

The bacillus comparatively seldom even gets on the floor or walls of a room where reasonable precautions against coughing and spitting have been taken; but it is, of course, advisable to thoroughly disinfect and sterilize the room of a patient and all its contents with corrosive sublimate and formalin, as a number of cases are on record in which the disease has been carried through books and articles of clothing which had been kept in damp, dark places for several months. The chief method of spread is through unrecognized mild cases of the disease, especially of the nasal form. For this reason boards of health now always insist upon smears being made from the throats and noses of every other child in the family or house where a case of diphtheria is recognized. No small percentages of these are found to be suffering from a mild form of the disease, so slight as to cause them little inconvenience and no interference with their attending school. Unfortunately, a case caught from one of these mild forms may develop into the severest laryngeal type. If a child is running freely at the nose, keep it at home or keep your own child away from it. A profuse nasal discharge is generally infectious, of influenza or other "colds," if not diphtheria.

This also emphasizes the necessity for a thorough and expert medical inspection of school-children, to prevent these mild cases from spreading disease and death to their fellows. By an intelligent combination of the two methods, home examination of every infected family and strict school inspection, there is little difficulty in stamping out promptly a beginning infection, before it has had time to reach the proportions of an epidemic.

One other step makes assurance doubly sure, and that is the prompt injection of all other children and young adults living in the family where there is a case of diphtheria with small doses of the antitoxin for preventive purposes. Its value in this respect has been only secondary to its use as a cure. There are now thousands of cases on record of children who had been exposed to diphtheria or were in hospitals where they were in danger of becoming exposed to it, with the delightful result that only a very small per cent of those so protected developed the disease, and of these not a single one died! This protective vaccination, however, cannot be used on a large scale, as in the case of smallpox, for the reason that the period of protection



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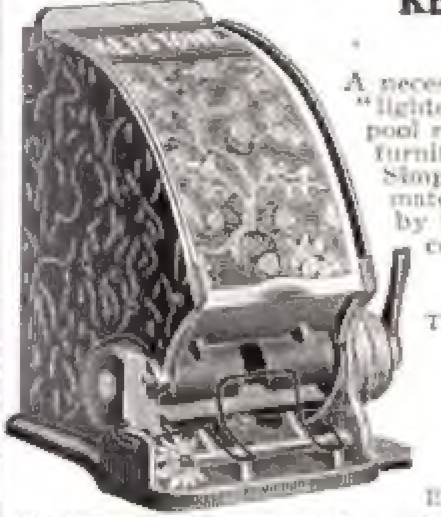

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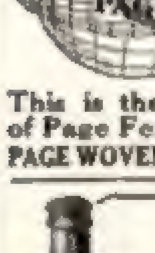

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is a comparatively short one, probably not exceeding two or three weeks.

Supposing that, in spite of all our precautions, the disease has gained a foothold in the throat, what will be its course? This will depend, first of all, upon whether the invading germs have lodged in their commonest point of attack, the tonsils, palate and upper throat, or have penetrated down the air passages into the larynx or voice organ. In the former, which is far the commoner case, their presence will cause an irritation of the surface cells which brings out the leucocyte cavalry of the body to the defense, together with squads of the serum or watery fluid of the blood containing fibrin. These, together with the surface cells, are rapidly coagulated and killed by the deadly toxin; and their remains form a coating upon the surface, which at first is scarcely perceptible, a thin, grayish film, but which in the course of twenty-four to forty-eight hours rapidly thickens to the well-known and dreaded false membrane. Before, however, it has thickened in more than occasional spots or patches, the toxin has begun to penetrate into the blood, and the little patient will complain of headache, feverishness and backache, often—indeed, usually—before any very marked soreness in the throat is complained of. Roughly speaking, attacks of sore throat, which begin first of all with well-marked soreness and pain in the throat, followed later by headache, backache and fever, are not very likely to be diphtheria. The bacilli multiply and increase in their deadly mat on the surface of the throat, larger and larger amounts of the poison are poured into the blood, the temperature goes up, the headache increases, the child often begins to vomit, and becomes seriously ill. The glands of the neck, in their efforts to arrest and neutralize the poison, become swollen and sore to the touch, the breath becomes foul from the breaking down of the membrane in the throat, the pulse becomes rapid and weak from the effect of the poison upon the heart, and the dreaded picture of the disease rapidly develops.

This process in from sixty to eighty per cent of cases will continue for from three to seven days, when a check will come and the condition will gradually improve. This is a sign that the defensive tissues of the body have succeeded in rallying their forces against the attack, and have poured out sufficient amounts of the natural antitoxin to neutralize the poisons poured in by the invaders. The membrane begins to break down and peel off the throat, the temperature goes down, the headache disappears, the swelling in the glands of the neck may either subside or go on to suppuration and rupture, but within another week the child is fairly on the way to recovery.

Should the invaders, however, have secured a foothold in the larynx, then the picture is sadly different. The child may have even less headache, temperature and general sense of illness; but he begins to cough, and the cough has a ringing, brassy sound. Within forty-eight, or even twenty-four, hours he begins to have difficulty in respiration. This rapidly increases as the delicate tissues of the larynx swell under the attack of the poison, and the very membrane which is created in an attempt at defense becomes the body's own undoing by increasing the blocking of the air passages. The difficulty of breathing becomes greater and greater, until the little victim tosses continually from side to side in one constant, agonizing struggle for breath. After a time, however, the accumulation of carbon dioxide in the blood produces its merciful narcotic effect, and the struggles cease. The breathing becomes shallower and shallower, the lips become first blue, then ashy pale, and the little torch of life goes out with a flicker. This was what we had to expect, in spite of our utmost effort, in from seventy to ninety per cent of these laryngeal cases, before the days of the blessed antitoxin. Now we actually reverse these percentages, prevent the vast majority of cases from developing serious laryngeal symptoms at all, and save from seventy to eighty per cent of those who do.

Our only resource in this form of the disease used to be by mechanical or surgical means, opening the windpipe below the level of the obstruction and inserting a curved, silver tube—the so-called tracheotomy operation; or later, and less heroic, by pushing forcibly down into the larynx and through and past the obstruction at the vocal cords a small metal tube through which the child could manage to breathe. This was known as intubation. But these were both distressing and painful methods, and, what was far worse, pitifully broken reeds to depend upon. In spite of the utmost skill of our surgeons, from fifty to eighty per cent of cases that were tracheotomized, and from forty to sixty per cent of those that were intubated, died. In many cases they were enabled to breathe, their attacks of suffocation were relieved—but still they died.

This leads us to the most important single fact about the course of the disease, and that is that the chief source of danger is not so much from direct suffocation as from general collapse, and particularly failure of the heart.

This has given us two other data of great importance and value, namely, that while the immediate and greatest peril is over when the membrane has become loosened and the temperature begun to subside, in both ordinary throat and in laryngeal forms of the disease, the patient is by no means out of danger. While the antitoxins poured out by his body have completely defeated the invading toxins in the open field of the blood, yet almost every tissue of the body is still saturated with these latter and has often been seriously damaged by them before their course was checked. For instance, nearly two-thirds of our diphtheria cases which are properly examined will show albumin in the urine, showing that the kidney cells have been attacked and poisoned by the toxin. This may go on to a fatal attack of uremia; but fortunately, not commonly, far less so than in scarlet fever. The kidneys usually recover completely, but this may take weeks and months. Again, many cases of diphtheria will show a weak and rapid pulse which will persist for weeks after the patient has apparently recovered; and if the little ones are allowed to sit up too soon, or to indulge in any sudden movements or muscular strains, this weak and rapid pulse will suddenly change into an attack of heart failure and, possibly, fatal collapse. This, again, illustrates the saturation of the poison, as these effects are now known to be due in part to a direct poisoning of the muscle of the heart itself, and later to serious damage done to the nerves controlling the heart, chiefly the pneumogastric. Moral: Keep the little patient in bed for at least two weeks, or, better, three. He will have to spend a month or more in quarantine, anyway.

Last of all, and by no means least interesting, are the effects which are produced upon the nervous system. One day while the child is recovering, and is possibly beginning to sit up in bed, a glass of milk is handed to him. The little one drinks it eagerly and attempts to swallow, but suddenly it chokes, half strangles, and back comes the milk, pouring out through the nostrils. Paralysis of the soft palate has occurred from poisoning of the nerves controlling it, caused by direct penetration of the toxin. Sometimes the external muscles of the eye become paralyzed and the little one can no longer see to read.

Fortunately, most of these alarming results go only to a certain degree, and then gradually fade away and disappear; but this may take months or even longer. In a certain number, however, the nerves of respiration or those controlling the heartbeat become affected, and the patient dies suddenly from heart failure.

This strange after-effect upon the nervous system, which was first clearly noticed in diphtheria and one other disease, has now been found to occur in lesser degree in a large number of our infectious diseases, so that many of our most serious paralyses and other diseases of the nervous system are now traceable to such causes.

These effects of the diphtheria toxin are also of interest for a somewhat unexpected reason, since it has been claimed that they are effects of the antitoxin by those who are opposed to its use. Every one of them was well recognized as a possible result of diphtheria long before the antitoxin was discovered, and every one of them can be readily produced by injections of diphtheria bacilli or their toxin into animals.

It is quite possibly true that there are more cases of nerve-poisoning (neuritis) and of paralysis following diphtheria than there were before the use of antitoxin, but that is for the simple and sufficient reason that there are more children left alive to display them! And between a child with a temporary squint and a dead child few mothers would hesitate long in their choice.

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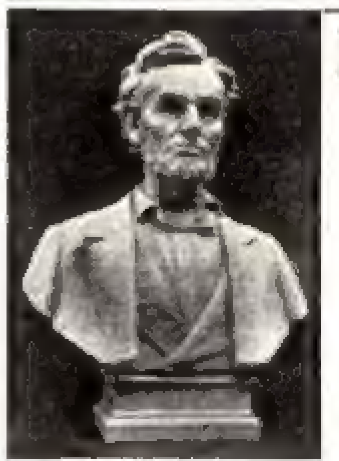

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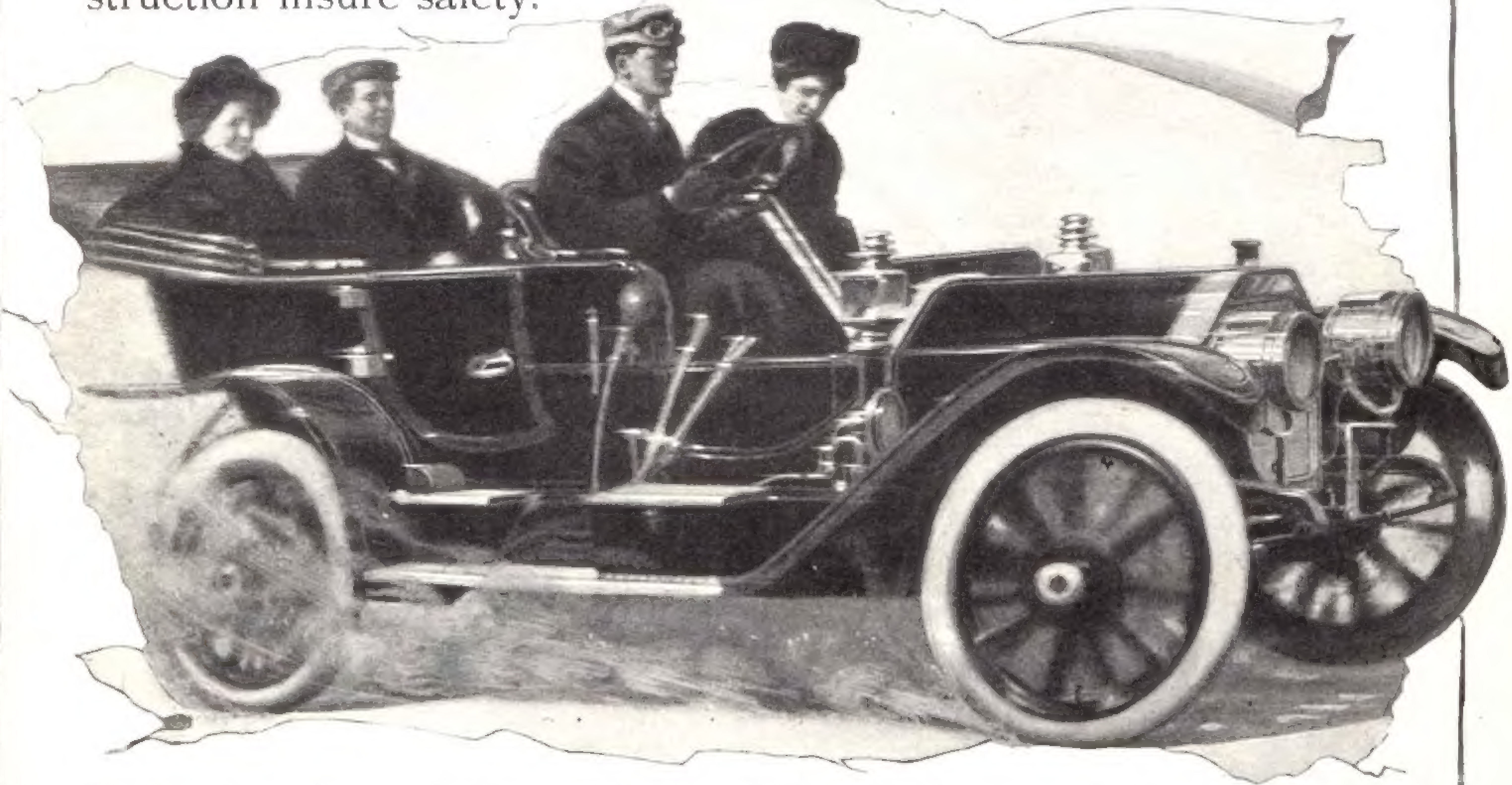

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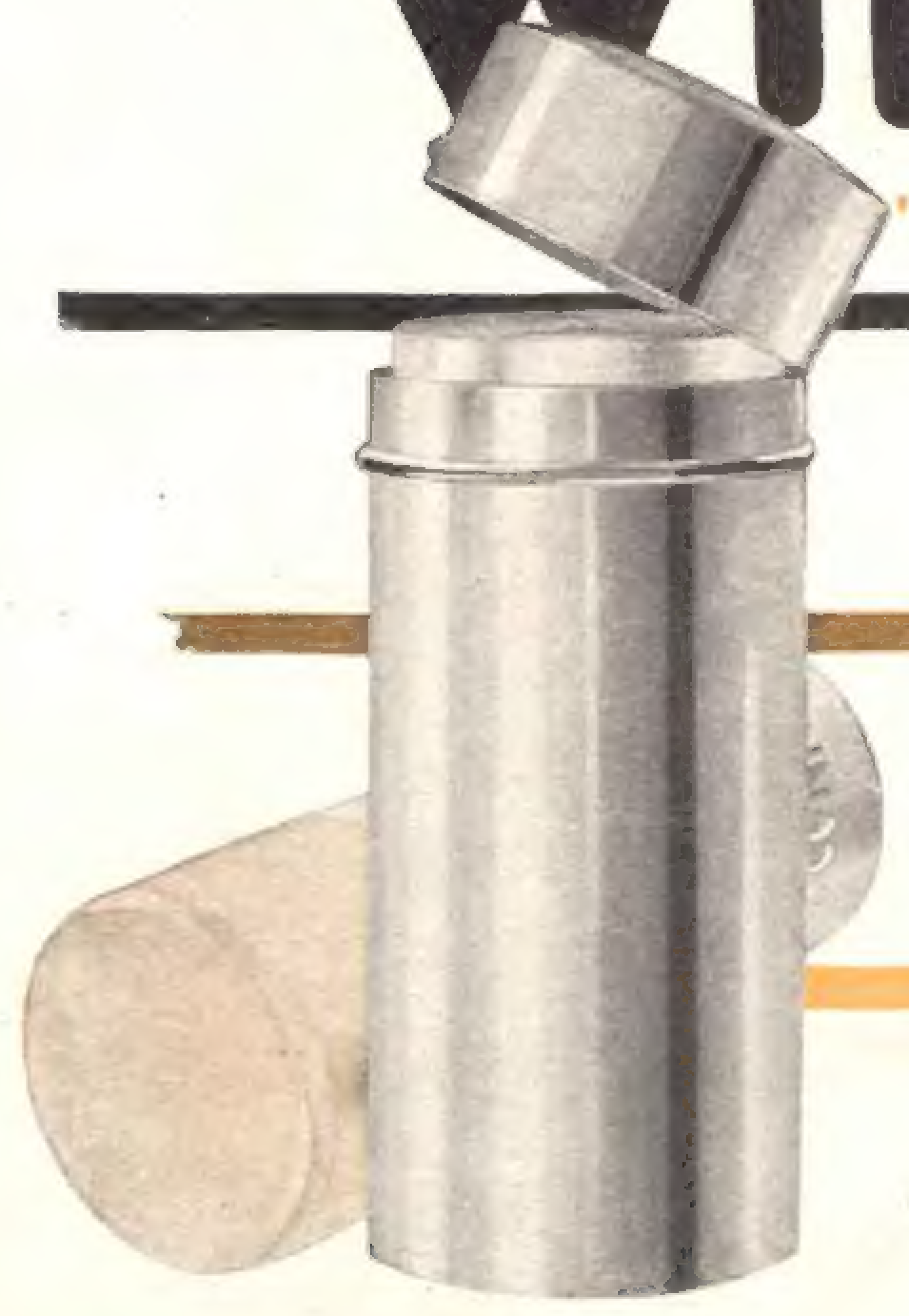
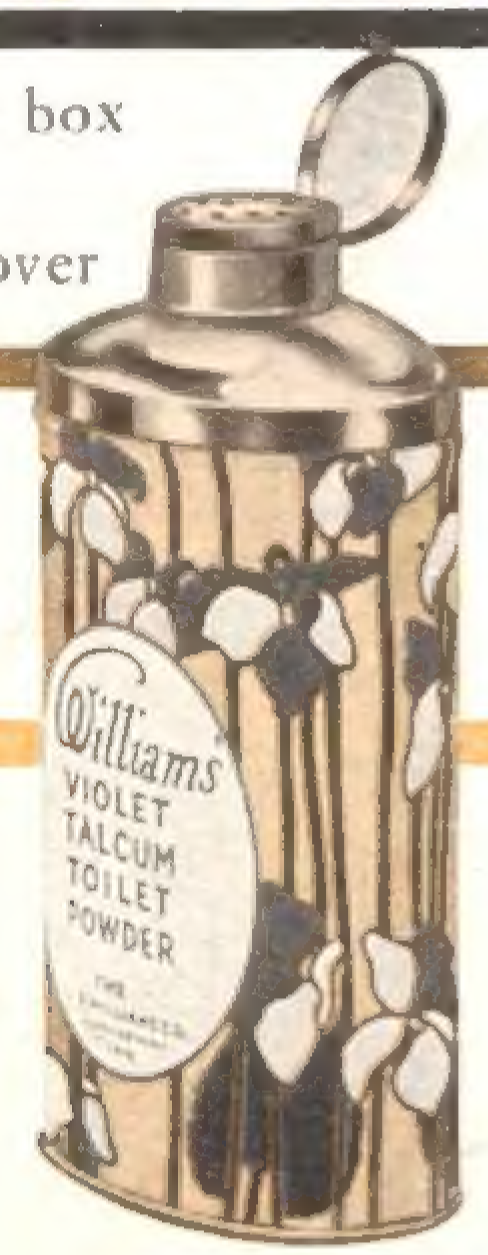
Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

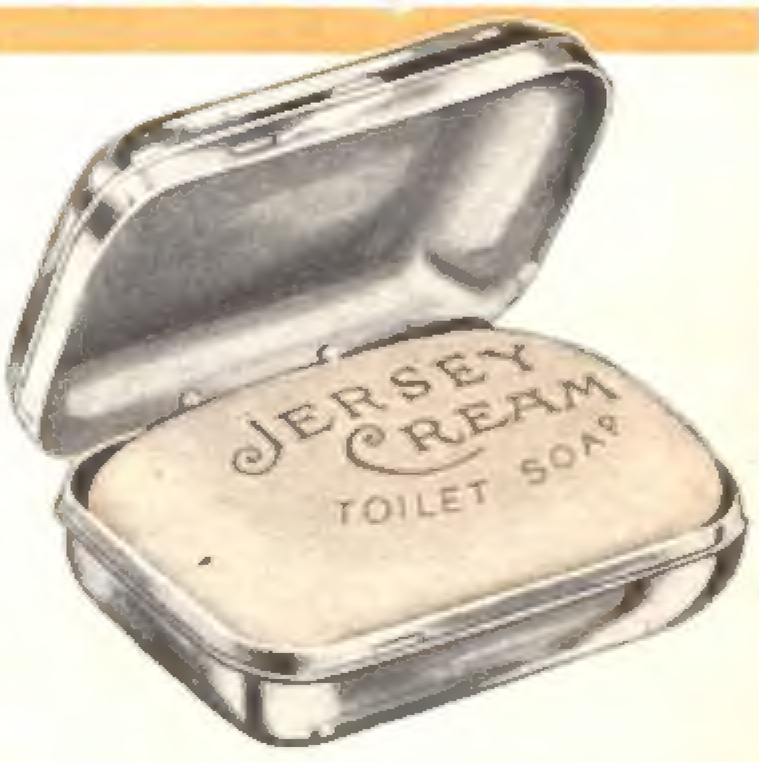


The Talc box with the hinged cover

Williams' Talcum Powder



Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap



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A SPECIAL OFFER

As an inducement to a thorough trial of this soap any druggist will, for a Limited Time, give a purchaser of four cakes, without extra charge, a handsome nickeled, hinged-cover soap box, invaluable in traveling, camping or at home.

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